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8-page feature:

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ARTHUR MILLER  
JOHN HUSTON and  
"The Misfits"

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show  
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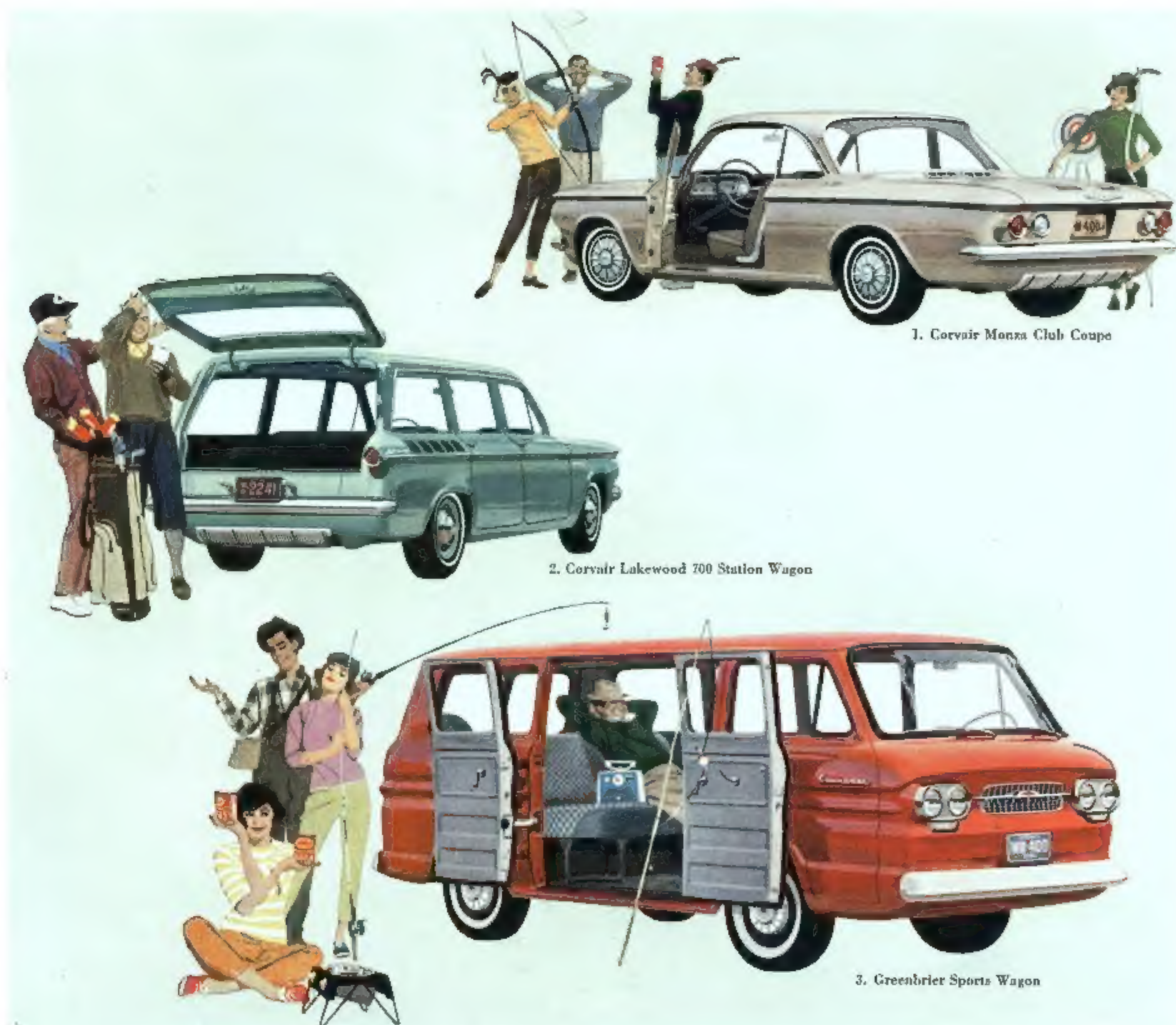
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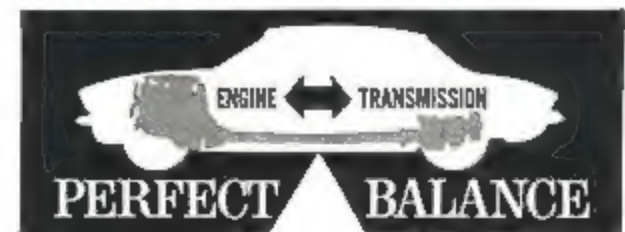




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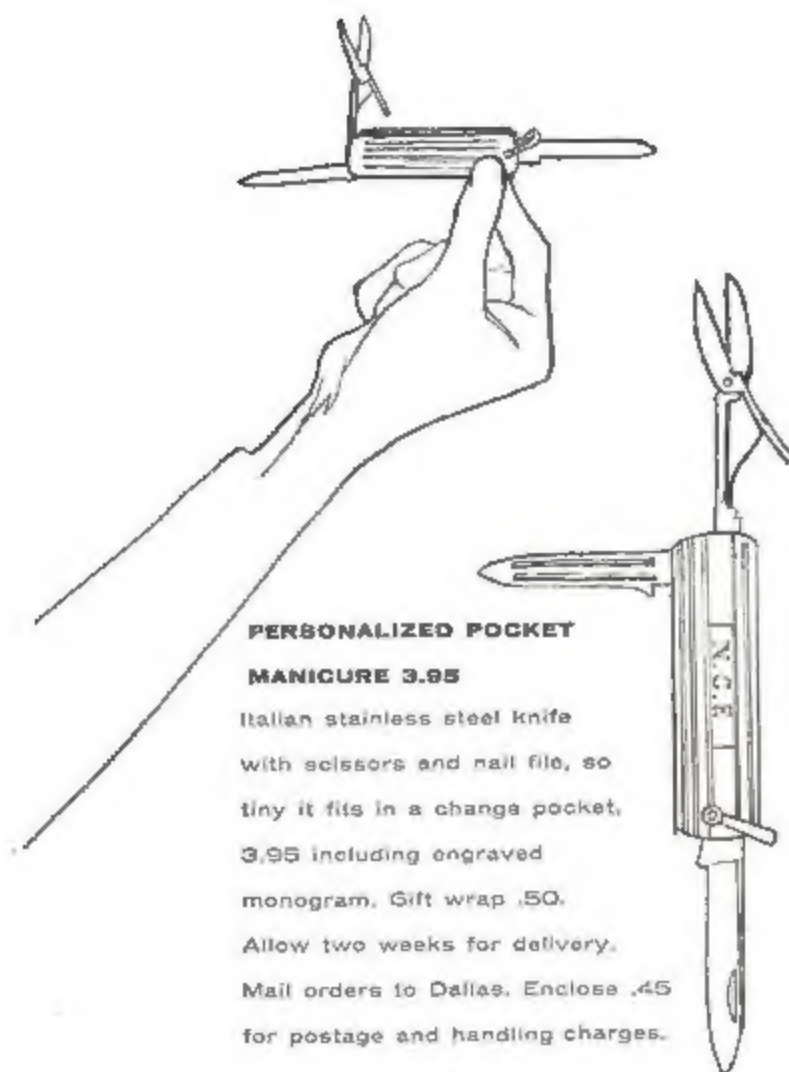


events: The photograph of Russel Reeves on page 192 is by Herl Stern. The corset on the third girl on page 94 is from Warner Brothers, Inc.; the raincoat on the tenth girl on the opposite page is from Aquascutum; and the mink coat on the twelfth girl is from Georges Kaplan.

**ESQUIRE** : *March*

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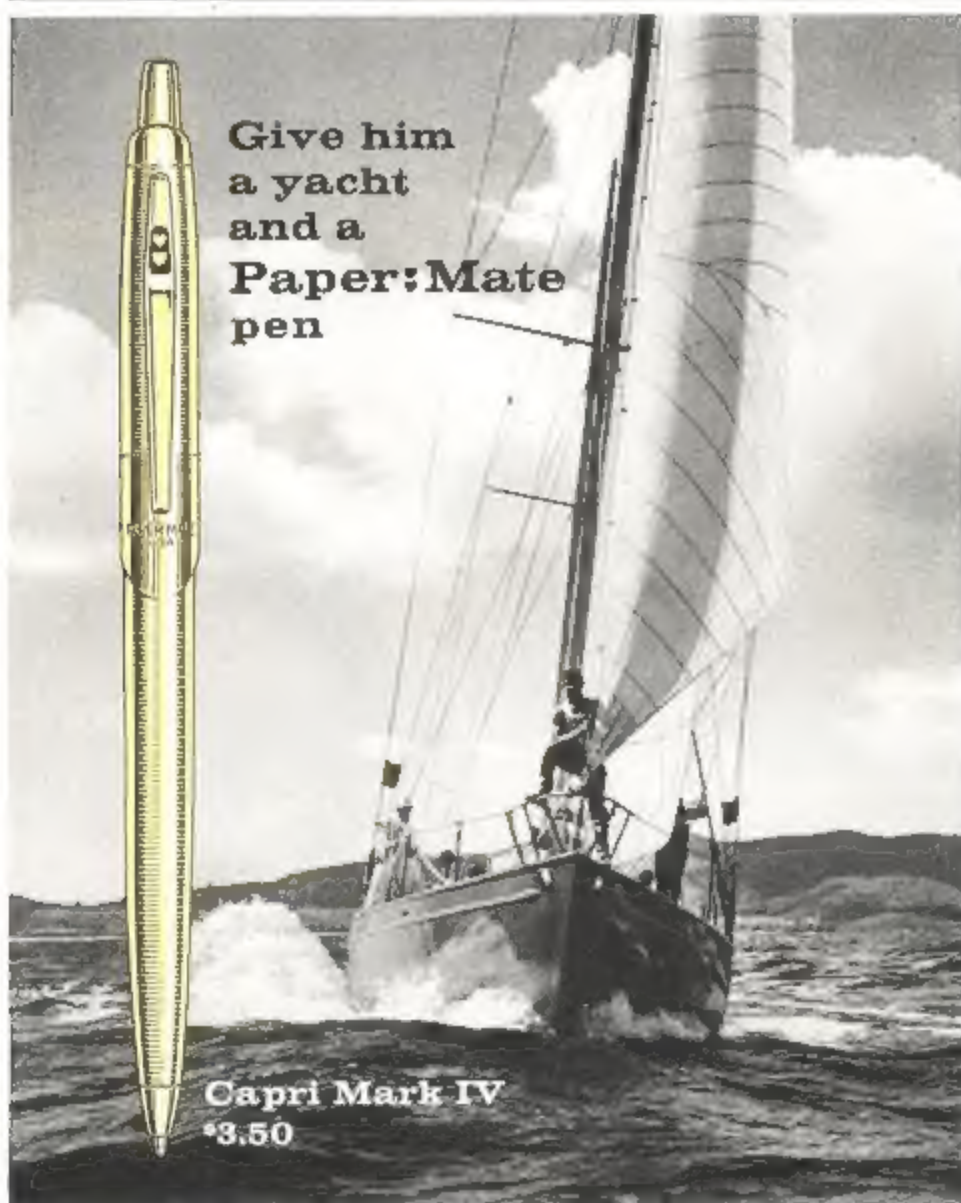




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**PUBLISHER'S PAGE:**

*Around the world, and  
the clock, with Oscar Schoeffler*

**R**OBERT RUARK, on a visit to Australia, was widely quoted as having said that Australian men's dress reminded him of "an unmade bed." Aside from the fact that the remark wasn't original, having been first expressed by Dorothy Parker regarding the dress habits of Heywood Brown, it was not only not new but now it also appears to be not true.

Our own O. E. Schoeffler, commenting on the International Look in men's fashions upon his return from a two-week visit to five of the principal cities of Australia, said, "The well-dressed man in Australia is the well-dressed man in New York, Paris, or Rome."

Shef, who practices what he preaches, had a suit made in Melbourne, exemplifying the Australian version of the International Look, and if you compare it, as shown in the snapshot immediately below, taken just before he left Australia, with the clothes shown in the fashion pages of this or any other recent issue of this magazine, you will see that it is by no means a far cry from the best of current fashion in most of the major cities of the free world.

Some allowance probably should be made for the well-known fact that Mr. Schoeffler can always somehow manage to

look well-turned-out and would, we are sure, if his wardrobe choice were reduced to such of a road-company costumer's leftovers as, say, a tattered toga or a moth-eaten caveman's pelt. But this is counterpoised by the circumstance that this photograph, made hurriedly and without benefit of art direction, was neither intended for publication nor taken for the purpose of demonstrating details of line and cut, as fashion photographs are.

Nevertheless, you can see such details as the narrowness of the lapels, the slanting flapped pockets, the three buttons and side vents of the jacket, and the discreet tapering of the cuffless trousers.

Since the picture was taken in our early winter, which is the Australians' late spring, the suit is here worn without a vest, as it would undoubtedly be in our climate, too, at the corresponding time. Made of Australian-grown and -woven wool fabric, weighing between nine and ten ounces to the yard, it is of a free porosity and can be worn with comfort in all but the blazing-hot summer months of January and February Down Under, or July and August up here.

What the picture can't show is the color and pattern, a Vineyard check on an olive-and-grey ground, nor its treatment with the Siroset process which endows a garment with a permanent crease.

Shef's was probably the two million and first garment so treated to be turned out in Australia, the two millionth having just been given to the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, by the Australian Wool Bureau.

At the last minute—the Prime Minister's gift suit having been completed by his tailor on a Friday, in the double-breasted style to which Mr. Menzies has so long been addicted—hurried efforts were made to get him to conform to the current wave of fashion, and the suit was remade into a single-breasted over the week end.

Shef was asked to comment on the Prime Minister's steadfast preference for the double-breasted suit that is now "way out of fashion." Ever the diplomat, Shef said, "It's certainly not fashionable, but some people become enamored of double-breasted suits and find it hard to break away from them. But it's really up to Mr. Menzies."

Although the Prime Minister good-naturedly gave in to the wishes of the Federated Clothing Industries Council, who prevailed upon the officials of the Wool Bureau to give him a suit of more fashionable cut, we thought he turned the tables on



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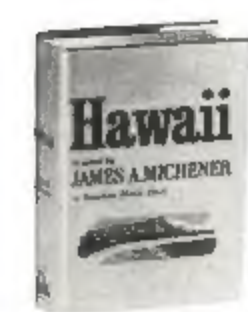


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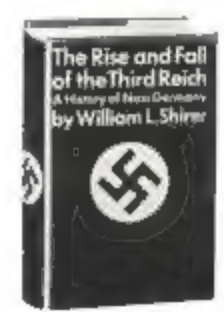
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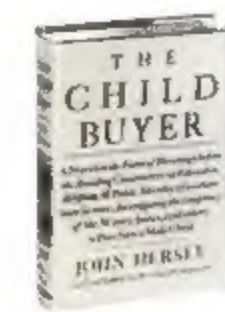
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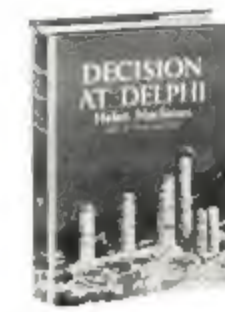
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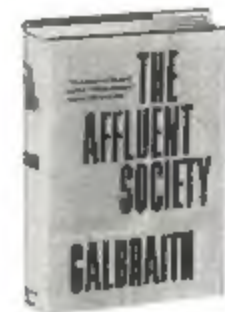
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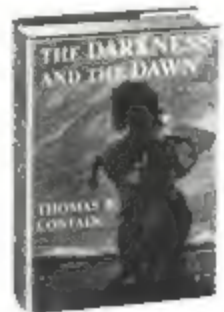
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them rather neatly at the reception in the Wool Bureau's boardroom when the presentation was made. He said, "Everyone wearing a single-breasted coat comes up and leers at me. I thought I was helping the wool industry by wearing slightly more material than most people."

In thanking Chairman William A. Gunn of the Wool Bureau for the gift suit, the Prime Minister hailed the Siroset process as the greatest development of the Australian wool industry in this century. But at the same time he foresaw the jokes from his colleagues of which he would be the butt—things about his being "permanently creased" himself—the first time he might venture onto the floor of the House in his new finery.

"I have had all sorts of things given to me, thrown at me, and otherwise discharged in my direction," said Mr. Menzies, "but it is the first time anyone has given me for free a suit of clothes, and I think it is a marvelous occasion."

It was on the same occasion, and as the guest of the Australian Wool Bureau, and particularly of its General Manager, Mr. Arthur W. Payne, and its Director of Promotion, Miss Nancy M. Sanders, that our Fashion Director O. E. Schoeffler made a two-week tour of four of Australia's states, and saw for himself the wonders that are done with wool, Down Under. It was Shef's first visit to Australia, though his fashion-scouting travels in recent years have taken him as far afield as Japan, India, and even Russia. Although even the Australian Wool Bureau's own press releases spoke of Mr. Australia as being, until a few years ago, "perhaps one of the worst-dressed men in the world," you'd never have guessed this from the way Shef appraised his appearance. He was quite complimentary about the general level of sartorial presentability, cautioning only against trousers festooning over shoes, ill-fitting coat collars and too-long sleeves.

These, after all, are sins he could have found to inveigh against without going beyond slingshot range from his own office on Madison Avenue, so the Australians need have no inferiority complex over being told to watch out for them.

At the behest of the Wool Bureau, Shef went out into the Australian city streets on several occasions, to pick "best-dressed men" from the crowds,

in one instance with embarrassingly comic results. It wasn't that Shef's choice was not well-dressed. He was. But it seems he was only technically, and very temporarily, eligible for the distinction Shef was about to confer on him, since he was a notorious, and con-

victed, lawbreaker who only happened to be passing by on his way to jail.

Back here, of course, this didn't surprise us at all, when we heard about it, because we've always felt that there was nobody to equal Shef's sunny ability to see the bright side of things, and to find something good about even the worst of us. But down there they found it mighty queer, and Shef even made the funny papers, on the strength of this slight contretemps, the next day, as this reproduction of a cartoon from the Melbourne Herald duly testifies.

They tell us that in Australian journalistic circles it signifies you're really in, when you become the subject of a news cartoon, and here again we're not surprised seeing it happen to Shef, though if it had concerned anybody else from this office we'd have been flabbergasted. But Shef's the one man among us who can always find the time and the means to do anything and everything that's ever asked or expected of him, and more besides. Just reading over the itinerary and schedule of the activities in which he engaged during his two weeks in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Canberra and Brisbane is enough to make us want to lie down for at least a twenty-minute rest. He was commenting fashion shows on a two-a-day basis, and appearing on every shape and kind of radio, TV and press interview in-between. But if the Wool Bureau could have thought up anything else for him to do, during his two weeks in four states, we're sure that Shef would have found a way to squeeze it in.

Shef's about as close to sixty, now, as the minute and the hour hands are at five after one, but he's only been doing this sort of thing for us since 1939, and each year, as we notice that his trips get longer and more frequent and his schedules get crowded beyond belief, we keep wondering if we can wait around to see when and whether he will ever really hit his stride.

Anyway, we've got a bale of clippings from Down Under to show how much the Australians enjoyed having him there, and we have his word for it that he enjoyed every minute of it, so we can only conclude that such occasions, in their contribution to our concept of One World of Fashion, are of mutual benefit, and an augury of more to come.

—A.G.



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## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### A wither in the Budd

Budd Schulberg's preoccupation with success, American-style, has led him to play a dreary though original tune. Who else after the clarion call of *What Makes Sammy Run?* would for his second novel synthesize the careers of Primo Carnera and Luis Angel Firpo? Who else would condescendingly bait the only movement (actually an anti-movement) which eschews the success he professes to despise? Who else would have the gall to group our latter-day Henry Miller and our first Nietzschean novelist in the same sentence? And call them "our present-day conformists"?

Only Schulberg could have written *The Four Seasons of Success*, chapter umpteenth of his static work. One wishes it were as interesting as *Face in the Crowd* or *On the Waterfront*. One wishes Schulberg would not humbly accept responsibility for one of Sinclair Lewis' failures, for one has the choice of interpreting said acceptance as very pretentious or a silly insult to a writer who was better than he. Despite his monumental faults, Lewis left an indelible mark on the literate consciousness. Schulberg, whether knowingly or blindly, tries to lull that consciousness in a tepid bath of



sentimental reminiscence. A previous self-written obituary for Esquire, Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crack-Up*, was at least candid in subject matter. Schulberg presents Budd the bright schoolman, Budd the Hollywood beatnik, Budd the hard-drinking good-guy. These fail to disguise Budd the aging conformist.

Doubtless one morning while waiting for the proper time to begin his next motion picture (in that project there is a symptom of the decline, since he waited for someone else to write the novel) Schulberg looked in his unforgiving novelist's mirror and asked his forty-six-year-old face: "What happen? I was so promising, so well-intentioned, so in. Now I grind out screenplays, like good ole Pep West. *Tempus fugit*, alack, and I am practically a hack."

Allowing myself the risk of theorizing about a complex person, I submit that Schulberg's demise was not due to the suc-

cess he berates; rather the key is in his statement: "When I finally managed to sit down to the second novel . . . it was four years and a full life later." After Mexico, a second marriage and the Second World War, Schulberg wrote a book about the dirty, dirty fight game, then another Hollywood novel.

A last word. Why did you publish the fourth installment? If it was absolutely necessary to do so, why didn't you call it *The Disenchanted Revisited*?

BRUCE BEBB  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### How to roast a dining editor

I don't want to be rude, but your opinion that America has far more than you'll find in other countries, and New York has the lion's share of these (good and perhaps "great" restaurants) cannot possibly be based on any wide traveling, or you have a very insular palate.

Have you dined in the Marco Polo Room of the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong (Kowloon, really), or Gaddi's in the same fascinating hostelry, or even in the downtown Jimmy's Kitchen, in Hong Kong, where they serve the finest Grand Marnier soufflé I've ever tasted? Copenhagen has so many excellent places, serving the most divine food, it is difficult to give you any without going into a list from here to Christmas; Giannino's in Milan where the fettucine and cannelloni melt in one's mouth swathed in the most exquisite sauces; Quadri's in Venice where one of their specialties (dessert) is fried ice cream. Hostaria dell'Orso and Biblioteca del Valle are two musts on every American's list in Rome, but we have fared sumptuously in little-known and little-known (except to the Romans) trattoria like a tiny six-tabled place called Chianti, and many more. Have you tried any of the Michelin three-star places: La Petite Auberge in Noves, Lapérouse in Paris, Baumanière at Les Baux de Provence, Auberge du Père Bise at Talloires, La Pyramide at Vienne, and—for the gustatory experience of a lifetime—M. Dumaine's ambrosial dinners cooked to your order at his lovely little inn Hôtel de la Côte d'Or in Saulieu? In tiny unknown towns are places perhaps not three-starred but well deserving of it: Au Tron Normande in Beziers, La Mère Terrence in LaNapoule, Chapon Fin in Brive-La-Gaillarde, and so many more I could (and perhaps will some day) write a book about them. (It's like finding a Chambord or a Brussels in Bridgeport, Connecticut, or a tiny hamlet in Virginia—where

## Kahlúa... as Irish as Corned Beef and Cabbage



Now you can't go around drinking creme de menthe all St. Paddy's Day long. There's such a thing as carrying this business of the green too far. It was last year, it was, that Mahoney, that Orangeman behind the bar down at Gillehooley's, put that sickening green food color into the Pride of Erin Oirish whiskey. Green tie, green socks are after being all right, mind you, but green whiskey has its own toddling little way of being very bad indeed. So then comes along this grand fellow with the moniker Guillermo O'Higgins. He's from Mexico and his father, a darling man, hails direct from the Auld Sod and he says to me, he says, "Kahlúa is basically an Irish drink, brown though it might be, and that I have directly from my darling father, O'Higgins by name, who never let anything else pass his lips his entire life long. God love him." Surprised I was that this drink was made of coffee and not of tay. Then I came to be thinking about Oirish coffee and I ordered me one and put me a drop of Kahlúa in and if that just wasn't about the finest drink a man has ever had I've never eaten a potato. Right then and there, I vow to pay homage to St. Paddy with Kahlúa even though I must admit, avoid it as much as I'd like, I just have to add a bit of mint to that Oirish coffee. And if Mahoney sees fit to give it to me in a green glass so much the better. God love him, Celebrate St. Patrick's Day this year with Kahlúa. A darling drink, a darling drink.

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most of the time you are lucky if you can get an edible hamburger and a drinkable cup of coffee.) Even in Bordeaux—not essentially a tourist place—there are several good, verging on the great: Château Trompette and Dubern come easily to mind. France teems with them. And, to make the meal even more palatable than the sauces is the unfailing courtesy, unhurried service, deft, efficient, proper handling of the food—

which even in some of the "best" places in the U.S. leaves much to be desired. Of course, we are so very democratic that the waiters feel no hesitation about joining the conversation if they feel so inclined or neglecting the patrons who haven't ordered a sufficient number of cocktails to suit them, in favor of the noisier group who don't really want to dine, but will eat after they have downed sufficient Martinis so they won't no-

tice whether the food is hot, cold, or cooked yesterday. Actually, I think some of the almost great restaurants to be found in the U.S. are in San Francisco—Ernie's and the Poodle Dog; Chicago's Imperial House; Galatoire's and Arnaud's (and a few more) in New Orleans. But nowhere, nowhere, nowhere in the States is one greeted and served with such an air as even the most lowly restaurants, auberges, trat-

toria abroad produce: the polite murmur "M'sieu, Dame" of the French maître d., the lively "Signore" of his Italian counterpart, and—oh, yes—I forgot Spain's "Señor, Señora."

(Add to the European restaurants—the beautiful and fashionable and excellent room at the Ritz Hotel in Madrid, and ditto Barcelona; the enchanting old Casa Candido in Segovia where a tiny suckling pig for two is served with a pitcher of sangria—the pig being delicately divided with the edge of a plate—the admirable Horchers where after a five year absence one's favorite dishes, wine, small dining idiosyncrasies are remembered; Hostal del Cardenal, where the *spécialité* is partridge with artichokes and onions and wine served piping hot even though one's table is in a secluded bower of their lovely garden. And, the food in Spain is not especially notable.)

Mrs. A. PERCY LEON  
Sarasota, Fla.

**Dispose-all**  
Neither Orwell nor Huxley could have painted such a hideous picture of life in the future as did Frank Armstrong in *The Coming of the Change Seekers* in your January issue.

The article typifies the insanity of contemporary American life. Mr. Armstrong tells us that we are moving towards an era of unparalleled electronic disprivaey, group-think and disposable clothing. There are millions of us in North America, however, who feel that the theories of obsolescence and the current economic anarchy in the U.S. are leading, not to an air-conditioned Utopia, but to the era of the megacorpse, or as Mr. Armstrong might put it, disposable people.

BILL DAVIES  
Quebec, Canada

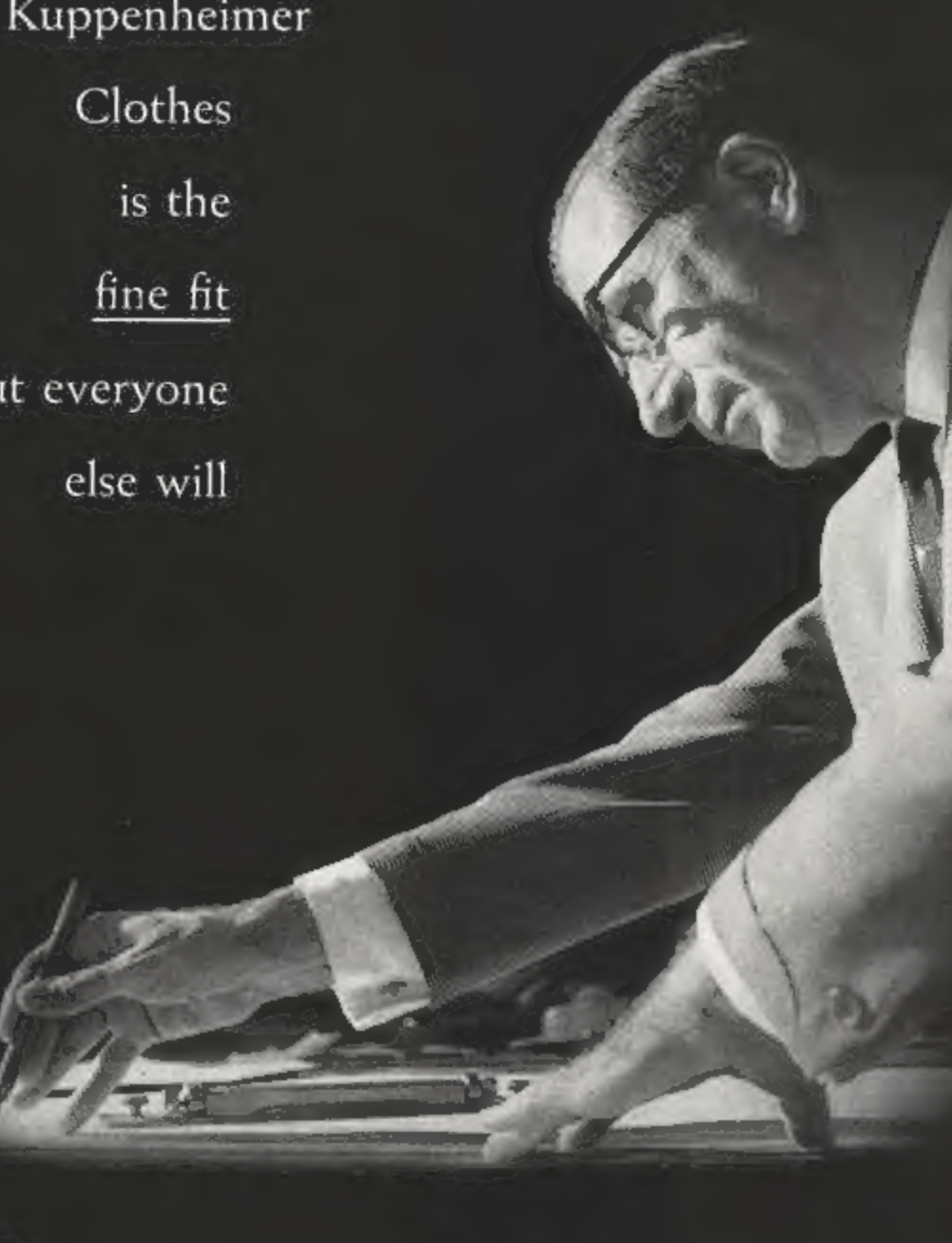
**Buckle down, Bill Buckley**  
The editor of the *National Review*, William F. Buckley, Jr., can be as radically conservative as he wishes, and I won't object: so long as he doesn't get too conservative about the circulation figures of *The New Republic*. He explains in your January issue that "his magazine has grown in its 5-year existence from a circulation of 2,800 to 30,000, which gives it a larger readership than either of its liberal counterparts, *The Nation* or *The New Republic*."

The average, weekly, paid circulation of *The New Republic* during the second half of 1960 was 37,001, plus about 1800 copies a week sold on newsstands.

GILBERT G. HARRISON  
Editor and Publisher  
*The New Republic*  
Washington, D.C.

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As for the SS, a reader obviously accepted by typical southern conservatism, takes issue with *National Review*. Yes, William Buckley, like Americans

I know just how William Buckley feels. The other day a student gave me a slap-dash job on my back and writes and asks the ga<sup>rd</sup> to demand his fifteen cents, now. I didn't pay him; needless to say, but such weak-minded, bleeding-heart confcoms present the front kicking the back teeth in.

WALTER GOODMAN  
Chicago, Ill

DAN M. JACOBSON  
DENVER, Colo.

As I see Buckley's becoming merely a performer who is sponsored by the press as an exorcism of their defense of his right to say his piece though they may disapprove of what he says I for one do not disapprove of what Buckley says. It is not worthy of their due consideration.

JEFFERSON I SMITH  
Albuquerque, New Mexico

### Good to the last drop

That charming story, *The Death of Iustina* by John Cheever in the November issue really caught my eye and this is a rare honor. I toyed with the whole

magnificent idea and came up with this as a suggestion for the protagonist's typewriter.

Does confusion bewilder you? Or let's put it another way: Does bewilderment confuse you? Do you sometimes hear bells when you wake up in the morning? Is there an occasional ringing in your ears? Do you sometimes get the idea that people are staring at you? When you stagger half stiff off the five fifteen in Westport are you tempted to beat up your wife and throw your



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ARTHUR DENNIS  
Boston, Mass.  
P.S. The Lord is my shepherd,  
too.  
LORD'S NOTE So we herd.

### Departments of statement

The drawings decorating our Departments files are often the wisest, and always the clearest, most concise statements to be found on those pages.

May Mr. Levine's fine, fancy little manas and assorted D. v. d. U. s. spurs, on and on.

FRANK KASBUEC  
New Orleans, La

### Case History

Mr. Brower's article, *The Predators of Alger* finds in your December issue was a fine piece of workmanship on a controversial subject. Without going into the pros and cons of the case, the author was able to give a picture of this man as a human being. Thank you for presenting an honest, a dispassionate and courageous portrait of a man's struggle to live in our times.

JOAN V. KLEIN  
New York, N.Y.

I got a rather mixed bag out of Brock Brower's water-washing of hard-core, ~~the~~ lean, rather gaunt, determined energetic subsequently coarining, middle of the road classical Republican Alger Hiss (code I use New Dealer) His Mr Brower, or any of the others waiting for Alger Hiss to speak out on the matter, considered that

perhaps Mr. Hiss has absolutely nothing to say. I am willing to let Mr. Hiss rest, but detest the effort to put him on a pedestal.

JOAN HURLEY  
Westbury, N.Y.

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**KORAT, 1951.** Officer with battle-map briefs General of the Army Douglas MacArthur near the front lines north of Suwaya. In the center wearing his characteristic hand grenade. A Lieutenant General further D Ridgway, who was to succeed MacArthur as commander three months later. Major General Courtney H. Bixby appears at far left. The Korean War (1950-53) is fully described in Volume II of *THE WEST POINT ATLAS OF AMERICAN WARS*.

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## FILMS DWIGHT MACDONALD

Mostly on Roman corruption, from the days of the gladiators, and on

THE Italian cinema, for years an extreme since the great neorealist days of *Open City* and *Shoeshine* is having a renaissance. In the past year it has produced three important films: *La Dolce Vita*, Visconti's *Rocco and His Brothers*, and Antonioni's *L'Avventura*. *L'Avventura*, which I haven't yet seen, is also been much admired. *General della Rovere*, by Rossellini, who made *Open City*, *Merano* has next in line. Here, in *Merano*, to say that the listing is in reverse order of merit. *Dolce Vita* proving to be disappointing, after its success of scandalous build-up, while *Avventura* I found the most interesting movie I've seen since *Hush*. *Merano* is also worth noting that all three are to some extent social-moral tracts, each exposing in its own way the corruption of upper class life in Italy today. One reason for the strong impression they make is perhaps the combination of technical brilliance with social criticism.

Man, he's the hottest director in Hollywood," exclaimed my compatriot in the Three Belts & Churn (a pub) as we discussed movies (cinema). He meant Stanley Kubrick, who is here in London making *Lolita* in whose *Spartacus* has just pined with royal fantasy. And, in fact, Kubrick, at thirty-two, is at the moment the American director most admired by both the intellectuals and the practicals. His reputation, in my opinion, deserves, rests on three films: *Killer's Kiss*, a fluffy brilliant second feature; *The Killing*, a crime picture that uses montage and other cinematic devices with a freedom we had not seen in Hollywood since Welles; and *Pulsar 739*, an excellent war film in the tradition of *Master of the Air* and *Ben Hur*. He may be somewhat over the top with *Lolita*, *Merano*, and *Pulsar 739*.

Well, it's better than *Ben Hur*. Like *Ben Hur*, it's fast-paced with plenty of power, but it's not as much. But he goes down on the twenty-third line under the sheer weight of the position, namely the script, the acting of Kirk Douglas, and the fact that it is a wide-screen Roman spectacle, a genre there is now no reason to believe is artistically hopeless.

with a frieze of action that carries a line of continuous movement through space. The great battle is also beautifully staged. Kubrick's camera eye is keen as ever: the color is muted, harmonious, the great brown hills of Spain, castles landscape in Europe to our own West are effectively used as a setting for his masses. The rough textures, loose robes of the slaves contrast with the dandies, togas and armor of the Romans. There is even more, always difficult in wide-screen, when Grassus' battle speech is intercut with that of Spartacus. But this scrap merely makes me conscious of how starved one has been for cinematic liveliness as the he-said-and-she-said have improved considerably along in alternating close-ups. Ancient Rome is still a bit glossy, there must have been some of the structures, the aches couldn't have rebuilt the whole city every four years.

But is more convincing than the plastic muck-ups of *Ben Hur*. (The motto over the prop room of every spectacle should be: *ROMA WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY*.) Alex North's music sounded just right: all brasses and cymbals, grandiose, brutal, joyous for all its *bravos*, just my idea of Roman "civilization." Finally, although the script offered more chances for dwelling on sadistic details than *Ben Hur*'s did, beginning with the gladiatorial school and ending with the mists of crucified slaves along the road to Rome, Kubrick minimized them where Wyler maximized them.

Yet something went wrong. Was it the acting? One reviewer has said: "Kubrick, Ustinov, and Douglas. The only one who seems to be a natural-born Roman is Ustinov, an actor who seems actually able to pretend to be someone he is not." Kubrick, Ustinov has perfected a British speciality which is a cut above the Hollywood vice of playing oneself. They have invented stage personas which they never wear with great style. But it's always the laughter of Ustinov's bit. The difficulty is that *Spartacus* is the crucial part and that Kirk Douglas plays him. It's his *arm* after all—he raised the money and hired Kubrick. One of the reasons *Lolita* should be more interesting than *Spartacus* is that Kubrick and his friend and business partner, James Harms, are in economic control of it. As an actor, Mr. Douglas has only one asset: extreme aggressiveness. He was terrifying



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as Doc Holliday in *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* a partner-man who at times literally snarled. As a gladiator Mr. Douglas is convincing, but Sparlacus is supposed to be a more than that—a tender lover and a Timon-like leader of the oppressed. As a hero, compared to those British technicians, it's strictly amateur night. His act is so much for that when he tries to look tender he merely looks ignorant, his expression

in his romantic scenes with Jean Simmons is not so different from when he is lying on the cross. As for "one simply cannot believe in this tiger as an Adam Stevenson type, decent and reflective, any more than one can believe in Tony Curtis. To forgotten him—as the apostle of Culture to the masses of the American system or should not call him the underprivileged? The educational scene between Mr. Curtis and Mr. Douglas is

pharisee than anything. Cecil B. De Mille was a hack compared to Griffith and Eisenstein, who made spectaculars, but a straightforward one with no pretensions to Social Significance. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Kubrick and their distributors, Universal-International, deserve great

moral credit for being the first of the major studios to give public credit to a blacklisted writer, namely, D. W. Griffith. There is no question that by any reasonable notion of cinematic political ideas and that the blacklist was a shameful thing. But, practically, the decision to employ Mr. Griffith was a mistake one that was compounded by using, as the basis of the script, a novel which Howard Fast wrote when he still believed in the Democratic principles of the Soviet Union and other such absurdities. Mr. Fast has tried to claim credit as co-author of the script. Good knows way. One trouble with the script is that it presents the rebelling slaves as nice decent folk people in accordance with the Popular Front attitude of the forties—a generous Negro of course, refuses to kill Spartacus though he knows it will mean his death, there must have been brutal repressions by the rich against such Roman abolitionists, who captured him, but he is shown in a pathetic attempt to rally his patriots for a glorious fight, which is blown up by the noble Spartacus as not cricket. The first meeting of Spartacus and Varro (Jean Simmons) is in jail at the school, he has been lashed and starved since he was a teen in the terrible Libyan mines and now he is forced into a profession with a high expectancy of five years, and he has been assigned by rote to spend the night with many previous gladiatorial pupils, yet both are still so nice & decent that he lays out a finger on her. In a ten-minute scene, says Spartacus, "No, I am I," responds Varro.

I found it fast to state their case, if the human slave system produced such superior human beings. From the fantastic scene at the end when Simmons Varro is a slave and now in the place of a gladiator, she is in a way, but she feels so ashamed of herself that he, too, leaves her in a way, then it could not have been as bad as the script says it was. This was always, of course, a rather watered-down Marxist view of the workers were so noble, capitalists couldn't be so mean. On the other hand, if the workers as oppressed slaves, they must have been brutalized.

But my main objection to Messrs. Griffith and Fast is not that they are or were Marxists, romantic or otherwise, but that they are hacks. When the great crusade to preserve our movies from Communist infiltration was raging some years ago, I was struck me was how little different the actual movies scripted by the Hollywood Ten were from all the others, the famous Ten seemed to be

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dis inguished merely by certain private views which made no real difference in the junk they turned out. They were neither winners nor losers as far as scriptwriters. Consider the East Trumbo for I am quite willing to give Mr. East the credit he wants - a notion to the making of a talking spectacle. (Perhaps they weren't aware there was any problem.) The problem is that these people lived two thousand years ago and

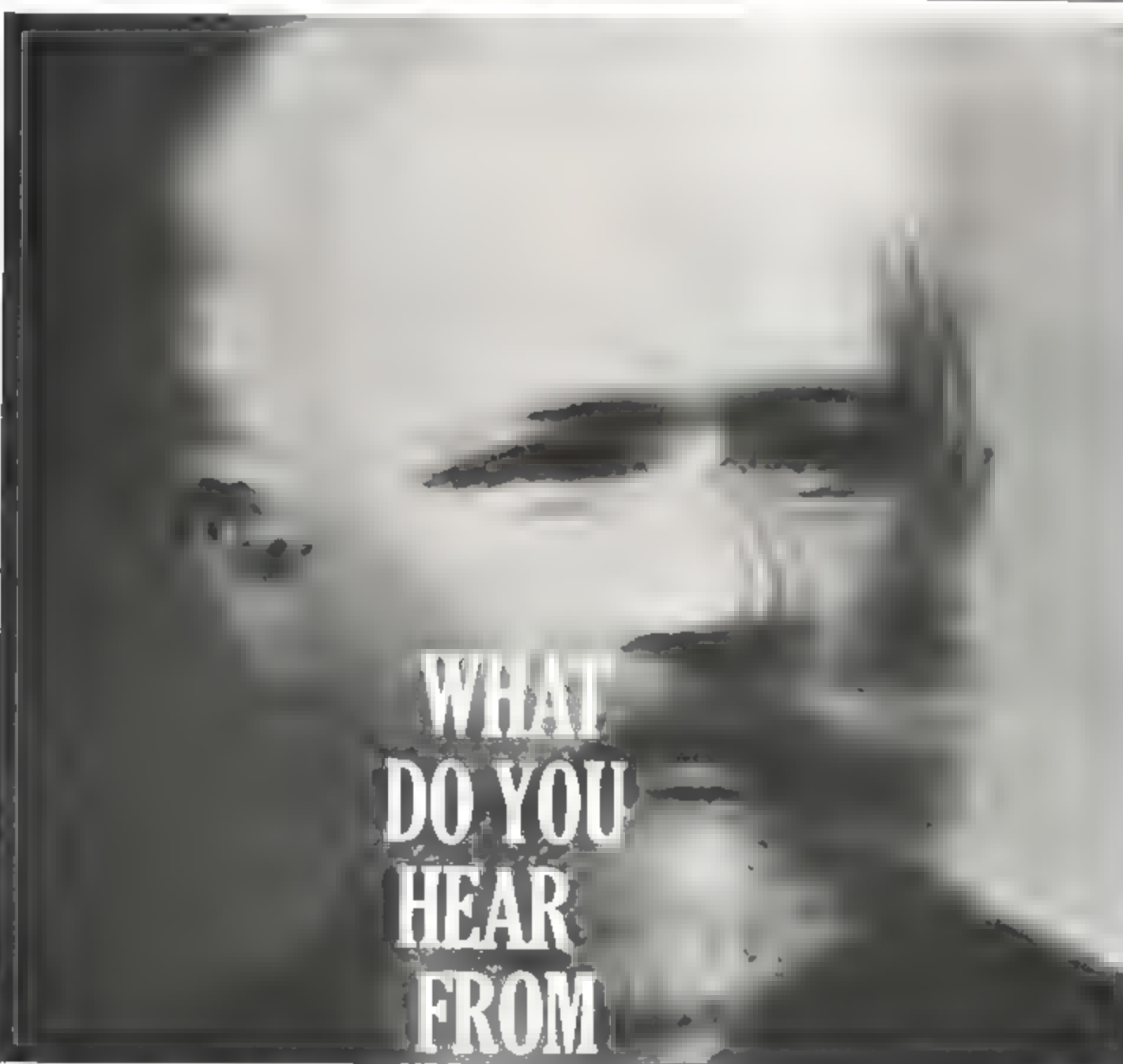
so must have taken a century. I can see two contrasting solutions: either a stylization heightening, poetization of speech to fit the antique costumes (and by this I don't mean a raised diphthong or a lowering of basic English, a coarsening and simplifying of speech that would go with a photographic attempt to present the ancient world in realistic terms, the former would emphasize the distance in time, the latter would minimize it

Either might work. Though perhaps the problem has no solution. But what clearly will not work is what East Trumbo gave me, and what is all ways done in these spectacles, namely presenting the grandeur that was Rome in full color of very impressive and then having the actors act and speak as twentieth-century types. "Kiss him you tribes!" a spectator shouts to the Negro gladiator who has Spartacus at his mercy. All

we want is to get out of this damn country," cries Spartacus later. Nor does it work when the overseer of the gladiatorial school says grimly as he looks up for the night, "Have a good night's rest, Spartacus." Nor when Spartacus and Varinia (Miss Simmons) meet again in a forest glade, unexpectedly, after the revolt, and he greets her "Varinia! I thought I'd never see you again." Long fare no see. Nor when Varinia tries to

explain to Crassus how she feels about Spartacus. "He was a simple man in a sense, but (pause) I loved him." Nor when Crassus in the same scene patronizes her. "When just one man says 'I won't' then Rome begins to fear." No, all this is not only false, but it is phony in a twentieth-century way, it is the broad and buttered Hollywood script writing. And what are these people doing in graves and tombs? They should be wearing Levi's.

**SHORT TAKES** In its day, the film *The Virgin Spring*, a medieval story about the rape and murder of a virgin by two goatherds, Ingmar Bergman has not resisted the temptation the period offers for long, slow, darkly picturesque cinematography. Only the rape and murder and the later killing of the rapists by the girl's father come out and this interest is sensational rather than artistic. There is too much heavy symbolism and too many stagey groupings, both typical Bergman faults. Two common-sense qualms: 1) Would a gently bred young girl meeting such hard-looking types in a lonely spot invite them to a party and then with what? 2) If she could make a spring gush for her father the boy of the murdered girl, it was very efficient spring right out of Crime Paying, why could he not have restored her to life? François Truffaut, the renowned movie critic who wrote *The Four Hundred Blows*, has done a second film which couldn't be more different from his first, which was simple, direct, and moving. The first two adjectives don't apply to *Shoot the Pianoist* and the third takes a lot of doing. Three acts, tragically hopeless, and deliberately mixed up. The hero's first wife is herself because of a split second misunderstanding. He is a man in an absurd light, his gangster brothers get him involved in a comic imbroglio with a bawling rival gang, who accidentally shoot his sweetheart. It is all brilliant and heartless. As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods. They kill us for their sport. It is Gide's *Le gré du feu* in reverse. The hero is accident-prone and suffers rather than commits senseless catastrophes. According to



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and Vascetti. One could imagine going from biographies of such thinkers by Remy, or perhaps, or Antonino, or Kurosawa. But not a Huston in Hollywood. The title of Louise Lurie's novel came to me, possibly at Huston's film even here. One could have every thing about his past, most of Jose Ferrer's place in his knees except that he could never have painted a good picture. Hollywood has a formula for cutting down to size the characters of our time.



Wouldn't you like that tree? But  
we may be given a brand new  
space. The very 12 A. R. Huston  
may first. K. Lags *The Man*  
W. L. *Would Be King*.

**R**EFUSES to *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. He just seen its leading man, Alec McCune, in a class called *Butter* and he knows talent for intelligent comedy is in the room. That might have earned he times over money. In his *Strife* go more at of Mac Murray in a and he suspects she had said *Strife* with Margaret Deutch. At *Karel* Rose got less on, *Lenny*. On the other hand, I may confess to another project about working class life is much more modern, was to be held on *Saturday Night*. This is *The Age*, *Sunday* directed by Guy Green and produced by Richard Attenborough, who plays the role of his people and their microfilm. But a worker class secret Covey by his notes. He they won't speak to him because of a disagreement over a strike when seems point across with sales. 2. *The*

I heart her. I told the car  
and the other who owns some  
it was so dissatisfied with Tim  
the husband's eating when I  
thought I must only had that  
he called the truck in and  
it really is the version you saw  
was different from the one I  
received several months ago.  
I let's make love. The ex-  
tended and May to Monday  
and an extensive week on  
are down during the showing  
of The Alps is now examined  
a lot more in detail.

Arturo Merer, a close friend, said the separation was because of wide differences between their ways of life, says a Reuters dispatch. Perhaps she's become a lesbian.

I like to lay a forest with a Clark Gable's grave. For some reason, whenever I've been on the screen, my heart always beats in a way it did not when Gregory Peck or Alan Ladd or Gary Cooper made the same scenes. This week's puzzle for Mr. Gable was not a noticeably better actor than his colleagues. Not *The Negroes* made a difference. Nige Dennis has explained the matter in the October issue. He makes a distinction between people on the screen and those on the stage. He thinks the latter are just plain actors, but actors—and me while the latter are larger than life. Mr. Dennis observes with regret that in the American theatre people are not and never will be.

The films are instructive in this matter, he continues. When Mr. Spencer Tracy appeared in Hollywood his very characteristics and his integrity became a law to be observed not eagerly. It was seen that his place in a film was one step down from the dramatic top which would be filled by Clark Gable. While Mr. Tracy's face, movement and three purges of unrequited and long suffering led by Mr. Gable's "Lucky" away from girls and the prizes of sex were to Mr. Tracy's films were simply new editions. Mr. Gable's was the

Leahy, by contrast, says he has no problem with



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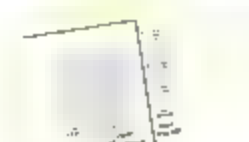
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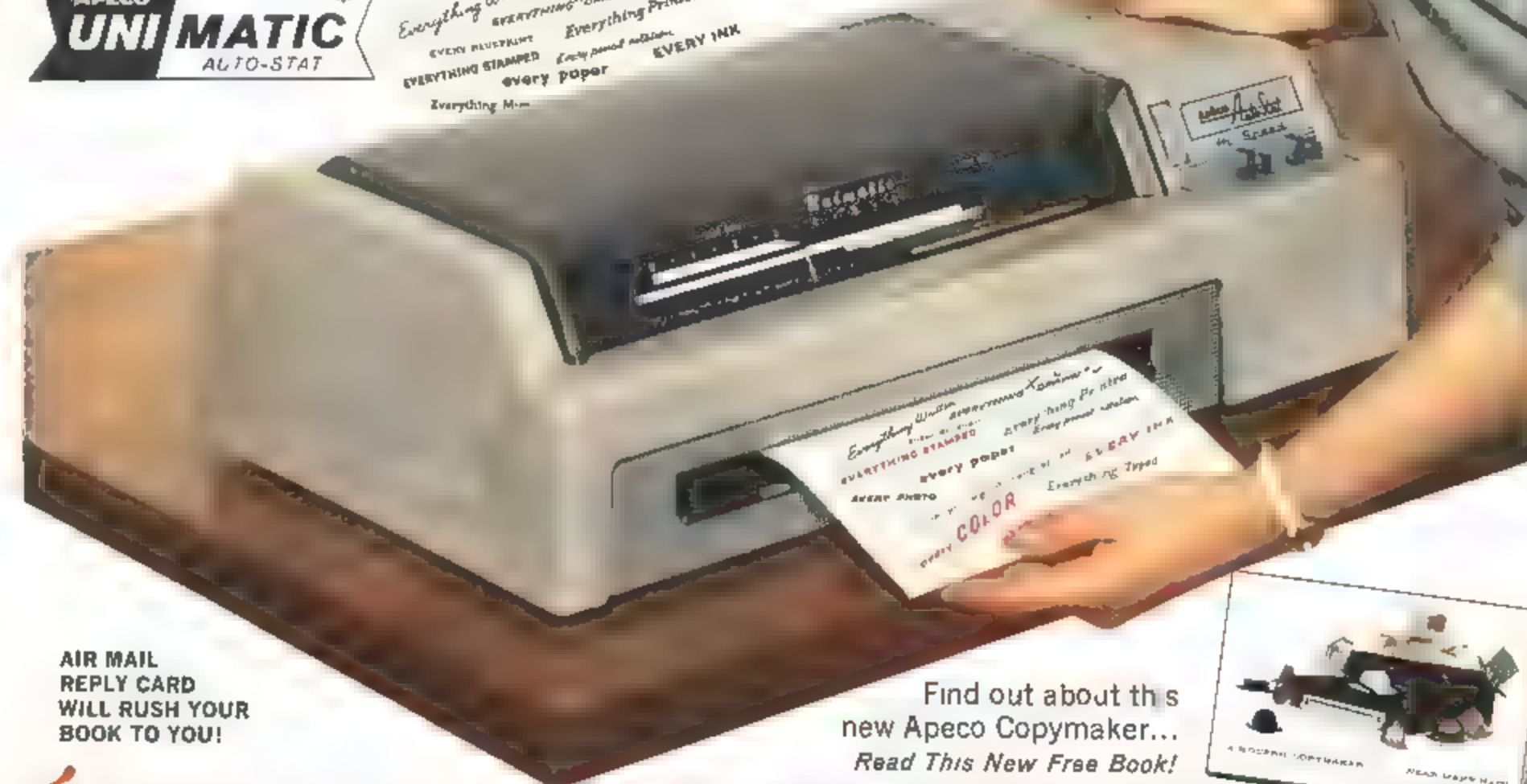
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**JAZZ**  
**NAT HENTOFF**

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This confession is apt to result in the permanent revocation of his hipsters card, but for all my admiration of several of the younger trumpeters, the one horn I listen to with the most expectation of being radically shaken and fully emotionally is that of Davey Roy Eldridge. At the end of a recent recording, Davey Eldridge was telling the bristling, modernist Charles Mingus, who had been in on the session: "I'm glad I made this. I wanted to find out what you were in. Now I know you're in the right bag. I'm not naming names," said Roy, pointing vaguely to new waves of young trumpeters in the distance, but a lot of them are so busy being busy in their horns, they forget the basics. They don't get down all the way into the music. You did, baby. It's good to know. There are very few of us left out here."

Apparently, there are almost as few left who listen hard to Roy. In the newest *Down Beat* readers poll, a minimum of fifty votes was required for a player to be listed. Fifteen trumpeters made it, but not Roy. Eldridge is aware that he is past the age of jazz lionization, but he will not play with any less intensity than he did twenty-five years ago when he was blowing Dizzy Gillespie. Eldridge remains the fiercest competitor in all jazz. The tension that invariably seizes him as he's about to play some times produces a too short and makes his playing desperately shrill. But when he's at relative ease, "Little Jazz" is the apotheosis of jazz passion. At that session with Mingus, seven young players had finished their assignments early in the afternoon, but a few stayed to hear Eldridge.

He may not be hip, as he once was, Dizzy Gillespie disciple from Detroit, but Jesus, he sure has that horn. At one point Eldridge ripped off a sizzling solo and pointed to the boy from Detroit Roy. "Angels. We're still trying, aren't we?"

I would suggest you listen to Eldridge's newest release, to go gently into his bag. *Singin' on the Town* (Verve stereo V-68349, mono V-68349). Benny Green, critic for *The Observer* in London, tells in the notes that at one British concert Roy performed with such enthusiasm that he split the seam in his trousers. Later in the band room he showed me this split with some pride. Through it all, however, there is the same massive force that comes from total involvement in the music. And yet,

the Eldridge power also allows for a startling tenderness and almost innocent lyricism in ballads that is as rejuvenating as he brings into a whirlpool as are his crackling swingers. It is possible to allow oneself to be mesmerized by both Eldridge and Miles Davis, but the majority of the jazz public is still so young that it rejects the past without first hearing it. The Modern Jazz Quartet meanwhile has presented the City of New York with a "jazz tree" to be planted on 57th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues as part of the metropolis. Salute to the Sons. The MJQ's members know where they came from, but some of the hippies ought to make sure those roots are watered.

A new label, Arhoolie, reminds us in its first release, *Mance Lipscomb: Texas Shorecropper and Songster* (Arhoolie 1001), how young Eldridge is in terms of jazz chronology as well as spirit. The company is part of the International Blues Record Club, a project of collector Chris Strachwitz and information about future recordings and research operations can be obtained by writing to P.O. Box 61, Los Gatos, California. The Lipscomb package includes a superior set of notes by Mack McCormick, a Houston writer and folklorist who has been primarily responsible for the renascence of the singer Lightnin' Hopkins. Lipscomb has been less affected by city music than Hopkins. Now sixty-five, he spent most of his life farming in the Brazos River bottoms of Texas. His father, who had been a slave, made a hideout of a cigar box and after emancipation became a freelance professional fiddler playing for dances in the Scotch Irish, German and Negro settlements of the valley. "Lipscomb is a direct link to the pre-jazz generations of Negro musicians for whom the blues were but one, unseparated stream in the vast flow of Negro traditions. From such a man you will hear ballads, breakdowns, reels, straits, corns, jukes, and blues." Lipscomb calls himself a "songster." As McCormick points out, "Occasionally the songsters were full-time professionals, but more often they were these particular hell-raisers who had a gift to make music and on week ends their neighbors gathered round them at country suppers, jock joints, and open-air dance platforms."

Accordingly, Lipscomb's bristly diversified program includes dance pieces, gambling songs, narrative blues, Texas ballads,



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field blues, and unself-conscious bawdy songs. He sings with a vigorous twang and a storyteller's sense of climax. And there is often irony.

Brown skin sleeps in a folding bed  
Yellow girl do the same  
Black girl she sleeps on a  
palet on the floor  
But she's sleeping just the same

Both as a singer and guitarist, Lipscomb performs with the contagiously swinging authority and the deeply satisfying pleasure in the making of music that Roy Eldridge shares. "He was especially happy to make these recordings," says McCormick, "knowing that this music would live with him. In his own household the youngsters respect and enjoy the old man's songs, but they haven't absorbed them as their own. Manet's granddaughters listen to him, but frankly prefer Ricky Nelson."

In its Blueville series, Prestige is trying to preserve as much of the older city blues as it can beat to the grave. The label has now enlisted folk artist Kenneth Goldstein as adviser, and Goldstein has produced a harshly vibrant recording of Harlem street-singer Blind Gary Davis (Prestige Bluesville 1015). Davis sings "hoy blues"—raw spirituals and song-sermons. While he doesn't have the frightening intensity of the late Blind Willie Johnson (Folkways 3585), Davis' street cries are searing celebrations of the righteous life and chilling warnings to the unconverted, as in *Death Don't Have No Mercy*.

Columbia has also been exploring the past. It has begun an ambitious reissue series to include multi-volume sets of Fletcher Henderson, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey and others in the jazz pantheon. The first collection—a four-volume *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz* (Columbia C4L 18)—has rather courageous concern rates on the white jazz of the 1920s, an area either ignored or scorned for many years by jazz critics. These recordings will certainly not overturn the prevailing view that the most daring and influential jazz of that decade was produced by King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and Jelly Roll Morton rather than by Red Nichols' perpetually studio combos. Nonetheless the *Thesaurus* has some surprises. I had not realized how relaxed, arical

and occasionally adventurous a jazzman the young Jimmy Dorsey was, and I can now understand why he so impressed Lester Young in the latter's formative years. I'm also grateful to be reminded of Miff Mole's gruff warmth and the classic melodic imagination (and poignancy) of guitarist Eddie Lang. I'm still largely resistant to Red Nichols, but must admit there are several flaring solos here that belie the frequent categorization of Red as mechanical.

Unfortunately, there are only a few appearances by the penetratingly lucid Bix Beiderbecke, one of the two nonpareil stylists this cadre produced (Pee Wee Russell was the other). I would also have liked more of Joe Venuti, Russell, Fud Livingston, and Don Murray; and the four volumes could have been added to two without significant loss. The *Thesaurus*, however, is worth looking into and may bring these practitioners of such pre-Depression anthems as *Vo-Do-Do-Do Blues* and *Freeze and Melt* some belated honor. The extensive notes by Richard D. Page and Frank Driggs are lovingly detailed, and I was particularly intrigued to learn that not only Negroes have indulged in reverse prejudice in jazz. Frankie Trumbauer "had a trace of Indian blood of which he was very proud, and often referred to Miff and others . . . as foreigners."

In his introduction, John Hammond, overseer of the Columbia reissue series, observes that all the musicians in this album had to make their living playing some of the dreariest music ever written down in stock

orchestrations. They played in the big bands of the day, for commercial radio programs, and in the pit orchestras of Broadway shows. In many of these recording sessions, however, they were liberated, and a feeling of release and of playful enjoyment of the music as an object in itself pervades the four volumes. Not that the regular work was always oppressive. When Miff Mole was featured in a show at the Earl Carroll Theatre, he took a terrific chorus which was supposed to have frightened the girls on stage. One by one they sagged off stage into the orchestra pit (which, naturally, was padded with mattresses). And Miff followed the last girl tumbling into their midst.

And that cuts Newport. ♦♦

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Strike (the greatest taste in smoking) believe you will treasure this record—that every playing will be an exciting musical experience.

TO GET YOUR "REMEMBER HOW GREAT" ALBUM, just fill in and mail the shipping label at right, together with one dollar and 10 empty Lucky Strike packs, to "Remember How Great," P. O. Box 2900, Spring Park, Minnesota.



Remove cellophane—open packs top and bottom—remove inner foil—wrap tear packs down side—flatten and mail.

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To get "Remember How Great" album, enclose and mail \$1.00 and 10 empty Lucky Strike packs, together with filled in shipping label. Please print clearly. Orders received after May 31, 1964, will not be honored. If sending check or money order, make payable to "Remember How Great."

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**BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND**



TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY / 86 PROOF  
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## RICHARD JOSEPH'S TRAVEL NOTES

Here's where you consider  
figures—and not statues



On an Air France jet 707 was little more than airborne before we began to figure that maybe this was *not* the best way to go to Vichy. Not best, that is, for the shape getting into assignment we describe in some detail in Vichy, which you'll find elsewhere in this issue.

The wide armchair seats in the first-class compartment accommodated our burgeoning *derriere* with room to spare—but we had no illusions. We had decided that we'd better profit by the Vichy sojourn to do something about our dimensions.

So it was we were less than enthusiastic when the stewardess came around right after takeoff and asked us if that we would like an *aperitif*. The Frenchman on our right said, "Dubonnet, 'a la'" so we thought we might as well go along and told the stewardess Dubonnet hello from us, too.

Well, it turned out that what our seatmate had said was Dubonnet à l'eau, and we ended up with a glass of Dubonnet and water in our hands, and were off on the Air France transatlantic caloric derby.

Almost as though by reflex, we found our other hand reaching out for the trays and trays of *canapés* and hors d'œuvres that marched down the aisle in magnificent profusion. (We always write *canapés* and *hors d'œuvres* because we're never quite sure which is which, or whether they're the same. However, researching the question, we did come upon the fascinating intelligence that *canapé* is the French equivalent of *canopy*—or covering—the fish covering the sack of toast, for instance.)

Next came the celebrated Air France marching band of white-coated stewards, pushing before them the food-laden serving wagons which have become so closely associated with Air France that airline men all over the world refer to this method of service as "Air France style."

Before that, though, an eight-page menu had briefed us on what to expect. It announced that each Air France Epicurean Flight honored a different French gastronomic region, and today we were to salute the northwestern corner of France, consisting of the ancient provinces of Normandy, Brittany, Maine, Anjou and Poitou.

Our wines of the day, according to the menu, were the selection of the Taittinger Counts of Champagne. The whites included the Champagne of the Widow

Laurent Perrier, a Burgundy, Meursault 1955, and a Muscadet as a sample of a regional wine. The red wines consisted of a Burgundy, Vosne Romanée, Les Chaumes 1954, and a claret, Chateau Mouton Cadet 1953.

The wine list went on to state that the above would be followed by the waters of life and the laqueurs of France. Waters of life we knew from past experience meant brandy. Leave it to the French to turn a phrase.

Now for the food. Using the menu's sort of a scorecard, we identified the following goodies on the serving trays: the hors d'œuvres of the Dukes of Brittany (those were hors d'œuvres), the little roysters of Roscoff, the roast crown of lamb of the Mont St. Michel, the chicken of the Mans Valley of Aige, the little parsley potatoes, the fine green beans with the butter of Igny, the salad of lettuce, the platter of cheeses, the tart of apples of the little queen, the acid bomb, the little waters and the basket of fruits.

For a similar tapeworm-eye view of the gastronomy of six other regions of France, the menu informed us, we had only to book passage on other Air France transatlantic flights.

Well, the whole carnic night from Le Mans to Orly takes only about seven hours. We killed the first two hours with the business of getting settled and a sipping of the two *aperitifs*. The flight was half over by the time of the coronation of the roast crown of lamb and the red Burgundy, and it was a good hour more before we were being fortified by the waters of life.

That left us something like two hours before landing at Orly, so we coasted restfully along the waters of life into sleep. But it was no more than an hour later before we were awakened by the cheery clatter of dishes.

"Aha!" cried our wife, who quickly falls into the French idiom as soon as she has passed mid-Atlantic. "It is that we are having breakfast for dessert!"

Air France will be administering this sort of gastronomic treat-

EUROPE • HAWAII • MEXICO  
U.S. • CANADA • JAMAICA  
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\* New "give-and take" panels let Magic Tops flex with the foot in action. Slip and gap are gone, and perfect fit results from the very first step and for the entire life of the shoe!

Shown: The ROYCE, 20025, hand-stitched front, lustrous black calf, \$26.95



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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, CHICAGO 6, MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



Practically all transatlantic flights

On the steamship side, American Export, Cunard, French, Harburg-Atlantic, Holland-America, Italian

For this you'll pay about three to 1

Nick's Parc du Soleil is either a children's day camp or boarding resort depending on how you choose to use it. Here each day you may park your squirts of age four to thirteen for as long as you stay in Nick's, and if the kids and the camp decide they can stand each other, you can leave them there while you go gallivanting around Europe. **Very good feelings**

assuaged by the comforting thought that your scions are being cared for by the most capable hands available anywhere outside a penal institution.

Ran jointly by the Vichy municipality and the *Compagnie Ferniére*, the children's country club is part of the deal we described in the tram. Vichy, a piece by which the operating company conducts Vichy's finances at the highest standards and the lowest prices, in return for the privilege

Thus it is that you can leave your children at the camp for twenty cents a day per child and if you leave them you pay only \$100 for each seven-day period and for \$400 they'll be cared for beautifully for the next ten weeks. Even adding the \$250.00 round trip transatlantic economy class air fare for children under twelve the total cost still well under

# Schlitz

Anyway, in its operation of the dining cars, the company follows the good precept of a French chef: that it is better to serve a few well prepared dishes than a varied assortment of mediocrities. Thus you'll find in the dining cars a table d'hôte menu that can't

Parents with a yen to travel (a redundant phrase as what parent *doesn't* want to travel?) are constantly being horned by the dilemma of taking the little darlings along this spotting the summer for both themselves and for their offspring or of sending the kids to camp, while they wander abroad thousands of miles away, with the accompanying risk of psychically scarring the children so deeply that they will henceforth refuse to look at television, or to come

*Spectrometry*: Tyrosine-leucine-positive with condensed purple spot



**Standard Equipment** Sports-type center console • Tachometer • Hy-Gard Matic with stick shift • Power windows • Power steering • Power brakes • Power seat • 3-spoke Engine with 200-hp, 4-cylinder, compression ratio 11.0:1 • Torque at 2500 rpm • 130 ft-lb • 4600 rpm • Dual exhaust system • Five-spoke wheels • High-performance 3.42-to-1 rear axle ratio • Top-grain leather interior • Bucket seats • Matching carpeted luggage compartment • Embossed aluminum center molding • Wheel and tire • Wheelbase 123" • Over-all length 212"





the fee you'd have to pay for a good summer camp at home—especially as there's no uniform, or anything of that sort, to buy.

The Vichy fees include room, board, supervision by one trained nurse for every eight children from four to eleven years old, and a nurse for every ten or twelve children from eleven to thirteen years of age.

Also included in the fee are medical examination on arrival, and medi-

cal care for such minor ailments as skin defects, allergies, defective posture, and susceptibility to colds. But don't get the idea from all this that the country club is primarily for children needing medical care. It's not—but the finest care and supervision are there if and when they need it.

The fee also covers many sports activities, including swimming and tennis lessons. Golf and riding lessons are extra. Ramy-day programs

include dramatics, clay modeling, ceramics and music appreciation.

The fee even includes pocket money for soft drinks at the children's cafe, and the twenty-cent admission charge for the camp puppet shows. A youth democracy is maintained, up to the point of possible conflict with public safety, and on one day a week no visiting adults are admitted to the country club except by invitation of a child. If your kid doesn't want to

see you, in other words, he doesn't have to, unless you can bribe an invitation out of one of his colleagues with a well-chosen jar of peanut butter, or whatever it is the kids strive for in France.

Older children are given driving lessons in small electric cars over miniature highways dotted with road markers and traffic lights, and geography lessons consist of putting together itineraries for automobile trips all over Europe.

The country club's program probably wouldn't appeal to an American boy of eleven or twelve interested primarily in developing into a varsity athlete—but for girls and younger boys the Vichy establishment has a great deal to recommend it.

One of the best features of all, of course, is that your youngster will finish the summer speaking French *comme un français*. This is the most tear-free way we've ever heard of for a child to learn French, and the camper has all the cultural advantages of living in an international community.

There were no American children boarding at the country club when we looked it over last summer, but Vichy officials tell us that about sixty American kids have been signed up for the coming season as a result of a newspaper column we did on the place, and the city of Vichy has leased an adjacent hotel to house the increased number of international young wanderers expected this summer.

Of course the appeal of the children's resort is primarily for those parents who are thinking about going to Europe anyway, and don't cotton to the idea of not seeing their children at the time they're away.

One thing is for sure, though: No longer will you have to give up the idea of a trip to Europe because you don't want to be so far away from the kids for so long.

Late news about Vichy's plans to make itself the best buy of 1961 among European spas and health resorts reaches us just as we go to press. The program is centered on low-price *séjours de santé* at health sojourns, to be introduced for the first time this year.

The celebrated Vichy cure takes twenty-one days, but for visitors not suffering from liver or gall bladder ailments and seeking primarily a couple of weeks of rest, recreation and tune-up, Vichy is offering special package deals for a week or two of health and fun.

For the basic price of about \$100, you'll be able to stay and dine at any of Vichy's three-star (first-class) hotels for seven days, enjoy a free



## Men who are on their way...

know that to arrive in style, spring's timetable calls for Manhattan shirts in the new "Pale Dry" tone. It's a mere hint of tint—but what a fashionable point of departure from traditional white! Two good reasons why smart men won't leave home this spring without Manhattan "Pale Dry": are these shirts of 100% cotton broadcloth—one, an end and end and the

other, a muted woven stripe—both marked by newly arrived collar styles: Laird, an English short point spread collar and Grip-Tab, a short point collar with snap close tab. The ticket is only about \$5.00. See them today!



Sahib, you are at safari club or on the terrace in new Guard Stripes. Feather-light, but Chirchilian of Durene mercerized cotton. In three-part color harmonies. Dare we suggest several pair? We do. \$1.00 everywhere.

Nothing more fitting than  
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Now available: Supp Hole® for Men by HOLEPROOF  
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membership at the Sporting Club, including use of the golf course, tennis courts and swimming pool, and free admission to the Casino, including the symphony concerts and art exhibits.

Also covered in the price are two nights' attendance at the opera and ballet performances at the Casino, two massages or spa treatments, and a half-day excursion to the chateaux and cathedrales of the nearby Auvergne region, home of the Marquis de Lalayette.

Var meals at the hotel may be chosen from the regular menu or one of the low-calorie pots featured at Vichy, where the skill of the French chefs takes much of the pain and the pangs out of eating.

The package price also includes street transfers, expensive incidentals as taxes and service charges. The all-inclusive rate drops down as low as \$75 for a week in the smaller hotels and pensions, and can go high as \$125 to \$250 a week in the luxury-class hotels. All these rates are for June and July, but slightly higher during the peak months of August.

The coming season will be particularly gala in Vichy because of the centennial celebration of the belle époque launched in 1811 when Napoleon III and his Empress Eugenie visited Vichy for the first time. Their annual visits thereafter established Vichy as the summer capital of fashionable France.

High lights of the celebration will be a special costume ballet and grand performances of Offenbach operettas, and a supper-up program of the entire Vichy summer festival, including performances by companies of Italian La Scala Opera, the Bayreuth Wagner Festival and the Paris Opera Ballet. Vichy's popular Theatre de la Chanson will headline Patrice Chéreau and other French cabaret and musical stars.

Anticipating a record summer, Vichy has been undergoing an extensive hotel renovation program during the off season. A total of 250 private hotels have been added among the less-expensive hotels in the luxury class. The Ambassadeurs has been completely refurbished and refurnished. Its rates for the coming summer are \$16 to \$20 a day, meals included.

Vichy is situated within easy driving distance of some of the most scenic and historically interesting sections of central France, so visitors to the resort can devote their eating and recreating with junketings of a day or an afternoon into the surrounding countryside.

There are, of course, a number of car hire garages in Vichy. The local representative, Fitzer & Lunn, for instance, has everything from the tiny two-horse

power Citroën and the famed Renault Quatre Chevaux and Dauphines up to late-model standard Chevroléts. Rates range all the way from about \$2.20 a day, plus two cents a kilometer, up to about \$12.25 a day, plus five cents a kilometer, depending on the model you choose and how long you rent it.

Incidentally, if you have any questions about Vichy, including the children's country club, just drop a line and we'll see to it that they get answered in detail by the people who know the answers.

And that goes not alone for Vichy, but for any other travel subject we cover. It's been a long, long time since we mentioned this, and so it bears repeating. If you have any specific questions on the sections that we talk about either in these Travel Notes or in our main article, don't hesitate to put them on paper and send them along to us, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. #



## Bourbon and Branch anyone?

An interesting change is taking place. The big towns, where styles usually begin, are now learning what the small towns have long known—that Bourbon and Branch is a mighty fine drink.

In the South and the West it has long been the byword for what a man wants most when he wants a drink. The unique character of fine Kentucky bourbon, and the cool refreshment of pure branch water is simple and good! "Branch" originally meant water from a clear, cool running stream. Now it's the term for any cool, pure water.

Kentucky bourbon is such fine flavorful whiskey that people don't want to taste changed. That's why the accompaniment is nearly always simple. People don't drown or disguise the pure, honest flavor of bourbon. And it's just as light, just as mild as most blended whiskies. Scotches or Canadans.

As for Kentucky bourbon, you can't beat Old Crow, preferred above all other bourbons in America. More than a hundred years ago DANIEL WEBSTER called Old Crow "the finest in the world" and it still is! At a modern 86 proof, it is light and mild enough to drink "on the rocks." The next time you order, would you ask for



Light Malt 86 Proof  
**OLD CROW**  
Kentucky Bourbon



THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 86 PROOF





## BOOK REVIEWS DOROTHY PARKER

*The way to exercise is not always  
through sitting down and reading*

**S**URELY the wildest and walest and longest plea against injustice is the old, old shriek to the hars heavens. "But why me? Why did this have to happen to me?" Very lately I have joined the choral. My small squeak adds little to the music, but the words come from an anguished heart. They are "Please. He must have made some mistake. Honest, I wasn't doing anything."

The cause of all this, I guess, is that on my innocent doorstep was left a great cargo of books about the most vigorous of outdoor exercises. I can only say about myself, for I am too old to make apologies for my own case, that I am not an outdoors type. A great glowing day with a gay sun and a spanking breeze only incites me to get myself into a small, low-ceilinged room, where cigarette smoke curls around the closed windows, and stay there.

Among these volumes, the outstanding member was something called *Basic Scuba*, Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus, Its Operation, Maintenance, and Use, The Sport Diver's Bible. I put the book, unopened, in that niche of my bookshelf reserved for Hole-in-the-Head Books, a designation to suggest how much I need them. Robert Benchley, God bless him, always the pursuer of the improbable, used to have whole shelves of books for these curios. Outstanding among them, it seemed to me, was a fat book hogging three places on the shelf, called *Diseases of the Sweet Potato*.

*Basic Scuba* came to me swift and sure as a bullet. I could do nothing about it. For even in the saltiest days of my youth I wasn't able to get my head under water.

In the main, however, this great cargo contained books about horses. As far as my memory reaches I have never been alone with a horse. I am told, and I had to know it by word of mouth because my recollection doesn't go so far back, that, in the Neolithic times before my father lost his money, my brothers and my sister and I had a Shetland pony and a governess cart. I have no recollection of this past glory, but my informers also told me that concurrently we had two dogs, a white English bull and a pug. Unhappily, I have no recollection of these dear ones, but their names will live with me forever, for the bull was called *Bull*, and the pug was called *Puggy*. I presume that astrology exacted these names.

I love horses though my love is always shadowed with terrible sorrow, for I think that horses have the worst fates of anybody. I try not to think of the trembling wrecks bestrode by plunderers or the little band mine ponies of Wales nor, on our own city thoroughfares, the worst antiques with the concave backs and the feet like snowshoes and the terrific patience in their eyes, who daily drag after them carts full of potted plants. And I do not attend horse races because it is no delight to me to see animals straining. Nor do I get a sexual thrill out of seeing a shining beast slapped with a whalebone whip by a cocky little man.

But the books, those great sporting books left on my doorstep, mainly about horses, are not concerned with the wrecks. Their horses are of the elite, horses who have everything, except two or three horses, minutes a day when they can do what they want.

Among these books there is a most provocative title, *The Prohibited Horse*. And it not a problem to begin with, Lord knows he ended as one. He was checked, sawed, pawed, hit, and sworn at. I have too often heard it said that horses are the stupidest of all animals. I regard this as a canard. Look at their associates, for heaven's sake. Have you ever attempted to have a conversation with a member of the huntin' set or tried to talk to a polo player?

It's a fine thing to go from the huntin' set to the really great writing set. Some twenty-five years ago, Henry Roth wrote a book called *Catt In Sleep*. It was lyrically praised by people whose knowledge and discretion are valued and admired. The book is republished now and I can only say, for those who praise it before, that I am struggling along in the background. It's a massive novel and a stunning one. It tells of a family who came from a Polish village to Brownsville. I think I have never known I have never heard such wonderful American Yiddish as the talk of his children. The mother can speak only in her own beautiful language—how could she do otherwise? She had never met anyone who could speak English to her. She thought things were going to be much better in America but as she said, "We poor poor as dogs." I don't know any book that says so much and tells so much and shows you so much about those who come here. It is not, I should say, in the main a cheerful book. Occa-

## The worldly new look of HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

...has a natural elegance all its own. Note the silhouette. It is long and lean, showing just a dash of British styling. Shoulders are honest without exaggerated padding. The waist is slightly trimmer. Trousers are gently tapered. There is a wide choice of cool fabrics and colors. Rich, distinctive, feather-light domestic and imported weaves from the finest mills in the world...in new olive plaids and checks, and muted compound tones. Each model—shown here, the Racquet Club—is shaped with the skill that made HS&M tailoring famous—hand stitching, meticulous detail work. It is not surprising that the Hart Schaffner & Marx label is sewn inside more suits than any other fine label in the world.



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sionally there are extraordinarily funny things. There is the mother's sister, a plump lady, so intent on being married that she wears a maid with two evil little daughters. She tells her husband's candy store. It is a penny-ante, but a penny-ante is a penny-ante. Mrs. America is graciously slipped to their from a pad filled with ice and sweetest. I think, kind reader, if you are that this is the finest book about new Americans I have ever read. I mean that. I beg of you to read about these people. I don't say you're going to be giggling. I find so often now that people use "fun" as an adjective. That is a terrible a run book. But it is a massive book, a stunning book and I think it is an extraordinarily fine thing that they brought it up again.

And then there are some other books that are not concerned with horses or undersea diving. There is, for example, something called *Vagabond* by Herbert Johnson, which has won the Harper Prize. The Harper Prize is \$10,000. Now \$10,000 may mean many different things, according to its recipient. But, in any case, what it does is have Mr. Johnson's name on it. It is extremely well written and though he starts out with his \$10,000 bang, I think he goes farther and wider and higher. It is an extraordinary book about a young man, or fairly young man, who thought his life was just nothing, thought he would go to Spain for a year, intending to smother at the end of that year. This is about his year in Spain.

where he meets a lovely and strange woman and a strange and idealistic man. Among prize books, this seems to be the best I have seen in a long time.

Now let's have a few quickies. There is *The Men of Ceylon*. Well, I know I know. So it seems to me that five times every day is too much. There is a picture on each cover, showing great dark eyes and hair and gaunt cheeks. And why not, for God's sake? There is a way another title made in the mind, you know. At least the slightest feeling about it. Also, *Mother* gets awfully tired of the valsthenes. There is a certain lack of variety.

I don't like to say it quite so soon after this, but James Purdy has a new novel called *The Nephew*. It is rather quieter than the first of Mr. Purdy's, a writer I much admire, but I think it is fine.

Now let's end with a bang. A book called *Parodies* is a good name for it, or an acronym from Chandler to Beckett and after, combined with an introduction and notes by Dwight Macdonald. It is a book to read for real delight. Read this. The parodies are not only brilliant, conceived and exquisite, but there is a curious pattern devoted to a bit of Dwight Macdonald's prose. It reminds you of the old one story about the king in the room trying to see who could make the most terrible face when his page visited grandmother, to a cry of outrage, because grandmother wasn't playing.

Well, scuba anyone? #

## YOU CAN SAY ¡CUBANOS SI!

to many thousands of our neighbors from Cuba who have fled persecution and are now homeless, jobless and hungry. Your friendship is needed now for democratic Cubans. Extend your help through the International Rescue Committee, the non-sectarian agency which has assisted and resettled thousands of victims of tyranny since the rise of Hitler in 1933. Send contributions to:

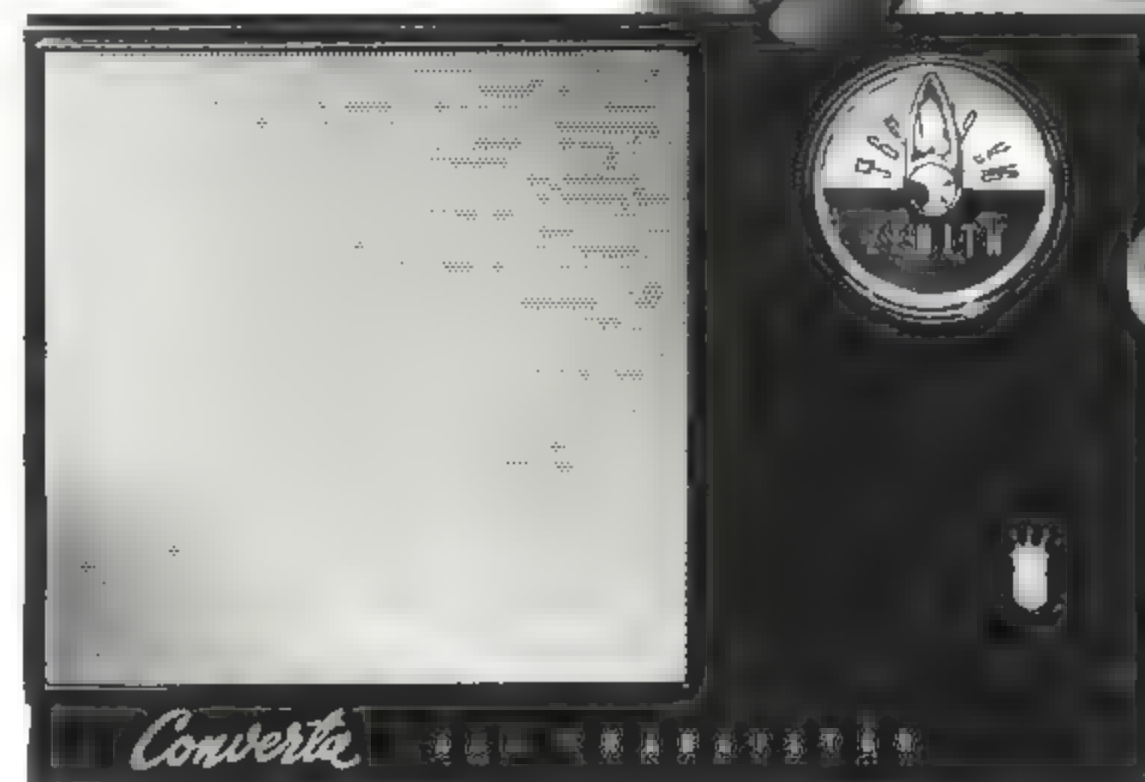
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Zenith Radio Corp. is a subsidiary of Zenith Electronics Corp., a public company listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Zenith Electronics Corp. is a leader in the development and production of electronic equipment for the defense and aerospace industries. Zenith Electronics Corp. is also a leader in the development and production of electronic equipment for the consumer electronics industry.







54



# WILL YOU COME TO EUROPE AND NOT SEE IT... AGAIN?

Oh, yes, you did visit us once before—and more than once, perhaps.

You quick-tripped our capitals  
when the tourist tide was at its crest.

You did the palaces and buildings of state,  
toured historic halls and gaped  
at greatness on the walls of our museums,  
dined and stayed in big city restaurants and hotels  
designed for you,  
the American Tourist.

(How many miles of hard city pavement did you cover as you “saw” Europe,  
craning your neck all the while to see above the crowd?)

Come now.

Wouldn't you laugh loud (but friendly, as we do now)  
if someone from our side of the Atlantic  
said he had seen the U.S.A.

by visiting  
New York  
Chicago  
San Francisco and L.A.?

And got the feel of your country simply by standing  
in a block-long line for a ticket to the Radio City Music Hall?

When you were last in Europe,  
how many Europeans did you talk to, shake hands with? . . .  
*other* than those who served you?

How many people did you really get to *know*,  
how many new names,  
new places  
away from the track beaten so smooth by the  
feet of a million more?

Tell us.  
Did you ever stand in front of the Mona Lisa  
in silence  
uninterrupted by elbows, voices?

Did you ever take your pick of the best tables in a restaurant,  
or choose the room you wanted,  
or say when *you*  
wanted to do  
whatever *you* had in mind?

Did you ever get into your own little car,  
or on a bus,  
train or plane,  
and go looking for Europe in Europe?

Did you ever find a tiny town on your own private map  
where the stream runs through  
and the people smiled at you  
as you walked through their village,  
clicking on cobblestones that have waited centuries  
for you to come home?

Did you ever have a family open the door wide  
(knowing there weren't a dozen more behind you)  
and invite you to stay awhile and see  
their place, their home,  
*them*?

*Next time, do it. Promise yourself this:  
Don't be tied to the tourist season—come any time.  
Europe is always in season!  
Come see us as we really are—  
at home.*

*And see us, too, away from the big cities,  
where the air runs free,  
where people are waiting to help you see  
and feel, know, understand—  
and put away into your memory the living sense of  
having been somewhere,  
while you carry away with you  
a heart-full of invitations to come back!*

See your travel agent to plan your trip, or write to the National Tourist Office  
of the country you'd like to see—P.O. Box 258 Dept. 147, New York 17, N.Y.

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rent, he said, there was no price where the average golfer could enjoy all the facilities of an expensive private golf club layout at moderate cost.

Either he got up at dawn and went to the public golf course or paid a large fee for membership in a private club. This new concept in golf club living gives the renter what amounts to his own private Florida home and his own private golf club. He can play golf a great part of the day and still have ample time to spend with his family around the swimming pool or in his own home or at the clubhouse. Furthermore, his wife can enjoy the vacation to the utmost, since the rental rates include maid service twice a week (they can have it every day at a small additional cost), and if she doesn't want to do too much cooking, they can take some of their meals at the restaurant in the clubhouse.

The country's hotel and motel men are watching the Port St. Lucie Country Club development with as much interest as the general public. One of them remarked at the inauguration that it may well be the first great innovation in recent years to give the tourist a combination of private living and ideal recreation for the entire family.

By this time we hope you've gotten the impression that this unique community on the famed St. Lucie River between Fort Pierce and Stuart is the first on the Florida Gold Coast in which average families, including children and pets, can spend a whole day in millionaire style in a luxury home, and at rates which they can well afford. From \$75 to \$75 a week. These rates include maid service, lawn maintenance, twenty-four-hour switchboard service. In fact, all the facilities which promise as carefree a vacation as it is possible to get and your choice of complete privacy or the utmost gregariousness. We've heard of a golf foursome from Chicago who are trying to find a mutually convenient month for a vacation so that they can bring their families to Port St. Lucie.

Vacationers will have a choice of four basic types of homes to rent, each with three variations of facade, at rentals based on size and on season of the year from a weekly low of \$75 to a winter peak of \$175.

These four types of homes are air-conditioned and fully furnished. They have draperies and rugs and pictures, as well as the most necessary equipment. Each living room has a sofa, end tables, lamps, two lounge chairs

and a table-motel to even set. The dining room has a buffet table that will seat six or more and six chairs. Bedrooms have either double or twin beds, night stands and ample dresser space. The kitchens come equipped with Caloric gas ranges, electric refrigerators, exhaust fans and other appliances that make for easy housekeeping. Porcelain furnishings include a china cabinet and tables, chairs and side tables. Of course each home is completely equipped with linens, china and cutlery, and cooking utensils.

To get back to the four types of homes, these range from The Golf View, a one-bedroom home with living room, dining room, kitchen and bath. The Oakmont, with three bedrooms. The Golf View rents from a low of \$75 a week in June and September. \$110 from April through May, July through August and October through December, and \$125 a week January through March. Incidentally, The Golf View also has four large closets, an exterior storage room, a furnished screen porch and a car port.

The Fairway is similar to The Golf View, but it has two bedrooms, and two more closets. Weekly rentals range from \$85 to \$140, depending on the season. The Meadowbrook has two bedrooms, and the rentals are the same as The Fairway.

The Oakmont is the largest of all with three bedrooms and two baths, a living Florida-dining room combination, and kitchen. Rentals range from \$170 through \$245 to a top of \$175.

At Port St. Lucie, comfortable vacation living is designed for a variety of tastes. If you prefer family living, you can have that and your home can be your castle here. If you prefer to take your meals at home, there's a grocery store in the community's shopping center. If you want extensive personal services, they are available for a comparatively small price. If you just want to play golf or go swimming, or just sit and relax in your own lawn or the sun, this is the place for you. If you want an active social schedule, you'll find it and you'll have others who want that too.

The executive director of the golf club is M. B. "Chuck" Harbert, former U.S. Ryder Cup team captain. His long-time associate, Bob Peters, is manager of the club. The resident manager is Len Hood who comes from the Key Biscayne Hotel. He's here at Miami. L. E. Mike Arnes is the club secretary, and he's now answering specific questions about the operation. #

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## GASTRONOMY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

A cable to Lucullus will get you Munich's Schlaraffentand



THE good, charming people in the Good Learning City of Munich hope to go to Heaven when they die, but quite a few of them in a row would rather go to Dammay where they are alive. Dammay's Munich is a version of Schlaraffentand, the mythical paradise where most phycos fly through the air and comitate trines grow in the ground. Dammay is Western civilization's answer to Russia's overrated Gostroman's shores. By American standards it is a super-de-luxe delicatessen, a fancy food market *ne plus ultra*. Dammay's cable address is Lucullus, which surprises no one.

On my last visit to Dammay I counted eighty-two different sausages, among them seven different kinds of liverwurst: Truffelherwurst, Kalbscherwurst, Sackelherwurst, Gutscherwurst, Farmer's style, Leberpastete, Belgian Leberpastete, truffled goose liver, half at Pfister Leberwurst, home-slaughtered task, Langelherwurst, grebrough, Ganscherwurst and Ganselherwurst, which means country style goose liver sausage. It takes semantic and epicurean discrimination to and one's way through Dammay's treasure cave.

I also counted sixteen different mayonnaise salads and twenty-two made without mayonnaise: spring salad, Greek rice salad, Indian chicken salad, cream salad, vinaigrette, russula salad, "Damas," olive salad, Nizza salad, Ochsenschmalz salad, marinated beet salad, beet and zucchini salad, tomato salad, green pea salad, stichsaal salad, Truffel sausage with cheese salad, seems awful, but is excellent. Spanish salad, Truffel salad, giblet salad, gypsy salad, trout salad, chicken salad, orange salad. That ought to give you a idea.

That day Dammay's cold buffet offered, among other delicacies, Pilsener Wellington in steamed bread, roast chicken stuffed with tomatoes and partridge, roast sucking pig, ham, an omelette in aspic, jelly, herring in cream, horse radish butter, crab meat in aspic, galantine de poulet, salmon, butter and Strasburg Butterberg, all freshly prepared in small quantities in Dammay's upstairs kitchen. Dammay imports practically every important delicacy from all over the world. Of the world's delicatessens, they are the only ones that have a preference for Dammay. When you walk through Maximilianstrasse, carrying a Dammay shopping bag, you are demitiched. Of course, there is some resentment at any great reputation. If you happen to be visiting one of Munich's other excellent food stores and overhear a customer complaining about the lack of some gourmet item, about the quality of a previous purchase, you're also likely to overhear an waiter clerk say, "If you don't happen to like what you get here, you can always go to Dammay." This is said not as a kindly suggestion but with a toss of the head and a flash of the eye that can be interpreted only as cheeky hostility.

Dammay's secret can be expressed in one word: quantity. The other day their buyers tasted eleven different kinds of apple sauce before they accepted one. In a city enthusiastically dedicated to the pursuit of overstrained *Fresserei*, Dammay is a beacon of delicate gastronomy in a wild sea of often vulgar gluttony. At Dammay you'll get the freshest turbot, the finest asparagus, the tastiest wild swanberries. Their small, Friday morning ads in the local papers are models of gastronomic elegance. They intend their patrons that the earliest-morning herring have just arrived from Holland, choice goose livers from Himgary, and real fresh from the mountains. Dammay's catering department, called *Stutt Kuche*, is a favorite place. And it Dammay's they meet their own end, from their own lips, pick their own sausages in the their own wines. The Christmas decorations last year sent me eight thousand beautifully arranged gift baskets, ranging in price from \$6 to \$14. Dammay's *Erstherb* is a cisting, useful and effective, but since few people have the heart to return it, though some prefer their direct delivery in an open-spectator is wooden case. The neighbors might look.

Dammay occupies three state buildings, the larger part of a



### FAIR "CAMELOT"

Lerner and Loewe, the magicians who conjured up "My Fair Lady," cast an even lovelier spell with their latest musical triumph, "Camelot." It's a happy mixture of old English legend and enchanted new melodies, presented by Richard Burton, Julie Andrews and the entire Broadway Original Cast.

CAMELOT / ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING / KOS 2031 / KOL 5620\* Tape TOS 100 (2-track) / DQ 344 (4-track)

There are other splendid sounds of "Camelot" too. Percy Faith arranges and conducts a suave instrumental version of the score. Pianist Andre Previn and his jazz trio joust merrily with the tunes.

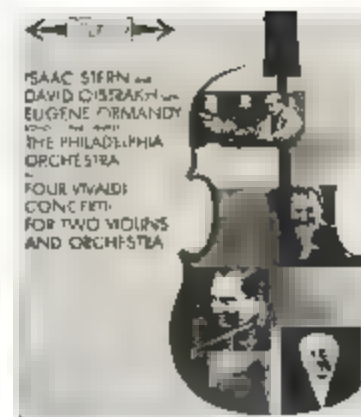
MUSIC FROM LERNER AND LOEWE'S CAMELOT / PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CS 8376 / CL 570\* ANDRE PREVIN / CS 8369 / CL 1580\*



### BRAHMS AND BERNSTEIN

Bernstein's first Brahms recording—the Symphony No. 1—is majestic and muscular, incisive and invigorating. Bernstein also bestows his characteristic grace and affection on Handel's joyous "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," a choral tribute (with verses by Dryden) to the patron saint of music.

HANDEL ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY / MS 6200 / M. 5605\*/BRAHMS SYMPHONY NO. 1 IN C MINOR / MS 5602 / M. 6202\* NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC, LEONARD BERNSTEIN, CONDUCTOR



### VIVALDI AT THE SUMMIT

A musical Summit conference—master violinists Isaac Stern and David Oistrakh meet with conductor Eugene Ormandy in brilliant new performances of four Vivaldi Double Concertos.

VIVALDI, FOUR CONCERTOS FOR TWO VIOLINS, STRINGS AND CEMBALO—ISAAC STERN AND DAVID OISTRAKH VIOLINISTS, EUGENE ORMANDY CONDUCTING MEMBERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA / MS 6204 / M. 5604\*



### MARK TWAIN TONIGHT—AND EVERY NIGHT

Long before Will Rogers and Mort Sahl, writer Mark Twain was America's leading one-man comedy show. Actor Hal Holbrook shows why and how in his amazing stage and recorded (with audience) re-creations of Mark Twain Tonight!, Vol. II.

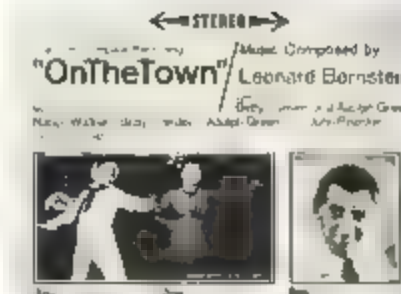
MORE OF HAL HOLBROOK in MARK TWAIN TONIGHT / OS 2030 / CL 56 0\*



### "DANCES" AND "CAPRICES"

Rachmaninoff's fiery "Symphonic Dances" are recorded by his favored ensemble—Eugene Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra. The companion piece is Casella's setting of fiendishly difficult solo violin "Caprices" by Paganini, stunningly played by the 66 virtuosi of the Philadelphia string section.

RACHMANINOFF SYMPHONIC DANCES, Op. 45, CASELLA PAGANINI RACHMANINOFF VIOLIN, THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, EUGENE ORMANDY CONDUCTOR / MS 6205 / M. 5605\*



### "ON THE TOWN" REVISITED

A buoyant Broadway smash of the Forties is revived in a fresh-as-paint full-length recording that reunites stars of the original cast—comedienne Nancy Walker, lyricist-singers Adolph Green and Betty Comden. A special attraction: composer Leonard Bernstein conducts.

ON THE TOWN\* WITH NANCY WALKER, BETTY COMDEN, ADOLPH GREEN, JOHN REARDON / MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY LEONARD BERNSTEIN / OS 2028 / CL 6540\*



### BG=SWING

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BENNY GOODMAN SWINGS AGAIN / BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CS 8378 / CL 1578\*



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### BENNETT SINGS ARLEN

Tony Bennett pays heartfelt tribute to one of his heroes, Harold Arlen, composer of such gems as "Over the Rainbow" and "Come Rain or Come Shine."

TONY BENNETT SINGS A STRING OF HAROLD ARLEN, ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED BY GLENN OSSER / CS 8359 / CL 1559\*



### GARLAND AND GUITAR

Guitarist Hank Garland joins the ranks of great jazz improvisers with a new collection including, among others, "All the Things You Are," "Always," and a high-powered original titled "Riot-Chorus."

JAZZ WINDS FROM A NEW DIRECTION / HANK GARLAND / CS 8372 / CL 1672\*



### THE CAREFREE COMPOSER

Conductor-arranger Percy Faith displays another inventive side of his musical character in "Carefree," a set of twelve originals in as many different moods.

CAREFREE / PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA / CS 8360 / CL 1569\*



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city block in Dionerstrasse, in the very heart of Munich, on land that once belonged to the Elector of Bavaria. The same windows are gastronomic stage sets. For many years the owner of the firm Paul Randlker, an art collector and food connoisseur (a perfect combination), personally decorated the store windows, evolving what is known in well-fed Munich art circles as the Dallmayr style, a mixture of aesthetic and culinary

elements. Everything must be genuine, Malaga grapes and French saffron, young vegetables and Bavarian antiques. The day I was there a window showed an autumnal still life—a pheasant, fruit and wine—to it looked too good to be true, but turned out to be real. Window shopping along the Dallmayr façade is a fashion for local pastime. Had Dr Faustus lived here, he would have made his Sunday walk through Die

nerstrasse. What a difference from the tasteless pyramids of cans, sausages and beer bottles that fill the department store windows all over the world! Behind Dallmayr's window dressing are two hundred and fifty years of serious gastronomic tradition. The store was founded circa 1703 A.D.—about the same time as Fortnum and Mason in London—when the Christian Becker, storekeeper and citizen, left his *Krauter-und-Gerechtheit*, a

sort of guild license, to his two married daughters. In the genealogy of the store the present name appears first in 1870. That year Alois Dallmayr, merchant from Woblbach, became its owner. In 1895 Dallmayr sold his store to Anton Randlker, but Dallmayr's name was kept in spite of his short tenure and is now used on its way to gastronomic immortality. After Randlker's death, his son Paul became sole owner. Now in his middle seventies, he no longer decorates the windows, but still makes all major policy decisions, as they say around the State Department, leaving the details to his employees, whose number rose from ten in 1895 to five hundred today. Dallmayr was *Hoflieferant* (court caterer) to sixteen European ruling families. Most people don't even know there were so many. Dallmayr catered to the German Imperial Court to the Wittsbaums in Bavaria, on down to some minor royalty. Paul Randlker pioneered bananas and pineapple in Germany and gradually made his firm world famous.

The First World War was bad for Dallmayr; the Second nearly finished them off. At its end, Dallmayr's houses were bombed, the warehouses plundered, the wine cellars ruined. They started from scratch again in the Bernheimer house, where the buildings in Dionerstrasse were being rebuilt in the old style. The store had lost been redecorated in 1910, and great care was taken to recreate its deliberately fashionable appearance: its vaulted ceilings, arches and niches. Once the colors and lights became brighter, but there is still a romantic atmosphere about the place and its sense of tradition.

Dallmayr's meteoric rise in the past ten years reflects the German *Wirtschaftswunder*. After years of near starvation under the Hitler regime and during the war, the Germans made up for it by eating more than ever before, once they could afford it. The wave of overeating was followed by the *Eckelkesselle*, when the *Heavenly-riches* from Mercedes would buy anything as long as it was expensive. Dallmayr was ready and able to supply caviar, foie gras and pinambur (certain species of artichoke). A large fish, poultry and game department was set up. Randlker hired a coffee expert from Bremen named Konrad Wiese, who became his deputy and organized the firm's large coffee business. A ware house was built in Bremen and distribution points were set up in sixteen other places. Today Dallmayr's hundred vehicles deliver Dallmayr coffee and Dallmayr tea all over Germany. Coffee, tea, wines

and fancy food in cans now account for two-thirds of the business. So far quantity has not affected quality.

Times have changed, of course, and so have the customers. Dallmayr is no longer the exclusive domain of princes and bankers. The old customers still go there, but so do mechanics and housewives and workers, and they are the most difficult customers. Dallmayr's employees no longer spend a lifetime in the service of the firm, but stay just long enough to get a certificate that will open all doors. However, the patriarchal spirit is still in evidence. All employees get coffee, lunch and afternoon tea in the firm's dining room free of charge. Dallmayr is still a symbol of quality. Its beautifully illustrated booklets with Herr Stahns' smart Berliner comments are amusing, informative, overwhelming.

Dallmayr's catering department under chef Franz Hettinger supplies masterpieces at the celebrated German cold buffet and hot dinners for all seasons and festive occasions. For \$7.50 you can order foie gras or caviar, turbot soup made with old sherry, scampi on spits with rice and curry sauce, glazed saddle of venison with almond croquettes, glazed chestnuts, Brussels sprouts, orange salad and red currants, Eschombe, cheese, moka and petit fours. For as little as \$2.50 (minimum ten dinners) they will deliver a Javanese *Rustafel*, twenty different dishes from *gareng bantjes* (beans with bacon) and *mata sapi* (fried egg), to oaked bananas.

The garde-manger is always an important man in a German kitchen, and Dallmayr's cold plates are impressive affairs. Seventeen different cold meats, from *venison fricandeau*, *Huacrus* to *Pokelzinnerbrust mit Meerrettich-Essence*. Or how about *Scawensnasschen mit Artischockenbuden und gefüllten Tomaten*?

A walk through the store is a mouth watering experience. The vaulted main store contains various departments separated by arches: fish, shellfish and caviar, foie gras and game, the sausage counter, the counter for fresh fruit and vegetables, the cold buffet, the hexagonal cheese counter with a list of ninety-seven cheeses, *Vegeta* from the Allgäu, *Weihenstephaner Camembert* and genuine *Camembert*, Danish *Tilsiter*, *Dutch Gouda*, English *cheddar*, Italian *Gorgonzola*, and so on and on. You pass a small fountain and then you see the canned food department with Dallmayr's chicken fricandeau, veal roulade in paprika sauce, also stuffed Greek vine leaves and frog legs in white wine sauce, the counter for exotic spices,

an Asiatic specialties department of Chinese lychees, pickled scorpion from Japan, sate purée from Malaya, Amoy oyster sauce, and *tak chuen*, Chinese rice wine.

In smaller adjoining rooms are departments for liqueurs from Schladerer's flavor-rich *Himbeergeist* and *Schinkenbager* to Van East Advocate

and *Williamine Morand*, the tea department, selling twenty-one blends, the candy department with two hundred different chocolates, pralines, marzipan and *Keks*, and a large, well-equipped wine department.

By the time you reach the coffee counter, where they offer you a much-needed *decaffeinated* of Dallmayr's

*Prima Hansa Sonderklasse* or *Extra-Spezial*, compliments of the house, you've probably spent your last mark and are the proud bearer of a Dallmayr shopping bag with its magic snob appeal. You feel that you belong. You are broke but does it matter? You have shopped at *Ludwig*. #



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Blue-sky idea number 1 design a sporty-looking car that has comfort, room, luxury and a low price tag (\$2295\*). Here it is. Look at those sleek, uncluttered lines. Wait til you see the straight-from-Paris interiors & colors / Idea number 2 You can buy this car the way you see it here, a permanent hard top coupe; or you can buy the convertible model with a detachable hard top for just a little more. Gives you two sporty-looking cars in one / Idea number 3, which has probably occurred to you already call on your nearest Renault dealer for a trial drive. Bet you like it enough to make the idea a reality for you. \*Suggested retail price for the coupe, PDE, East Coast. Renault, Inc., 750 Third Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

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a no-weight."

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*Home again, and evenings  
of rare listening delights*

Handel's setting of Milton's *I Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* is one of the gems of musical creation. It is not so very becoming a grand work as *Messiah* or *Indes Macabres*, but the very fact that it is pastoral, rather than a narrative, gives it a time to contemplate. His descriptions are exact, as always, and his melodic invention is indeed his forte. It is an endless joy to hear the greatest musical personist ever to work in the English language run his strong sensibility over every syllable in poetry of such incomparable quality. Few things were so wanted in the recording era as a first-class recording of *I Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. And we should all be grateful to Decca for supplying one, especially in so elegant and useful a package.

This is the sort of voice Mozart wanted: tenor, the voice of a wind instrument, and the fact that Brigit Nilsson has such a voice while Jean Sutherland does not is the most striking reason for preferring the new Victor Don Giovanni to the new Angel set. I have never heard the high As of *Dr. Scur*, *Chi l'Onore* belted out with such force and purity. Victor's concert directs with greater security than Angelo's. Certainly though both muffle the baritone, whereas recitative dialogues between the Don and Figaro/Elvira are as clear as day. Victor's Don Ottavio, Angelo's Schwarzkoft is a far more accomplished singer than Victor's Price, but Price manages the awful fury of Donna Elvira as though she meant it, while Schwarzkoft, as always, seems about to burst into three-quarter time at any moment. The Victor set is, I think, the best currently on the market.

(Capitol/EMI) Everything is great but by no means strait, scale, and Mendelssohn's own fiddle playing is his best in a decade. The Handel *Concerti Grossi*, works of a most equal quality, have returned to records in a superbly vital set of performances by the Handel Festival Orchestra of the composer's home town, Halle, under the twentier direction of someone named Hest. (Lanu/Margraf Epic)

Time has a parenthetical mel-  
lows. The Danish conductor Mogens  
Woldike was scummed rather  
dried out a couple of years back,  
but is full of juice in the new  
Vanguard recordings of Haydn's  
*Missa in F* and *W. and Bach's*  
*Canzonas 33 and 105*. Especial-  
ly in the latter work, canons  
are a built-in one of the com-  
poser's most touching, manner's  
walk! nob's. Woldike has as-  
lowed himself to get actually ro-  
mantic. The Haydn is a big-scale  
work, and he plays it as such.  
Bach recordings are strongly re-  
commended as is the Vanguard  
set of Mozart *Quintets* played by  
the Gruber Quartet with Prim-  
rose as violist.

Brano Walker's stereo Brahms set also out the complete orchestral music on four discs, with an orchestra drawn from the major studios and the first desks of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. The accuracy of their playing is a sight, especially by comparison with what Walker usually gets from more exalted, and the real means considerable, concentrations of these symphonies and overtures are simply marvellous. Nobody need ever recall a Brahms symphony again. Another orchestral warhorse unusually well played is the Mendelssohn *Italian* under Sawatch. Epic.

Also keep in mind: The three volumes are the first two of happy series of *Musica for Trumpet and Orchestra* with the remarkable Roger Vernon Charles as brass soloist. Second symphony, with Bernstein at his best. Coulters. Beethoven's Second *Romance* sky played in the manner of the quartets by the Junack-Westminster. Glenn Gould's eccentric but often in the right versions of the Bach Italian Concerto and two Partitas. California. Not in this department's ballpark but interesting is Monitor's *Primitives and Poles* featuring the two crossward bass numbers for Funelli and a riot as collection of real campaign songs from Hersen to Dewey sung with gorgeous style and spirit by Howard da Silva and friends. #



No man is an island. If *women* were islands they'd be jealous of Jamaica (it's so maddeningly beautiful). But there's more to the place than moonlight washed with night blooming perfume or days of 24-karat gold. The golfing is great (5 superb courses). The eating is great (you'll forget to count the courses). The fishing is fabulous (the water is clear as a dry *crayfish* and *terming* you'll fish). Jamaica has 1430 square miles of *being* with things to do. So why go just *anyplace* when it costs no more (\$8 a day and up) to really go *somewhere*.

even my spectable adult nature

Newman, J. D. (1985). *Practical aspects of the use of the Newman-Kuls test*. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 80, 100-101.

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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Casting conundrums; problems and rewards

SOMEWHERE in the center of Esquire is a picture feature with the theme, *Cast Your Own Broadway Show*. It's a pleasant diversion, demonstrating the fun and fascination of hitting the right person to the right role. The problems and pleasure, the gamble and rewards of casting are not solely limited to the theatre. Magazine editors too continually wrestle with casting conundrums. Some of the articles in this issue illustrate the point in an interesting way, and explain why Esquire picked the particular writer, artist or photographer to do what.

The selection of novelist Saul Bellow to examine Soviet Premier Khrushchev's behavior might seem at quick glance to be somewhat offbeat casting. Esquire editors, however, have discovered that the insights and skills of a great novelist or playwright, particularly when brought to bear on the examination of personality, invariably result in something far beyond that of an ordinary journalist. Bellow, whose novels, such as the famed *The Adventures of Augie March* and his great but still relatively unknown literary classic, *The Victim*, have dealt with the problems of men being affected by the spirit and events of their time, was, we believe, not an offbeat but an obvious and choice bit of casting. For his analysis of Khrushchev, Bellow briefly interrupted work on his next novel, tentatively titled *Herzog*, which will be published by Viking.

More obvious casting choices were such pre-eminent experts in their field as Nat Hentoff, who is undoubtedly the jazz field's leading critic and historian of the day, to probe the work and world of his friend Ornette Coleman at the Research Institute of America to provide authoritative advice on taxes. The Research Institute employs a staff of four honored and eighty people to keep up with and interpret the constantly changing tax laws of the United States. When they issue their weekly reports from their imposing building on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, the business world takes notice with the kind of alert attention which those supreme arbiters of the tax bit, the U.S. courts, ordinarily command.

Casting the roles of writer and illustrator for the profile of film director-producer Otto Preminger was definitely offbeat, not to mention unprecedented. The writer, Burt Glinn, is a photographer and a good one, so good, in fact, that he won the highest

of all photography awards, the honor of being named Photographer of the Year by the University of Missouri and the *Emmelphedra Britannica*. His work has appeared often in Esquire, but in this issue he makes his debut as a writer. Initially, Glinn was assigned to accompany an photographer, Otto Preminger on the Israel location scouting trip preparatory to making *Exodus*. Glinn knew the country well, having made about a dozen trips there, and having seen and photographed many of the historic events of that new nation including accompanying the Israeli army to the banks of the Suez Canal during the Suez Canal break. Several months after the scouting trip, during the shooting of the movie Glinn returned and spent time with Preminger both in Israel and in Cyprus, where he wrote a letter to Esquire filled with anecdotes about the making of the movie.

The letter was so amusing that Glinn was asked to expand it into a feature article. Having had some training, as an editor of the *Harvard Crimson* as the type writer-pounding type of journalist before he started camera-snapping, Glinn agreed to try. In the finished manuscript, Glinn mentioned the talents of Saul Bass, the great graphic designer who conceived the ingenious and striking film titles and of Preminger's independent productions. Bass was asked to do the same thing for the article.

Bass, who is an industrial designer in addition to his film work, was intrigued by the idea, never having done anything exactly like this before. We delivered to him Glinn's article and his photographs and told him to do whatever he felt like. The result is a most unusual and delightful design employing the various Bass designs, symbols used for Preminger's recent movies.

Bass is the recipient of honors and awards, medals and prizes, honored by the hundreds his work in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art (posters for *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *Anatomy of a Murder*). He has been named Art Director of the Year by the National Society of Art Directors and has been cited internationally for his movie work.

Bass studied at the Art Students League in New York and in 1945 went to the West Coast where he eventually set up his own company. He has designed book enclosures, a new line of packages for Kimberly-Clark products, and is now expanding

the horizons of his field of art direction by designing scenes and special effects for motion pictures.

In addition to the Preminger screen titles, he did the seven-minute animated recap at the end of *Made Today's Around the World in Eighty Days*, the delightful inventive titles for the film *Ocean Eleven*, and was a consultant for special effects for the pictures *Psycho*, *Spartacus*, *West Side Story*, and the new version of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

Unlike many art directors, he declares he is not a truster-painter. Like the title of the article he designed, he has given thought to "How to Get Along with Otto Preminger." He's the hardest man I've ever had to work for, says Bass. His toughness is the toughness of a man who intelligently and sensitively understands a problem but who will not be satisfied with anything less than my best. He has forced me to outstretch myself. He has been my most valuable task master. He has squeezed ideas and concepts out of me that I couldn't squeeze out of myself. All of which seems to confirm the demonstrated ability of Preminger as an effective man in the job of casting.

The selection of Alice McIntyre to write about the making of the movie version of *The Misfits* seemed almost preordained. A former Esquire editor who left to devote herself to fiction, she was one of the first to read Arthur Miller's short story, *The Misfits*, when it was sent over by his agent, and after we decided to print it, she worked on the editing of the manuscript. "It was really more of a play than a short story," she says, "and I sort of edited out act one." (The story was in October 1957 Esquire.)

A Californian with a long-time, intimate acquaintance with motion pictures, Miss McIntyre has long been fascinated by the personality and work of director John Huston, and had set out to do a profile on him. In preparation, she had all the movies he ever made screened for her to refresh her memory of them and to verify details. The commercial movies were easy to obtain, but to see the two films he made for the Army during the war was far more difficult. The films were, and still are classified, and permission had to be obtained. Huston's two Army films are *The Battle of San Pietro*, the story of a small but bloody infantry action in Italy which is probably the best documentary on ground fighting ever made, and *Let There Be Light*, a documentary on the rehabilitation of soldiers—psychologically wounded as a result of battle, fatigue and shell shock. So

much interest was there in these films that when the screenings were arranged, a covey of movie executives showed up too. Finally, armed with this background, she got ready to take off for Durango, Mexico, where Huston was filming *The Unforgiven*. But Audrey Hepburn broke her back, the rains came, the film was delayed, and Miss McIntyre became involved in another project. Huston's next film was, of course, *The Misfits*, and this

time the schedules coincided and she went to Nevada where she spent three weeks observing Huston. Miller, Monroe, Gable, Clift and everyone and everything else that went into making the movie.

The panorama of so many talents at work on the film proved to be too enthralling and again she put off her Huston profile for a later time in order to write the article for this issue. When the prize does come

about, it should be a knockout.

Incidentally, there has been a substantial amount of howling from the wolves among the readers wanting to know the name of the girl in Esquire's December cover. She is Brooke Hayward, the clever daughter of Broadway producer Leland Hayward and the late Margaret Sullivan. Miss Hayward has just completed her first film for Columbia Pictures, *Mad Dog Collar*. ■



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### Can anything convincing happen to the rich?

I met him first when he tried to give me his sports car. He called out to me as I was passing, "Hey, I'll give you this thing." It was a black Aston Martin and the steering was shot. He jumped out of the seat and came over. He had the title out of his pocket and he tried to write a bill of sale on the back of an envelope. "For one dollar and other valuable considerations." I am not a good-enough guy to accept the resentment that sticks to big gifts and I am too poor to have had the steering wheel fixed, let alone pay for gas and oil. It took me a while to turn him down because he meant what he said. This is not a very big college and I had known who he was, but after this he knew who I was and we got to be friends. I was curious. Give away a car?

Perhaps he was lonesome, although I don't see why he should have been. He was not a jock so far as I knew then, and, like so many who say that college leaves no time for reading, he let his work go and read. It fired him up and maybe he wanted someone to talk to about it or maybe it was only that he was fairly sure of finding me in my room. He liked to run through ideas like a kid through a bonfire, but he didn't get burned. They weren't real to him until he had talked and talked, I found, and that's a bad sign, I suppose. But he seldom spoke about himself.

Then one day he did. He came in with it all ready to let go. You can tell when someone is determined to confide. He agrees with everything you say, hurrying you, "Yes, yes, yes," until you give in and sit back to listen. He asked me four times what I thought, but these were only the reflexes of courtesy. He is very polite. Beyond blank approval, he didn't care what I thought. He was only making it real.

I am sitting with my feet on the desk and Camus' *L'Étranger* open across my belly. Out of one window I can see the maintenance engineers riding those machines that grind leaves into a mulch for the spruce grass. Out of the other I can look straight down the Long Walk: bare trees, guys in windbreakers with scarves around their necks, all humped over into their pants pockets. And he neatly fills the room with jungle, the orchids you can buy in the streets of Baranquilla, trays of them, very cheap, all colors, spotted and clear, then the big brown Magdalena River, going up it in a little stern-



### A Short Story by ALLAN SEAGER

wheeler, sitting under the awning with his father, the green seeping into his eyes until he shut them or read the local *Prensa* or whatever, the dangling vines feeding on the damp air—he didn't call them lianas. He wasn't trying to make it sound good—the broad green leaves, the narrow leaves like ham-knives, the smell and the little noises when the boat stopped at a landing, when it was quiet. He got them all into the room. He is a good taker.

His old man had taken him to Colombia to shoot jaguars last summer. I met his father once, in this room. His parents came up for the games and he brought his father here one time, a man about fifty who had kept himself up but didn't talk about it, no little pot, no little jowl, tanned in November. He talked about Morris Graves's paintings and he mentioned Hiroshige. He is an architect: airports, embassies, factories. I liked him as well as you can like anyone from another time at a quick meeting. He offered me a drink of brandy out of a silver flask.

They had shot two jaguars.

"What did you do with them?"

"My father had his skinned and sent home."

I made a jaguar face and paws like a rug.

No. Full mount, he said. "Crouched on a branch."

"What did you do with yours?"

"Gave it to the porters."

I didn't ask him why. That was what he had come to tell me. I knew if I would wait I would hear it all. His father had been right. I thought. It is very hard to get through the day, to meet people calmly, to hold one's self passably erect, and if I had faced a jaguar long enough to shoot it, I would want to carry it around on my key ring.

Either he had shown some early signs or his father had been shrewd to the point of prophecy for his father had told him, "I want you to do anything but withdraw." That had been two years ago when he was first coming to college. "At the airport, after your bags are checked and they have taken your ticket, waiting for the gate to open," he said that. In front of my mother as if she were in it, too, as if she understood. He made Phi Beta. He was a commander with a Navy Cross. He has to say things like that, but he needn't have



dragged her into it, making his great big snuffle as if he were daring her to call him a liar and say it wasn't their mutual wish. It was crooked."

"It wasn't their mutual wish," I said.  
"As long as I stay alive my mother doesn't care what I do. Do you think she does?"

I knew his mother. He was an only child and she had come here alone to see him several times. He would take her to lunch, ask me along, and buy champagne. She was beautiful still, in her late forties. She had great, big, calm, alert black eyes. They didn't check you out just to see if you were there. They looked at you and she moved loosely as she had when young. People's mothers can hardly ever do this. I can imagine an affair with her—not one of those French, teaching affairs, riffling my curly hair, no, a genuine month-long spasm of sexual passion.

You watch everyone, don't you? Or, rather, one watches everyone, doesn't one? I discovered that their relationship was not one of our great public caches, for, in spite of her looks, his attentiveness, and a sort of lazy solicitude she had for him, he was not in love with his mother nor she with him. I am sure of this. Inside, he was a long way away from her and I don't think he kept himself away, either. I suggested tactfully that it was a little odd for Mama to come to see Baby when he had his own checkbook.

He said, "She reads. She listens to the hi-fi. She covers something with bechamel sauce. Then boredom jumps on her back. She has to kick it, so she comes to see me."

"Why boredom?"  
"She has nothing to do. She comes here to see if I need waxing or dusting." This without any resentment.

"Your father..." I began.  
"They're really in love. I have heard her whimper with pleasure in his arms. I don't mean in bed. Standing inside the front door when he comes home and I am at the top of the stairs. But they have good taste. They try to hide it in front of Sonny. I knew it when I was only a kid and it hasn't changed. You know my father." But boredom. "I thought the rich were busy getting and spending, you know?"

He's away a good deal.  
"Would she go for a lover?" I asked. After all, he had set the tone of this and with love you never think of what you have to offer. You think of what you want.

"I doubt it. They have grown together, too many adhesions. They are very happy, you see."

As if I were putting my finger on something, I said, "Did you ever feel you were in the way?"

"I wasn't after I was fourteen except for vacations. But before that—the reason I got interested in batting averages was waiting for them to get up Sunday mornings. But you can't be in the way in your own home." He said that wanting to look good. Then he decided to come clean. "Yes. I guess I bothered them, hanging around."

"What is it you're telling me? You're going to steal away leaving them in each other's arms?"

He thought for a few seconds. "No. If it were just my mother. I heard them talking once, not long ago, laughing and joking about old times. You know? I was an easy birth. I had a nursemaid until I went to day school. If I steal away, she will miss me. Sincerely. She really will. But she would miss a silver bowl she had to polish now and then. Can't you tell what he did? Don't you see why he took me to Barranquilla and up that river?"

I didn't see. He had never talked to me intimately. He was a good-looking guy with a long gaunt face—a face that was a possible source of strength if he ever looked at it. It was the face he will have at seventy, handsome enough but finished, all shaped up as if he had already taken the major decisions. I was still waiting for him to tell me what they were if he could. This is not so easy, for what we decide, we decide only larvally. The butterflies and death's-heads flutter out later.

They flew to Barranquilla from New Orleans. I thought it would be a stinking little port town with dust in the streets and bare-footed women, but he said it was not. They had a hotel there surrounding a swimming pool and the dishes in the restaurant had French names. His father had hired an American guide and hunter, Alec. Something, who made the trip with them on the boat into the jungle.

They went south up the river two hundred and fifty miles where

they met the rest of the party, three Colombian porters, two Motilones Indians, and an old deaf man who could smell the jaguar. They ate fried bananas, canned beans, and a lot of fresh-killed, very tough beef. They slept at a ranch house whose owner said a jaguar had been killing his cattle. The cattle were Brahmans like the ones in Texas.

Although the country was open around the ranch, there was jungle near it, thick enough so that the two Indians had to cut the path with their machetes. They hunted very early in the morning or just after sundown because the jaguar sleeps all day and hunts at night. The Indians wore only checked flannel shirts and sandals, and each of them had a quart bottle of colored alcohol impregnated with flower scent which they spread all over themselves, not against the insects—they were always slapping themselves on their big red welts like everyone else—but merely to smell good.

They hunted for three days single file: the Indians first, then my friend because he was going to shoot the jaguar, followed by his father and the others, and ending up with the deaf old man who could smell. They found plenty of signs, but they were old ones. They saw monkeys, herds of capybara where it was damp, and a tapir but no jaguars. The capybara is the world's largest rodent. I looked it up.

They decided to try it at night. In a tree they built a platform of poles called a *macan*, and all of them got up to stand on it. There was a high clear moon and some of its light penetrated the foliage and struck the ground in bright patches. They all kept still for a long time. Then one of the Indians took a clay pot about a foot in diameter and began to go "Huh-who-uh-uh" into it, a strange sound. He would do it for a few seconds, wait five minutes, and do it again. Far away but quite clearly heard the jaguar answered. Each time the Indian talked into the pot, the jaguar answered nearer by. The last time it was very close, maybe thirty feet away. Later everyone else said they could hear it in the underbrush and the old deaf man said he could smell it, but he didn't hear anything. He stood on the *macan*, holding his rifle as his father had told him to.

Suddenly one of the Colombians flashed a light, a big six-battery flashlight. There was the jaguar in the bright circle. It paused as if he could see down into its eyes. Over his shoulder his father flashed a smaller light on his sights for him. The jaguar started to move again, belly down, quite slowly. "Like a cat after a bird," he said. He fired. With a tremendous jump the jaguar went into the underbrush. The Indians checked his trail with the light. There was blood on the leaves.

It was out of the question to follow the jaguar in the dark. They sent to the ranch for dogs—four or five mongrels. He could hear them yapping a mile away. When they got to the tree they were crazy. Everyone followed them into the brush. They had only gone about forty feet when they found the jaguar lying on its side with its feet stretched out, perfectly dead. They let the dogs bite at it a couple of minutes and then kicked them away. His father shook his head but said nothing. He seemed to be too shaken up to talk.

It had excited me to hear about it. I said, "Were you nervous?"  
"I was nervous during that pot thing. I was afraid I wouldn't get my shot. If I hadn't we'd have had to do it all over again."

"Were you scared?"  
"I was ten feet up a tree. I had a .270 Remington .150 grain bullets, carbine action, five shots. My father had another .270. Alec had a ten-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot. What was there to be scared of?"

"You might have missed."  
"You flash a light on any animal in the dark, he stops. How can you miss at twenty-five feet? I look, I was brought up a little outdoorsy guy, then a big outdoorsy guy. I was knocking down Blue Rocks when I was ten. I tied my own flies when I was fourteen. I had just never done the Hemingway bit, knocking over something big and dangerous, that's all. Then, in three seconds, I had, and pleased my father. His face relaxed. His voice came down. 'But it was a terrible thing to do.'"

"Why? That's what you were there for."  
"He was beautiful. But you're right. That's what I was there for." Motives luxuriate in almost tropical profusion, intertwining, overlapping one another, feeding on air—or, if not on air, something you can see as little. What happened next was his expiation, unbeknown, of course. He had seen the jaguar live, looked down into its marvelous eyes. He had killed it, and they had skinned it, salted the

skin and stretched it out on bamboo poles in case his old man didn't get one but he did, a couple of days later. And they went back down the river to Barranquilla, his father relaxed, chatty, praising him.

He held off until they were eating in the grill room of El Prado, waiting overnight for the plane—air-conditioned, a bottle of Pouilly Fuisse, a bottle of Richebourg, that kind of meal.

And his father said, "By the way, when we were unloading, I didn't see your skin."

Then he hits his old man, who was only doing the best he could, with his childhood and a pair of emeralds with the light out of them. "No, I gave it to Jesus."

Jesus was one of the porters.  
"I see," his father said. And you can hear the parental tone, the enlightened parental tone, the seeking-to-understand-the-little-bastard tone. "You didn't want it?"

Look, Dad," he says. "I shot it for you. Now let me go, will you?"  
Am I keeping you?" his father said. It struck me as I heard this that the tolerance, the sophistication of one period simply doesn't work for another.

"There was no reason for doing this. Except to get me labeled. 'A man, with guts, that's what it says, doesn't it? Proud of me, aren't you? You want to get me all posted up. Well, I don't want to be brave. I don't want to be chicken. I don't want

"You want to be you," his father said, electrically comprehending.  
"Please don't give me these goddam clichés," he said. "Just let me go."

"Where do you want to go?" His father wasn't a hard guy to deal with, anybody can see that—in fact he may have seen everything that was going on. He wasn't at all stupid and had the advantages of a father, one of which is to pretend there is no struggle.

Of course, he didn't know where he wanted to go then. Expiation is a ceremony that weighs pretty heavily and he hadn't thought about it except spasmodically. His father generously reviewed some possibilities and finished by hoping, perhaps wistfully—I don't know his father that well—that he would want to come into the firm.

"You turned him down," I said.  
"Can't you see them looking up from their drawing boards my first day—the boss's son?"

"He built it up from scratch, you said. It's not insane to want to pass it on."

"My grandfather was in the paint business," he said. "He argued with me all the way back to New York, but all it came down to was money."

And that's had to be sure," I said. I am a dirty little scholarship boy and I'm a camp counselor, my summers.

He ignored this. "He's an artist. I'm not. I think he's as good as Mies or Saarinen but he doesn't know it. He has never explored it and when he was talking to me when he seemed to want to be persuasive, he never once mentioned that the whole thing was fun. But I know all about it. I've watched him. The house has always been full of plans, models, and I've seen him on the job. It's the beautiful control of space and you in the space. All his things beckon. They lure you into them and once you're in, he wants to turn you into a bird or an arrow or maybe only a vine in this cage and make you move in it. It's all emotional as hell."

"Maybe you could tell him," I said.  
"Don't be so goddamned dumb. Who teaches his father and why should I? Besides, I told you, he's a happy man. There was this little snap when I broke the connection, but it'll be all right after a while."

"But you broke it."  
"I broke it all right. I grew up hearing about my great grandfather. He was a farmer in Vermont, one of those flinty scenes. When each of his sons reached his twenty-first birthday, the old boy would take him to the front door, press a hundred dollars into his hand and say, 'My son, there's the world.' When we got home I said good-by to my mother. I asked him for a C-note."

Now notice for years his father had been buying him stock in

various companies. He sold it and kept the money, several thousand dollars, accepting, since it was in his own name, his father's gifts without any qualms, without even thinking about it apparently. And before school started he got in his sports car and drove it down to Kentucky and parked it in front of that Trappist Monastery near Bardstown.

"They're the tough ones, the Trappists," he said. "They pray all the time, you know? For sins. Masses of prayers rising up like flames. It was attractive as the devil. Silence, poverty, work in the fields. But you've got to believe that those prayers rise up." He seemed sorry he couldn't. "My old man was sharp. He saw it coming. Anything but withdraw," he said.

I thought his father had meant withdraw from college. I said, "I think they'd take you if you had an honest intention to believe."

He looked surprised. He is really pretty ignorant. "They would? I just talked to the Brother Porter a couple of minutes. He gave me a bunch of pamphlets. He must have thought I was a tourist."

"It was the car," I said.  
Well, I tried to get rid of that, too."

They make a lot of whiskey around there. He went into Bardstown and spent the afternoon going through a distillery.

The trip to Kentucky took him only four or five days. He came back to New York and tried the United Nations.

"What do they offer?"  
"All kinds of jobs. Teaching in Africa. South America. Land programs almost anywhere in the Orient except China. Hard work, damn little pay. That would be all right."

I can see him in his beautiful quiet suit and his beautiful shoes projecting all that careless eagerness against the rim of some tired, old, pro-do-gooder, polite, smiling, his eyes whipping around the ramparts of that long gaunt face, attempting some reasonable explanation of why he wanted to do this, getting himself tagged as what? A madman? A flippant little college boy? (No, not with that face.) I don't know what he got tagged as. Something.

"You go for your fellow man?" I asked.  
"Oh, in these jobs you don't have—but, look, if you're teaching a bunch of little spades English and one of 'em comes up with, 'I see—thee—caht,' you probably love the hell out of him. Sweat over somebody enough and you probably love him. That must be the way it works."

To be sure of one, he had applied for half-a-dozen jobs, gotten a security clearance and taken all kinds of shots. Not wanting to sit

around home waiting to see what kind of job he had drawn, he came back to college but loose, ready to leave.

He left and I had a card from him the other day. Fort Rosebery, Northern Rhodesia. He is teaching a bunch of little spades English, the only job he was qualified to do.

"Having swell time, wish you were here," he said but that last was probably ironical.

Was he running toward or away? If away, you have to say he loved his father when he shot the jaguar, otherwise, null, he wouldn't have bothered. Go on from there and you're hip deep in old Doc Freud's Children's Hour. If toward, was he running toward some idiosyncratic nakedness, trying to chuck money, possessions, even his history along the way, a foolish impossibility because they all stick like glue? It's only fair to take men at the point of action, so it is probably that, but, supposing, off there in Rhodesia, he does get stripped down until he is as clean as sand, what then? I don't know. Maybe he knew something he didn't tell me.

A nice guy, a lot of vitality there, and yet, while I hope he makes it none of this matters because none of it seems real. How can it be real? He is rich. Nothing really happens to the rich. Everything is just play, spurs of play, and at night they all go in to dinner laughing.

And if Africa fails him somehow, he can come home and there will be something covered with bechamel sauce or, at the very least, some money. #





# THE SOLUTION SEEKERS

An introduction to some of the quiet people who are vigorously pulling the South back together by CAROLINE BIRD

TAKE a Southerner—any Southerner—and ask him when integration will become a reality. With the walls of race restriction tumbling down about his head, with sit-ins and anti-mask bills and Federal civil-rights legislation all about him, his automatic response will be “Never.”

In the meantime, the logic of events is forcing the day for integration as surely as is the work of Autherine Lucy and Doctor Martin Luther King. Interestingly, a Gallup poll shows that the percentage of white residents of the deep South who favor integration of the schools has risen, from one per cent in April, 1956, to ten per cent in May, 1959. A National Opinion Research Center study found that, in the white community alone, there is a seventold increase in favor of school integration (in 1942 two per cent favored it; in 1956, 14 per cent). In 1958, Gallup pollsters asked a sampling of Southerners whether whites and Negroes in the South would ever go to the same schools, eat in the same restaurants, and generally share the same accommodations. Three out of five (speaking to the pollsters and not with their neighbors) saw some possibility of integration. The private opinion of the Southerner is definitely not his public one.

What accounts for the South's secret change of mind? The answer is trouble—much of it springing from the damaging side effects of segregation. The old slave states have more murders, higher infant mortality, lower wages, poorer farms, and a lower consumption of newspapers, cars, oranges and hospital beds than the country as a whole. Compared to the average American, Southerners are less apt to finish high school, vote, get into *Who's Who* and live to their threescore years and ten. Few serious men in the South today continue to blame their troubles on the carpetbagger. Economist William H. Nicholls of Vanderbilt University concludes that the South is poor for the same reason that India is poor: caste. And caste in an American moral setting has been the subject of concern for such eloquent Southern writers as Tennessee Williams and William Faulkner. More potent, perhaps, is the position of Billy Graham, who finds segregation at odds with the Christian concept of the brotherhood of man. Lawyers can't reconcile it with the common law; let alone the Constitution. Teachers see that segregation closes the minds of white children as well as black. Many fine Southern military leaders in World War II saw for themselves how awkward it was to assign the specialists of modern warfare by color as well as by skill. Doubts of equal concern are flowering in the fields of Southern medicine, city planning, journalism—even politics.

The fact is, most Southerners aren't thinking about integration, or if they are, they simply aren't saying what they think. Virginius Dabney, gentleman, scholar and editor of the Richmond *Times Dispatch*, gives one reason why. “Any Southerner who was for integration before May 17, 1954 [the date of the Supreme Court Decision] is so far out left,” said Dabney flatly, “that he's lost his influence.”

Dabney used to be called a Southern liberal. He now disclaims that title. Those who still hold the title have become national figures, the South's most visible exports. When Hodding Carter, the Pulitzer Prize-winning owner of the Greenville *Deer* *Democrat-Times*, leaves the Mississippi mud, which is frequently these days, New York publishers line up to beg him for books and articles. Ralph McGill, the liberal bastion of *The Atlanta Constitution* who supported his friend Harry Ashmore, then editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, through the Little Rock school closing with seventeen successive columns on Negroes and schools, now devotes most of his syndicated columns to world affairs. As for Ashmore, he left Little Rock for the Ford Foundation and is currently editor-in-chief of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Carter, McGill and Ashmore are now national figures. They travel, talk, write, advise, confer, dine and generally lead the wordy, worldly life of established intellectuals. And because “national” is regarded as the opposite of “Southern,” their neighbors sometimes charge them with exchanging influence at home for influence abroad.

Politicians are afraid to let on to any “softness on race.” A Southern Congressman who confessed off-the-record integrationist sentiments to a journalist was astonished to hear that other Southern members of the House had similar secret sentiments. And there's the story—significant even if apocryphal—of the secret pact between the Southern governor who was threatening to close the schools before admitting a single Negro child and the Northern capitalist who was afraid to build a new plant in a community without schools for his employees. In the privacy of the Northerner's yacht, the Southerner promised as one “gentleman” to another that he'd never carry out his public threats.

Business and professional people are intimidated, too. In south Georgia, Jewish storekeepers are often browbeaten into joining White Citizens Councils against their conviction and their interest. In Virginia, where the Democratic-party organization of Harry F. Byrd rules through appointed Clerks of the Court, Norfolk parents hunted for weeks to find a lawyer willing to bring the suit which finally opened the schools shut down by the Governor. The liberal University of North Carolina was scared silent during the runoff for governor between a segregationist and a “moderate” last spring. “We've talked too much,” a scholar told me over the phone. “Don't come here—nobody will tell you anything.”

*I'm Against Integration, But* The new solution seekers are quite unlike the Southern spokesmen. They are unorganized, often anti-intellectual, always practical. They are thoroughly conventional people who take the Southern segregated way of life for granted and are annoyed to find it blocking something they want very much, such as success in business, politics, or their profession, the education of their children, the growth of their community, the personal honor their own Southern tradition inculcates. They usually start by saying, “I'm against integration, but.”

The reasons can vary widely. Herman Talmadge is against integration, of course, but he would rather have a few Negroes in white schools in Atlanta than take the blame for closing every school in Georgia.

For William Hartsfield, the Mayor of Atlanta widely acclaimed for statesmanlike handling of potentially explosive race situations, the welfare of a beloved city comes first. For Mayor Ben West of Nashville, who, like Hartsfield, is elected by a combination of Negro and white silk-stocking vote, public order comes first. The same is true of a remarkable new breed of Southern police chiefs who have averted race violence by an unusual application of ingenuity and imagination in such storm centers as Atlanta, Charlotte and Norfolk. Charlotte's unsung hero is wooden-legged Chief Jesse James.

Everett Tucker, Jr., head of the Little Rock Industrial District, looks like an old Southern plantation owner who ought to be riding around his cotton heads on horseback, but he is actually more interested in getting Northern capital in to develop Arkansas. He's against integration, of course, but Harry Golden makes the mischievous suggestion that men like Tucker might be induced to integrate to save the old South. Jay Milner, Hodding Carter's former managing editor, now with the New York *Herald Tribune*, nominates as a solution seeker former Governor J. P. Coleman, who not only kept the hands of the White Citizens Councils out of the treasury of the State of Mississippi, but also donated state land for an integrated veterans hospital rather than deprive the veterans of Mississippi of a needed service.

A new generation of fighting editors is arising, among them Pete McKnight of the *Charlotte Observer* and Bil. Baggs of *The Miami News*. There's a new generation of young politicians fretting against the domination of state legislators by racist conservatives, among them James Mackay, from Georgia's white college-studded, fast-growing and under-represented Atlanta suburbs, and Armistead Boothe, from Virginia's desegregated Alexandria. Not to be uncouth in the religious South are pillars of the church who are also in politics, such as Brooks Hays, defeated for Congress following the





Little Rock imbroglio in Arkansas, or Francis Pickens Miller who challenges the Byrd forces in Virginia.

Behind these well known figures, however, are thousands of ordinary citizens whose life experiences have softened their intransigent race attitudes. Not only do they deny the role of solution seekers, but most of them are shocked and worried at the connotations of the label. However, there is always a school-board member who has learned firsthand just how impractical it is to maintain separate schools. There is always a spunky Southern girl of good family who uses the amenities of her sex to speak her mind even on race. There is always a businessman who sees that segregation drives away Northern capital. There is always a bright ambitious lawyer who sees a chance for himself in winning the electorate. There is often a newspaper editor mindful of the Jeffersonian tradition of free inquiry. There is always some clergyman who realizes that segregation is unchristian.

The following examples were chosen because they are representative of the hundreds of others who are preparing the way for integration often despite their own declared reservations.

Paul Schweitzer is the chairman of the Norfolk School Board. When Governor Almond adopted the "massive-resistance" policy, Schweitzer announced that the board believed in the public school system and would obey the law. This mild announcement put him in the middle between Negroes who thought they could move right into the schools, and the Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties Virginia's racists.

As chairman of the board of the Lavne Atlantic Company, a well drilling and water-supply outfit, Schweitzer learned to stick out a nasty job roughnecking in the Southeast. A warm, enthusiastic out doorsman, he claims he is charter member of the exclusive Son of A Bitch Club. The others are his neighbors, former School Superintendent John I. Brewbaker and Federal Judge Walter F. Hoffman, who had to supervise compliance. The three friends shared a preference for segregation, but like so many other conscientious Southern officials they put their public and professional responsibility ahead of their sentiments, even when it meant incurring hostility from the very majority with whom they sympathized.

He is no hero, and doesn't claim to be. He tried every way possible under Virginia's pupil-placement rules to avoid assigning all of the hundred and fifty-one Negroes who applied for white schools in the Fall of 1958. When Judge Hoffman refused to accept "isolation" as a reason for keeping a single Negro child from a white school, he called his fellow members of the Son of A Bitch Club into chambers and warned that he'd hold the board in contempt unless they complied. Realizing that compliance would force the Governor to seize the schools and close them, Schweitzer asked his friend "How long?" Further thought convinced him, however, that whatever else a school board did, its members ought to stay on the side of the law.

As the drama played itself out, with 10,000 white children out of school, the decisions Schweitzer and his board had to make pushed them further toward acceptance of token integration than the City Council, criticizing from afar. Schweitzer opposed, for instance, a move by the Council to retaliate against the Negroes by closing their high schools, which were open because segregated. He held individuals on his board to their jobs, although all must have been tempted at some point to resign the thankless task. And when a lawsuit brought by parents opened the schools again, he and the city officials arranged for policemen disguised as lunch takers, milkmen, janitors, and passers by to watch over as nearly normal a school opening day as possible. Two of the pupils were Schweitzer's son and daughter.

Schweitzer never got further out ahead of Norfolk than his duties pushed him, and Norfolk people knew it. In 1960 he was elected to the City Council with a whopping majority.

Adolphe Terry is the founder of the Women's Emergency Committee To Open Our Schools which elected a moderate school board and opened Little Rock schools in the Fall of 1959 with, as she proudly writes, "a minimum of integration." WEC mailed fliers to business men, engineered TV shows, entertained visitors from Africa and Asia to repair the fair name of Little Rock, sat through every legislative session and buttonholed the hapless lawmakers afterwards.

Under Mrs. Terry's leadership, thousands of Arkansas women worked without pay. They surveyed the morale of public school teachers, compiled a sixty-four page report on the economic effects of school closing to mobilize sluggish businessmen, and urged husbands to counter wholesale dismissals of Little Rock teachers with

an organization appropriately named "Stop This Outrageous Purge." When Governor Faubus falsely accused Mrs. Terry of favoring intermarriage of the races last summer, everyone who was anyone in Arkansas, from the Daughters of the American Revolution on down, recalled Mrs. Terry's lifetime of service to libraries, YWCA's, symphonies, juvenile courts and, above all, the schools of Arkansas. Little Rock citizens stuttered in sheer fury at the slight to a grand old lady, mistress of an antebellum house, "daughter of a Confederate hero, sister of a Pulitzer Prize poet [John Gould Fletcher, 1939], wife of a former United States Congressman and mother of three World War II veterans."

Mrs. Terry agrees that women are more practical and less fanatic on racial issues than men. "Colored people are interested primarily in three objectives: better economic and educational opportunities and more human dignity. These are not unworthy goals."

John A. Sibley is a power behind the scenes who wants a solution that will keep Georgia business thriving. A former counsel for the Coca-Cola Company, he is now chairman of the executive committee of the Trust Company of Georgia and a director of Georgia Power Company, West Point Manufacturing, Equitable Life Assurance Society and other corporations key to Georgia's prosperity.

Televiewers across the nation admired his Kentucky Colonel good looks and judicial manner as Chairman of Georgia's General Assembly Committee on Schools which heard the views of eighteen hundred black and white Georgians on school integration. A narrow majority favored closing all the schools rather than accepting any integration at all. Sibley was for local option, but a minority of his committee held out for abolishing public education and giving the children tuition grants for private schools if segregation could not be preserved any other way. Before the Sibley Commission, Georgians thought their politicians could stave off integration indefinitely.

Sibley is not the type to be interested in social change as such. Because several Atlantans had suggested that the experience of hearing so many fellow Georgians had broadened Mr. Sibley's own views, I asked him what impressed him the most about them.

A well spoken, neatly dressed, pure-blonded Negro woman, he replied unhesitatingly. "The record unfortunately didn't get it down, but she testified that as the mother of daughters she preferred separate schools for them. I had never thought of the Negro woman's stake in all this. Negroes have race pride just as much as whites."

Mr. Sibley obviously enjoyed the hearings. "I tried to get at what people really thought, their opinions, not arguments," he explained. "The only report of coercion I found was that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was bringing pressure on country Negroes to testify in favor of integration. It was an important point, because if the Negroes really wanted integration, the legislature would have no choice. It would have to close down the schools. One old Negro man said he wished I could be a Negro for just half an hour. I felt like saying I might not mind at all if I could take my half hour Saturday night." Sibley prefers to stand on the record, but it is obvious that people who were for integration were less willing to testify than the segregationists.

Liberals in Atlanta point out that the net effect of the Sibley Commission has been: (1) to induce the Federal judge to postpone integration until the Fall of 1961; (2) to make Governor Vandiver back down on closing all Georgia schools, including those in the rural areas which control the state because of the system of voting by counties instead of population; and (3) to preserve the white undemocratic county unit system (Sibley concedes it needs "adjusting").

Since he is supposed to have more influence on the outcome in the Fall of 1961 than anyone else in Georgia, I asked him in August 1960 what he thought would happen. He thought it was too early to tell. "I know what I want and when the right time comes I'll give my opinion," he said frankly. Like all men with real power he has great respect for timing. Some of his associates, for instance, now admit that he was right in withholding support for a campaign to save the public schools in 1958. It was premature, they found out, and Sibley might have dissipated some of his influence.

Sibley is not cynical. To him, new capital for Georgia, more business for Georgians, and the survival of his friends in the Statehouse depend on good citizenship, or as he puts it, "responsible government." But in responding to economic and legal pressure, the Sibleys are moving the South gradually toward inevitable desegregation.

Morris Abram, the brilliant lawyer who is readying a fourth try to get the Supreme Court of the United States to outlaw Georgia's

crippling county unit system, is a solution seeker for reasons almost exactly opposite to those which motivate Sibley. He points out that the containment of Atlanta by the country wool hats looms men like Mayor Hartsheld to the local scene, but unless he breaks the country stranglehold with his naked brain, he will be trapped too. Like Hartsheld, Abram gets along well with Negro leaders and could count on Negro political support. In 1950 he overcame zoning and financing hurdles and brought off High Point Apartments, Atlanta's show piece of middle-income housing for Negroes. In 1954 he was defeated for Congress in a strenuous campaign that turned on Abram's alleged "softness on the Negro question."

"I simply won't be quoted as saying that I'm for segregation," he blazes. "Southern politicians say it, but they don't all mean it. Do you suppose a man like Fulbright really believes all that race hate stuff he thinks he has to support? The trouble is that people think that if you're against segregation you've got to be for so-called race mixing. In one sentence, the distinction is between desegregation as a matter of law and integration as a matter of social custom. I think I can get that distinction across to an audience. A Rhodes scholar, Morris participated in the Nuremberg trials of Nazi criminals, worked for the Marshall Plan and came home to practice law in Atlanta after the war. Friend and supporter of both Stevenson and Kennedy, he is on the board of the Twentieth Century Fund. He'd like to see more Southern liberals in the Democratic party. "Southern liberals like McFauver and Johnson know how far they can go on the race problem. Northern liberals can frequently be frightened by the threat that blood will flow in the streets because of any racial improvements. His stand on segregation is based on a tender conscience for the main stream of Judeo-Christian morality."

Abram knows what Georgians can and cannot accept. His Negro housing project was well accepted by whites as well as Negroes, for instance, because he could justify it on economic or business grounds. There's a country Georgian saying, "A Nigger's hand don't stink up a collar but none. Specities are safer than generalizations which allow people to leap to conclusions about race mixing. Any reference to sex at all is as unpredictable as heat lightning. But anything that is presented as fair or just to Negroes is accepted, especially now when Southerners hope to slow integration by providing really equal facilities. A letter Abram wrote to The New York Times urging better education for Negroes so that the United States could send them to help hold our country's prestige in Africa drew unexpected praise from a family proud, seventy-seven year old Army officer in Atlanta who called Abram up to tell him that he'd known all along that Negroes were basically as intelligent as white people if only given a chance. As chairman of the Atlanta Crime Commission, Abram has presented the pattern of the city's crime in terms of income, education and length of residence rather than in terms of race. No one has objected. "You can go a long way, even with a new idea, if you express it from a Southern viewpoint and say 'we,'" Abram concludes.

Lenoir Chambers, editor of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, demonstrates the moral power of the Jeffersonian remnant. For months his was one of the few public voices raised to chide Virginia for the "political shame" of finding "no better method than abandoning public education entirely rather than follow the Court's directions about admitting a few Negro children into all white schools." In the curious paralysis of Norfolk's natural leaders, he was the only experienced public figure willing to help the housewives, doctors, and teachers who attempted to get schools opened for their children.

At the *Virginian-Pilot* where he has been for over thirty years, modest, scholarly (he wrote the biography *Stonewall Jackson*) sixty-nine-year-old Lenoir Chambers peers shyly over the barricade of out-of-town newspapers on his desk and speaks his own mind. "If you took a poll right now in Norfolk you'd get a majority for segregation, but it would be a lower majority than you'd have found before the schools were closed. Here at the paper we don't call ourselves liberals. We've never preached integration, but we won't support segregation, either. It's pretty hard to defend excluding a qualified Negro

child from the school nearest his home." In spite of bomb threats, letters of abuse, and opposition from the *Norfolk Ledger-Star*, the afternoon paper house, in the same building Chambers has maintained his historical perspective on current events.

F. McDowell Richards is trying to practice Christianity. President of Columbia Seminary outside of Atlanta, he is a theological conservative. His Southern credentials are impeccable. Both his grandfathers were chaplains in the Confederate Army. Like his grandfather and father before him, he was graduated from Columbia Seminary, training school for ministers of the Southern Presbyterian Church which has 900,000 communicants in six Southern states, including 6,000 Negroes. Columbia Seminary has trained a few Negro ministers for the past twenty years, without any particular fuss, but few Atlantans think of it as "integrated."

Dr. Richards drafted a "Manifesto" signed by eighty Atlanta clergymen, an editorial on which was published in *The Atlanta Constitution* of November 3, 1957. "We do not believe in the amalgamation of the races," it announced. "We do believe that all Americans, whether black or white, have a right to the full privileges of American citizenship." Deploping extremism on either side, the Manifesto called for freedom of speech, obedience to the law, preservation of the public schools, the Golden Rule in race relations, maintenance of communication between leaders of both races, and prayer for divine guidance.

A serene, slow spoken, compact man who radiates the confidence of a well-ordered, leisurely life, Dr. Richards received me readily enough, but when we parted he confessed that he had not looked forward to the interview.

Few seminary trained ministers in the South can justify enforced segregation on the basis of the Christian faith. He began the interview evenly. Most denominations have spoken out against segregation in their general church conventions, but back home with his congregation each minister is alone. He then has to decide whether to make a valedictory address or to pass the word line by line and precept by precept, if I may quote scripture.

He admitted ministers are generally troubled. "A minister can't get too far out ahead of his congregation if he wants to lead them," Dr. Richards explained, "but he has to decide for himself whether he is holding back to be more effective or whether he's just a coward. Most ministers are sincere, but I personally don't think they are doing as much as they could."

What can a minister do? Talks with his congregation on an individual basis is the most important thing. If that's too embarrassing, a minister can say it in general from the pulpit. And if you can't preach it, Dr. Richards pointed out with a smile, you can sometimes pray it. It's harder to pin a prayer down to a specific person or event. "Ministers can generally get away with joining inter-racial groups, although they can't always get their laymen to follow. Dr. Richards, for instance, is state chairman of the Georgia Committee on Race Relations, one of the groups Harry Golden thinks people like himself should get out of to make way for respectable folks.

Dr. Richards agrees that conscientious Southerners are changing their stand, even though they do not advertise it. He points out that Mayor Hartsheld has become much more tolerant since he has learned to get along with Negro leaders in Atlanta. The change has been in spiritual and personal growth, he feels, and he would say the same thing of his own development.

Segregation was unquestioned twenty years ago," Dr. Richards recalled. "The moral issue then was equal treatment. In 1941 I preached a sermon, *Brothers in Black*. I urged really equal facilities for Negroes in law courts, in hospitals, in parks, in playgrounds. I pointed out that justice may be blind, but in the South it was not color blind. I thought that Negro women, yes, Negro ladies, should be given common respect. The sermon was regarded as daring, but it went over all right and was widely reprinted. I'd go further today. Now I've come to see that legal segregation is in itself a denial of equal justice. We've got to welcome the Negroes who are insisting on kneeling in with us, even if we feel, as I do, that organized demonstrations desecrate a church. #







Triumvirate of  
Miller,  
Taylor and  
Huston  
are responsible  
for making *The Misfits*

## MAKING THE MISFITS OR WAITING FOR MONROE OR NOTES FROM OLYMPUS

*This is the way it really was*

by ALICE T. MCINTYRE

Paintings by THOMAS B. ALLEN

WHAT is Marilyn *really* like? She is like nothing human you have ever seen or dreamed, and nothing on the screen can prepare you for her. It is not special lighting which brings out Monroe and leaves her supporting actors to fade into the woodwork—she is astonishingly white, so radically pale that in her presence you can look at others about as easily as you can explore the darkness around the moon. On location while making *The Misfits* in Nevada last summer, she radiated back at the noonday sun— from long, white-blonde wig to long white ankles—like the numbers on a luminous clock. Ralph Roberts, the actor-masseur who rubbed her down every day, attributed it to her skin, the feel of which, he said, was for him an unprecedented experience. “The layer right under the surface is soft and moist and deep like no other woman’s.”

“I just call it Star Quality,” said her drama coach, Paula Strasberg. “She is a self-illuminating body.” But it is the moon with which an easier comparison is made. Indeed, there seems the awful possibility in the various phases of her person that MM is a manifestation of the White Goddess herself, disclaiming all lingerie and dressed in tight, white silk emblazoned with countless red cherries: she becomes at once the symbol of impartial and eternal availability, who yet remains simultaneously forever pure—and a potentially terrible goddess whose instincts could also deal death and whose smile—when she directs it clearly at you, is exquisitely heartbreakingly sweet.

She is, in any case, the muse to whom Arthur Miller wrote his first original screenplay.

Although from the beginning the titles read like a list invented in some drunken game called Great American Movie, in which any cast and crew is presumed as a fable and the budget unlimited, *The Misfits* has become a more famous motion picture than any of its makers ever hoped or wanted. The charismatic John Huston, who had miraculously returned to America for the first time in eight years to direct the picture, was still working on the final cutting of the film when the king, Clark Gable, died. At the same time, Arthur Miller, America’s foremost living playwright, who had written the screenplay for the girl who was then his wife (hence, Literature—plus the bonus hope of guessing from it the Gallehaut that brought the sex-queen and the intellectual together in the first place), announced their formal separation.

Co-starring in this galaxy are Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter and Montgomery Clift, cast in the bit parts are Fstelle Winwood, James Barton and Kevin McCarthy at \$1,000 a line. In the end, the picture cost Seven Arts (a subsidiary of United Artists) three million seven hundred-and-fifty thousand dollars, which is a nice sum for a small-screen black and white Western. Protecting the picture against

the usual commercial pressures was its unusual producer, Frank Taylor, Arthur Miller’s friend and first editor—who is editorial director of Dell Books for Western Printing and Lithographing in New York. To keep everything top drawer, he hired Magnum Photos agency (everyone included, from Henri Cartier-Bresson to Ernst Haas) to shoot thirty-six thousand dollars’ worth of publicity stills, and had George Nelson’s design firm create the titles. *Life* reporter, James Goode, arrived to write a full-length book on the making of the movie, and Taylor invited Christopher Isherwood, Leslie Friedler and Jean Stafford to cover the location as a literary event, but only the latter made it before the week when the company folded.

When artist Tom Allen and I arrived, the location was Dayton, a semi-ghost town south of Virginia City. Behind it, like the steep humps of Brahma bulls, back the red-clay mountains of the Comstock Lode, nothing but sagebrush grows there—and in midsummer the thin, high rarefied air leaps to 110-degrees.

Camera, lights, ladders, crew and cast were crowded into the main saloon, and Montgomery Clift was slapping the bar and kicking the floor like an Actors Studio cowboy. Eli Wallach, tan and innocent of make-up, mattered to him, and Clift dropped into a saloon, beat the floor and squawked with laughter. Huston, in his London-tailored African bush clothes, was teaching a small boy how to cross his eyes and look drunk. Clark Gable, tall, gentlemanly and quiet, leaned against a life-sized plastic woman, into whose nude torso was rigged a slot machine. Waiting for Monroe.

She finally arrived, in all her whiteness, glowing back at the klieg lights as they poured on their heat. The extras assembled, and James Barton did a drink bit in which he tried to play the chick’s paddle-ball game, then Marilyn said that she could do it, and the onlookers began to lay bets on how many times she could hit without missing.

Huston leaned forward in his chair, hung his wrists between his knees and studied the scene as though it were a painting. Finally he declared, “All right, Marilyn, are you ready?” She was—the camera rolled and Huston with the inflection of one greeting an unexpected friend stated, “Action,” then turned and started calling out a count to the crowd: “One! Two! Three!” they all shouted while Marilyn braced her feet, hugged her elbow to her side, led with a right shoulder and followed through with a wild left hip. “Four! Five! Six! Seven!” The building was shaking with the stamping and yelling, and finally Marilyn missed.

Huston told her it was fine and to take it again. Monroe delicately lifted the rubber band, dangled the ball before the paddle as if she were disposing of a long-tailed mouse, then simultaneously let go and whacked. Balancing precariously on spike heels, and swinging joy-

ously with the stamping counting of the crowd, she stuck out her tongue and battered the oal toward heaven with a celestial look of concentration on her face.

The company had returned from location when the Hotel Mapes went black. (In Reno, a bird can walk into the generator, and all the lights go out.) John Huston found the elevator operator stuck at the fifth floor with a six-inch gap between the doors. The director offered him the consolation of a drink. But, as he went to make it, he was overtaken by a characteristically Hustonian vision—which is to say, a picture, rather than an idea, formed in his mind—and soon he had settled down to the long preparation of his scene.

When at last the lights came on, the Mapes lobby filled with people waiting to get upstairs. Huston telephoned the assistant manager: “Remember, it’s my fault,” he said. “I just want you to see it.” The lift descended, the doors opened, and a blind-drunk elevator man reeled forward and passed out cold on the lobby floor. The spectators stood stunned. Huston could not have directed the moment better with Gable. He was enormously pleased. (The elevator man was enormously hung-over.)

Later he appeared at the crap tables and won back nine of the twenty-five thousand dollars he had lost earlier in the week.

Huston (who had celebrated what he thought was his fifty-fifth birthday on location) is fifty-four years old. He is a rangy, powerful six feet four and his long, narrow back rises inflexibly to a head of curling grey hair. Low-set ears, plus a nose which lost its cartilage in the boxing ring, lend a vaguely simian cast to what is, in any case, a strikingly original face, and his public style is composed of an impenetrable combination of calm good humor and rudely theatrical charm. (A panel of celebrated women recently selected him as one of the most attractive men in the world.) Huston is, in a sense, his own creation: out of an originally frail constitution he willed a dynamic vitality that won him California’s lightweight boxing championship by the time he was eighteen. According to him, natural limitations are made to be defied, not respected, and the rugged locations he has selected, from the Oscar-winning *Treasure of Sierra Madre* through *African Queen* and *Moby Dick* to *Roots of Heaven*, have been as physically as artistically challenging for everyone concerned. His favorite author is, of course, Hemingway.

When he is not traveling or making a picture, he lives with his wife, son and daughter on an estate in Ireland, where he paints, raises hunters, and rides as Master of Foxhounds with the Galway Blazers. Otherwise he hunts for tigers or for locations or for whatever can logically take him into remote and hostile regions—where he seems to travel with the immunity of a taboo figure whom it would be death to harm.

In the casino, he played with large stacks of twenty-five-dollar chips, transforming the crap table into a field where the Fates visibly appear. Justice seemed done when he won and when he lost, even the stickmen became ennobled witnesses of an heroic fall. “That’s for the boys!” declared Huston, leaving a few hundred dollars scattered on the table.

“He is not a chronic gambler,” art director Stephen Grimes told me. “John can take it or leave it—it depends on where he is. I have worked with him for seven years—in Reno, it’s gambling, in Africa or Japan or Europe, it’s something else. Whatever the going thing is, John always goes *with it*.”

Huston drank a few Stingers and progressed down the street to another club, where he met an old gambling acquaintance from Mexico and settled down with stacks of twenty-dollar bills for the dead, best game of them all.

When I eventually saw the Reno section of the rough cut of *The Misfits*, it was all there—the twenty-four-hour jazz and clamor of The Biggest Little City in the World, the dazzle of thousands of merely dollars won and lost, the chill green-jit nush of Harrah’s Club’s upstairs chemin de fer, the cry, mountain dawn and carcerous neon—all of it translated back into the picture’s tempo, into a clash of close camera angles, interpreted in the linear impact of his painterly frames. The Reno communicated by *The Misfits* is no travelogue town; it is delivered up in a series of visual jolts that can be compared with nothing but the experience of the city itself.

“Okay, here we go, rehearsal,” the assistant director said.

The camera found Gable, Clift and Wallach emerging from the rodeo ring, then it coasted down a wooden track as Monroe ran across sandy ground to join them and lead Clift to a parked ambulance.

“Put a windbag on a German and string him on the fishpole,” said the sound man, and soon a microphone on a long boom went careening across the blue sky in a scarlet sack.

Marilyn asked masseur Ralph Roberts, who plays the ambulance

attendant, “Are you a doctor?” and he replied that he was not. “Well, isn’t there a doctor?” she asked, and then in a simulated anguish of concern tried to force Gable and Wallach to drive Clift to a hospital. “Now, don’t start runnin’ things, Roslyn,” said Gable, while Wallach held her back, the attendant slapped a bandage over Monty’s nose.

Huston was sitting on the edge of the camera truck. “Marilyn, if you want to turn around when you say that, all right, just so long as you stay in that area. No—in there. Now, here we go *right* from where we were.”

Huston mentally framed them at a level with the camera, and let the actors continue to work out the scene, interrupting occasionally in a low, controlled voice. “Now, Eli, back into the other position. That’s fine, go on.” When they finished, he told the camera crew, “That’s good, boys,” and asked sound-mixer Phil Mitchell: “How was that for you?” It was fine. Beside Mitchell was Marilyn’s drama coach. “Good morning, Paula,” Huston said in a courtly tone.

Paula Strasberg sat under a black silk umbrella in a tent-like, black duster which covered a black crepe dress. She peered out from under a conical, black straw hat which ordinarily obscured her entire face, said, “Good morning, John,” and beat the air with a large, orange, palmetto fan.

Horses thundered across the arena in the background.

Roll it,” said assistant director Tom Shaw.

“218, Take one,” called the clapper boy.

“Action,” quoth Huston.

Beside him, Angela Allen, who has worked as script girl on all of his locations for the past eight years, sat reading the lines, and she murmured to the director when Marilyn fluffed. Huston said, “Cut.”

“218, Take two.” Marilyn broke up, then ran giggling to Huston and apologized. “Excuse me, but it got funny.” He smiled and nodded vaguely. “All right, do it again.”

“Here we go. Quiet, everybody.”

“218, Take three.” Marilyn, urging them to take Clift to a hospital, began pummeling Gable’s back and hissing through gritted teeth, “He’s *your* friend, isn’t he?” “Cut,” said Huston, and explained that she should register less anger and more concern.

“218, Take four.”

A cry came from behind the grandstand, “The ambulance crew! Somebody’s hurt! Where is the *real* crew?” The dog trainer had hit her head and lay unconscious under a tree. The ambulance was swiftly restored from movie prop to reality, and they drove her away to the hospital in Carson City.

Left of its set, the company waited for lunch.

“This method of acting is a godsend for Marilyn,” said Mrs. Strasberg. (She is the wife of New York Actors Studio director Lee Strasberg, and she travels with Monroe on all of her pictures, written in as part of Marilyn’s contract.) “No—there is no such thing as *the* Method. I don’t know why people always say that. Every fine actor has a method, and whatever achieves the right results is right for that actor. Look at Gable! This picture will prove he is America’s answer to Sir Laurence Olivier!”

“Marilyn?” Mrs. Strasberg turned her large, round eyes toward the sky. “She has been able to project herself since the day she was born! Only time will tell what her range will eventually be, now what she is learning is how to make different uses of herself in different areas.”

On the subject of MM’s expensive tardiness, she laughed. “What I tell her is, *You* are the one who gets on the screen, not the others who make the movie. You are the star! Only amateurs watch production costs—that already makes a Grade B movie.”

“I tell Marilyn, ‘You cannot worry about unhappiness. There is no such thing as a happy artist. They develop understanding of things that other people don’t understand.’”

“218, Take eight,” said the clapper boy.

By now, no one needed to say *Quiet, everybody*. There was utter hush under the big sky, apprehension over Marilyn, whose interpretation of the scene seemed increasingly to verge on plain hysteria.

“Ac-shun!” said Huston, hitting just short of an octave. The ambulance scene commenced once again, and again Marilyn forgot her lines. “Cut. All right, take it again.”

After the ninth take, Huston slid off the camera truck and acted out frustration for her, clenching and shaking his fists, while Monroe aped his gestures. He gave her an avuncular smile. “That’s right,” he said and returned to his fierce-eyed assistant director, who called out, “All right, ready to go. Stand by now, please. Let’s clear it here, please.” Cowboys thundered behind them, roping bulls, sand blew in gusts across the clay, the crimson windbag hung against the lowering sun. “Quiet now, please. Roll it.”

“218, Take ten,” said the clapper boy.







"Action," stated Huston. "No wait." A plane droned into the sound track and out again.

After the tenth take, Marilyn stood aside and whispered down from her tall, white heights to the short, black depths of her drama coach. Together they looked like the embodiment of a sunny ego puzzling over imperatives that welled from a Stygian unconscious. There was a problem about Marilyn jerking her head too abruptly away from Wallace where he forcibly restrains her from arguing with Gable. "Think of garlic," said Mrs. Strassberg darkly.

Marilyn thought of garlic, turned her head away with a privately offended stare, and the shooting continued.

Huston slid forward to the front seat of his Cadillac and prepared to sleep through the long drive back to Reno. He stared down over the three-thousand foot drop of red-clay mountain to the desolate, sage-spattered Eagle Valley below, and yawned. "Well," he said, "they were just wonderful on the inside, but on the Outside it wasn't so hot."

In a Huston movie, it is always the camera that gets the girl, and it is no mistake that MM was first delivered to the world through a Huston lens. Actually, she had played in other pictures before her famous walk-off in *Asphalt Jungle*, but no other framing had so longingly possessed her form and outline. It is not merely that she moves with the co-ordinated spontaneity of an untrainable honess, that she photographs so extraordinarily well, it is also that she manages to project her being to a surface which stuns the human eye to a condition as mindless as film. Her talent is for responding to the lens, for registering herself as a purely visual phenomenon—and, in the face of this, it is meaningless to wonder, *Can she Act?* (Of course she can act. What do you *think* she is doing?)

Huston's complementary attribute lies in a tendency to deliver his leading ladies to the audience, rather than to the leading man. Which is not to say that he does not permit the hero to appreciate her visually, too, but only that wherever the screenplay calls for a tender embrace, Huston always directs the scene to be played across a room, across a table, a campfire—anything so long as there is space for the camera eye to move in and claim the actress for itself. Certainly, the hero is never permitted to kiss her before the possessive lens, unless it be a smack of unequivocal farewell if he is definitely leaving forever. (Well, there was one real kiss in one Huston movie—*Across the Pacific*—but that scarcely counts, since the heroine instantly turned around and threw up.)

From some of his pictures, however, audiences have gone away visually ravished, elated by all the action and suspense, yet baffled by the story because they could not figure out the relationships between the people. In *Roots of Heaven* and *The Barbarian and the Geisha*, for instance, it was impossible to tell if there was any hanky punky going on or not. No such uncertainty will attack moviegoers at *The Misfits*, even though Huston, true to form, has circumvented the closing kiss and directed a major love scene with Gable talking to Monroe from a far doorway while she sits up nakedly behind a sheet.

The basic story appeared in *Esquire* in October, 1957, Arthur Miller's tale of three cowboys who take mustangs from the Nevada mountains in order to sell them for meat. Miller had gone on a roundup with three such cowboys when he was obtaining a Nevada divorce from his first wife. What had caught the imagination of the Manhattan-born playwright was the mechanization of catching wild horses in the West: one man flew an old plane into the mountains, flushed the herd down a canyon to a dry lake bed, the other two roped from the rear of a truck. Miller was dismayed by the fate of America's feral horses ("misfits" because they are too small to ride), but was even more haunted by the lives of the cowboys who killed them. As soon as he got away from the public hysteria over his marriage to Marilyn, he settled down and wrote the novelette.

The following summer, when she lost an expected child, he decided to make her the gift of a screenplay. Into the foreground of his *Misfits* story, he introduced a dance-hall girl named Roslyn, who had come to Reno for a divorce and with whom all three cowboys fall in love. Like Marilyn, she grew up with no father and a disappearing mother and felt chronically lost, and like Marilyn (who cannot bear, for instance, to eat fowl), she identifies obsessively with everything she sees hurt or killed. Consequently, Roslyn registers for the movie audience the dismay which readers of the story were left to register for themselves: pity and fear before the exploitation of essentially helpless victims. Gable's character, a cowboy named Gav, becomes her lover fairly early in the picture, and they move into a house in the Nevada wilds. Yet she is afraid to marry a mustanger, and he is

reluctant to trade his freedom for the responsibilities of family life. By the end, Gav has decided that manhood is perhaps better proven by raising a family than by his old, frontier concept of freedom—a choice that is made easier for him by the fact that the mustangs are all but wiped out, anyway.

Miller sat on the library table in the Dayton schoolhouse, looking unshakably Eastern in his back-strap chinos and cordovan shoes (the cobbler's polite word for horsehair—usually mustang) and discussed his Western. He is six-two, large-boned and lean, with greying, wiry hair, a narrow jaw and vulpine profile. On the set, he was as a rule reserved, quiet, smoking and studying the progress of his script over which he had retained the full control.

"One startling fact about the movies," he said, "you can *appear* to stay in realistic form, but you can distort the realism so that it evokes a metaphorical meaning—it's the fantastic enlargement of everything that the camera sees. This film is really about the choice between illusion and reality—what has happened in this country is that people cling to the illusion of a frontier—but the only real territory left is relationship to other people. There really never was any other territory, but we are just finding it out."

"His character, Gav, has lived across the frontier all his life. But because he finally gets related to this woman, now he can choose something else—the gratification offered by their relationship. Whatever happens to them from there would be of enormous meaningfulness. It may even be tragedy that results, but all I am interested in in this screenplay, is that the level of meaningfulness is defined."

"What the man gives up is of course very real, the life he leaves has a certain beauty to it. But no one grows without giving up much that is poetic and beautiful along the way. She gives up something, too. Operationally, she has always been terrified of being destroyed and her resolution of her problems has always been to flee. Here, where she sees the danger, she also sees that along with it is love. What she gives up is her fear."

Maturity means living in relation to reality—it means leaving behind all the childhood figures, even if it means leaving behind some of the poetry of those figures, too. But it is not as though nothing is lost here. Gav knows the choice he has to make, and beyond that I can't predict for him.

"Now Guido. Eli's character—is just the opposite. He is continuing the illusion that the frontier has not run out. And he too, wants Roslyn, but he does not really condone her sexuality, as Gav does. She is a woman who is able to make a home, but who also has an intense sexuality, an intense *caring* for life. It is only the man who can accept both who can make it go."

He looked at his watch, and we headed back toward his wife's trailer.

"People are like chemical compounds," he said. "You never know what experience will be added to change the entire structure. But experience does not become meaningful until the basic, instead of the peripheral, parts of a person become engaged—until someone is truly in action instead of trying to touch some force which will arouse his profoundest nature. What leads him to an expanded nature, you might call Good, what shrinks him, leaves him abstracted and lonely and unmoved, would be a Bad force."

"What I am driving at in this screenplay," he concluded as we arrived, "is to give full due to the constantly shifting relationships that most of us have to live with. And to lay bare the swirling confusion, the human necessity that one has got to cling to or be drowned by meaningless experience."

Huston was in a battle of wills with a spotted Brahma bull. Number 18 was supposed to try to gore Clift's stunt man, but had developed instead a talent for jumping fences. Huston had admired its spirit and explained to everyone that Number 18 had seen cows out there earlier in the day and that jumping the rail showed a good memory—he would not give up the spotted bull in this scene, he said, if it took till Christmas. Sometimes the furious animal landed in groups of onlookers, sometimes demolished whole fences and let all the other livestock loose as well. Huston had spent most of the day towering against the blue sky from the superstructure of a shaking chute in which another Brahma banged and fretted. "Whassa matter, baby, wanna get inna the act?" he would croon at it, while cowboys galloped over the hill in pursuit of the prodigal. Buddy the wrangler was complaining, "That bull is harder to get on the set than Marilyn Monroe," and everyone had privately agreed that Huston ought to give it up and use the second bull when Number 18 suddenly decided to charge in the right direction, and in the end, Huston

got what he wanted—a paralyzing shot of Clark Gable's stunt man almost getting killed in saving Monty's stunt man from being gored to death.

When I asked MM for an opinion on Roslyn, she consulted with herself and then articulated carefully, "Well, she *knows* a lot more at the end. But I think she hasn't anything more of an idea where she is going than she had at the beginning."

Gable sat tan and relaxed in the sunshine. In fifty-nine years he had made himself a good face and he needed no make-up. He put in a gallant word for what he called "Method acting." "I'll say this—it must have something. The record has to speak for itself. Some of our biggest stars are Method, and good actors. Look at Eli—he's a real pro. He always listens to what is being said, his natural instinct is to react in a proper way. If you don't listen, the audience won't listen. I tried him once. I read lines to Eli and changed them, but he repeated the words I said, not the words he had learned. Picked it right up. In other words, Eli's reactions are intelligent."

I was taught to study a whole script, to study and study and study it over again, to know every character, to consider the story the important thing. I've had this one since last October in Rome. It's a difficult and offbeat story, there's a current underneath it—it's a helluva nice break to have Arthur here. I talk to him about the character all the time.

"The boundaries of Gav's world has always been the mountains and plains of Nevada, and he has a real love of women, but no trust in 'em. To him, mustanging is a natural thing, what he's proud of. I think he was completely free of guilt about it before she comes along between wild horses and wild women, that's how he lives."

"Now I guess he'll get himself a ranch. That's how I picture them living. But I don't know where he'll get the money for it."

Later, Gable played a drunk scene, in front of the Dayton bar in which he climbs on the hood of a car and yells over the crowd for his children, who are attempting to avoid him. As he pounded the car top and shouted his anguish, spectators started to cry, and as he finished the scene, falling off the hood to the street, the onlookers, for the first and last time on that location, broke into spontaneous applause.

Back at the Mapes, I asked Huston what he thought of the cowboy's final domestication. He was leaning forward with his elbow on his knee, dangling a Gauloise cigarette and doodling naked women on a cocktail napkin. Now he looked up with his mouth ajar and inspected the question.

"All right, then," he said. "There's no guarantee things go well. Maybe they'll have a wretched life, but that's not the point. Good Lord, if it comes to that, there's no hope for *any* of us! A frontier country has shifted underneath us, and the American psychology is based on the notion of a geographical future. Frontiers—you know what they are now? Heavy industry. As if a better future were composed of selling better junk to each other."

"These mustangs used to be shipped out as Christmas presents for kids. Now the kids want motor scooters instead. But Gav does just what he always did—the difference is, now it's no good. It's the next generation that will have to change it, and they will, too. I'd put the world right now in the hands of my ten-year-old kid. He'd know what to do. But not any of us."

"It's in the script at the end—they decide to raise a child and teach it to be brave. That's the point. Not stupidly brave—you have got to figure out the eventualities intelligently ahead of time. But when the moment comes—whatever it is, a person has got to have the courage to close his eyes and *do* it."

By Thursday night, it was understood that Marilyn was sick and Friday morning she was told that she did not have to report for work. The suggestion only made her hysterical. "I promised John!" she cried. "I said I would be there!" She arrived far earlier than usual, completed a re-take of a scene in the grandstand before lunch, looking apprehensively to Russell Mett for reassurance that she was photographing well.

"I am supposed to work six days a week," she said, "but it's just too much. It takes me two days to recover and regain my strength and spirit. I used to work six days, but I was younger then. You never know—sometimes you get the motor going, and nothing bothers you, but sometimes you don't."

She was to play a scene with Gable in a station wagon. Mett set up a close shot from outside the window, the set was lighted and Marilyn posed to Huston's satisfaction alone in the front seat, looking dejected, with her head drooping down on an outstretched arm.

"Marilyn?" said Huston. "Cry." "Whut?" said Marilyn to her make-up man. "Tears."

Magnum threw a party in its rooms during the evening, but everyone was too exhausted to drink or talk. The last thing I saw was photographer Elliott Erwitt and script girl Angela Aden suspended in mid air near the ceiling. They had begun with the idea of using the mattress for Trampeline practice, but by now were frankly aspiring to break the bed.

Saturday, Marilyn flew to Los Angeles. By then the rumors were rampant that she was taking sleeping pills like Lifesavers, and that some said once, some said twice—she even had to have her stomach pumped.

She had an entourage of ten people to take care of her—a masseur for her body, a drama coach for her psyche, a make-up man for her face, a make-up woman for her limbs, a secretary for her affairs, a maid for her convenience, a lady to comb her hair, three wardrobe women for her clothes. And, beyond that, she was married to a Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright. The consensus was that just as no one could make Marilyn do anything, no one could stop her either. The official rumor was that she was regularly put to bed by her coveys of caretakers at seven-thirty, and couldn't sleep—as indeed—who could?

Monday, Marilyn was in the hospital, destined to remain there for at least a week, and *The Misfits* company folded. Everyone who could be shipped home was laid off, given a large farewell party under the plaster Aphrodite statue at the airport and flown south, where, presumably they would begin to look for other jobs. Whoever heard of anyone, much less MM, recovering from hospitalization in a week? Those who were left sat breathing the gloom at the Mapes bar, drinking themselves helplessly sober, no longer part of a working location, no longer making a movie, they were simply movie people, like anybody else. The most optimistic guess was three weeks, which meant that *The Misfits* was sure to lose much of its first-rate crew to other movies—momentum and spirit would be lost.

Only Huston seemed not to know it. The question was, could he refuse to know it hard enough to will Marilyn back to Reno? I ondoner Grimes said that when they were making *Moby Dick* Huston had summoned whales out of a previously empty ocean just when the script called for them. Still, willing whales from the sea was one thing, willing Marilyn out of bed something else again.

Huston returned from the airport send-off cheerfully humming *Venezuela*, and quietly sank forty thousand dollars into oil wells which may or may not leave him permanently rich. Then he repaired to the casino and won three thousand at craps.

The following Monday he rode for the *Phoenix Gazette* in a camel race with ex-jockey Billy Pearson, and while thousands of tourists lined the caved-in slopes of Virginia City, Huston came galloping in, all teeth and smiles, crying, "This is the greatest camel I ever rode!" while Pearson's dromedary foamed with rage, trampled the crowd, and ended up inside Piper's Opera House where Lily Langtry used to sing. Lady Mary Campbell, who had flown in from London for the event, joined a post-cocktail cocktail party by a swimming pool and, remarking that she had not bathed since boarding her plane in London, dived in with all her clothes on, toes pointed, knees straight.

Tuesday, the miracle happened. Marilyn arrived from Hollywood and went to work. The crew arrived, intact, from Hollywood and went to work. Arthur Miller and his wife went out for a stroll together after dinner, "just like other people." Except for a few days off in the following week, she thereafter worked hard, turned up on time in the mornings and remembered her lines.

"Come right on up," said the telephone. "I'll leave the door open, I'm in the shower." On Huston's coffee table were pages of line drawings scribbled on foolscap—jumping bulls, bucking horses—plus an antique book entitled *The Kafirs of the Hindu Kush* by Sir George S. Robertson, K.C.S.I. "Make yourself a drink," came a call from the bedroom, and eventually Huston framed himself in the doorway. In his old denim bush jacket and velvet evening pumps encrusted with the golden emblems of the Galway Blazers, he looked like an outsized portrait of Huckleberry Finn as painted by John Singer Sargent.

"The Hindu-Kush—now *there's* a place," he said, flipping to pictures of natives brandishing gleaming weapons. "That's where I'm going to make Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King*. Went all through there this spring—it's Afghanistan and Pakistan—there's one little spot where we can land planes, right after the snow melts. That is. Nothing about the whole region has changed since the 1800's."





Several days before  
a series  
of personal disasters  
Monroe, Gable and  
Cift pose  
for photographers

Wanna do a story on the Hindu-Kush?"

I asked him if he had sent Marilyn to the hospital, himself. He raised his semicircular eyebrows in amazement and leaned back on his heels. "Well," quoth Huston, "as a matter of fact, I did."

Had he been that afraid for her life? Or was he protecting the quality of his picture? Huston was astonished at the question. "The picture? The hell with the picture. The girl's whole career was at stake! A long breakdown now and, with her record, no company would ever be able to get insurance on a picture with Marilyn in it again. Oh, some studio would always go ahead without insurance to have Marilyn. But not the big ones."

Movies are for the people that make them, and if relinquishing one's sense of unreality about a location is difficult (which it is), if there is existential terror in crossing the abyss that separates us movie-going mortals from Olympus, yet it is one way to understand that films emerge as a by-product of a way of life, rather than the other way around, like banking or big steel. The incredible good luck of the industry is not the movie star, or the story, but that splendid animal, the moviegoer, who (up to a point) will simply buy his ticket and walk in, no matter what.

While poor TV objectively struggles with its obligations to the audience, and Broadway play-makers nervously tighten the life out of their second acts in the face of investments that stand to be utterly lost, it is precisely Tight Objectivity which is being mislaid out there in the never-never land of some location where people are making a movie because they feel like it. What could save it from selling out is just that pictures take so long to make that no one can keep track of how good or bad a movie is as it goes along — much less how commercial — and everything depends on the natural, sustaining gifts of the people involved. And it is precisely because films tend to be irresponsible and incoherent that a given film fortuitously made may rise to approach the condition of art. At this point, I have not seen *The Misfits*, and for all I know the reviewers will find a hundred things to scold about, but that is hard to imagine with the variety of first-rate talent involved. Of course, a company locked together by larger-than-life egos and a three-and-three-quarter-million-dollar investment, working with the spirit of an heroic army defending a great cause, and with the casual ties as high as the glory for its celebrities, ought to be dedicated to some higher purpose than *Only a Movie*, I'll admit, but it is hard to think what it is. #



# Ornette Coleman: Biggest Noise in Jazz

by NAT HENTOFF

**D**URING a cloudy symposium on *Wuthering Jazz?* at the Newport Festival a few years ago, Quincy Jones—an arranger who has since organized a big band, impatiently rejected the academic speculations of the other panel members. "Hell," the usually amiable Mr. Jones exploded, "nobody knows where jazz is really going to go. There may be a kid right now in Chitling Switch, Georgia, who's going to come along and upset everybody."

In the past year, a young man from Fort Worth, Ornette Coleman, has created more angry and confused divisions of opinion among musicians and critics than any jazz figure since Charlie Parker. Several of Coleman's supporters claim that he is that messiah from Chitling Switch whom John the Baptist Jones was heralding. Coleman's detractors, who so far remain in the majority, assert contemptuously that Coleman is a fraud who has been inflated into transitory importance by a few writers who fantasize themselves to be star makers.

Michael Frayn, a *Manchester Guardian* reporter, wandered innocently into the Coleman wars a few months ago. Frayn wrote from New York's Five Spot, where Coleman opened in November, 1959, and played for much of the first half of 1960. Ornette Coleman's quartet was making the most extraordinary noises, far out on some limb of its own. A famous English dramatic critic sitting about two feet in front of Mr. Coleman's deeply disturbed saxophone shouted to me, "I think they have gone too far." I think perhaps they had.

The drama critic was Kenneth Tynan, who is usually receptive to avant-garde activists. A few months later, an equally intelligent British observer, Eric Hobsbawm, came through New York on his way to a summer of teaching at Stanford. Under his jazz critic pseudonym, Francis Newton, Mr. Hobsbawm wrote of Coleman in the *New Statesman*: "The far-out boys do him an injustice by insisting on the revolutionary character of the sounds which, in defiance of all the rules of all musical games, he produces out of his plastic alto-sax, and which can only be described in words which carry unwanted overtones of depreciation—squeaking, neighing, honking and suchlike. Widening the technical range of an instrument is not enough to make a player more than a freak. The unforgettable thing about this very dark, soft-handed man playing with a vertebrae fold over his nose is the passion with which he blows. I have heard nothing like it in modern jazz since Parker. He can and does play the chorus of a standard straight with an intense, lamenting feeling for the blues which lays his critic flat on his back."

Most jazz musicians in New York have not been so ready to be blown down. For months grimly skeptical jazzmen lined up at the Five Spot's bar. They made fun of Coleman but were naggingly worried that he might, after all, have something to say—and in a new way. They had read of the unprecedented assertion by John Lewis, whose own music is comparatively conservative, that Coleman was the first actual extension of the work of Charlie Parker. They had watched with mounting envy the space Coleman was getting in the general as well as the music press, even including the motley distinction of being asked to write a column for the vacationing *Dorothy Kilgallen*.

The older jazzmen, traditionally suspicious of the credentials of the modernists, have been convinced by Coleman that modern jazz must now be almost wholly a shell game. "If that's music," said one, "I've been doing something else all my life."

Trumpeter Roy Eldridge, who conscientiously tries to solve any jazz problems that puzzle him, visited the Five Spot several times to examine the plastic phenomenon. "I listened to him all kinds of ways," Eldridge told a friend. "I listened to him high and I listened to him cold sober. I even played with him. I think he's jiving baby. He's putting everybody on. They start with a nice lead-off figure, but then they go off into outer space. They disregard the chords and they play odd numbers of bars. I can't follow them. I even listened to him with Paul Chambers, Miles Davis, bass player. You're younger than me," I said to him. "Can you follow Ornette?" Paul said he couldn't either."

Coleman Hawkins, a jazz patriarch, has always been sympathetic

to experimenters and gave Thelonious Monk and Dizzy Gillespie work when others of his generation hooted at them. "Now you know," Hawkins says of Ornette Coleman, "that I never like to criticize anyone publicly. Just say I think he needs seasoning. A lot of seasoning." Miles Davis is forthrightly brief. "I like Ornette," says Davis, "because he doesn't play clichés." Pianist teacher-critic John Mehegan at first was one of the most alarmed of the Coleman opponents. Mehegan has since calmed down somewhat. "Ornette Coleman simply isn't playing jazz. He's an excellent performer and he knows his instrument, but what he plays is something else. There are kids all over Long Island and New Jersey—and I presume elsewhere in the country—trying to imitate Ornette. Their attitude is, 'I'll play anything I want to; you do the same thing, and we'll see what happens.' That's not the way music is made."

One result of the spreading Coleman debate is that his recordings have begun to sell. His first two albums were for Contemporary, a Los Angeles-based label, and had small sales. His next and considerably better two for Atlantic, however, have sold over 25,000, most of them since June of 1960. In the jazz field, sales of five to seven thousand still constitute a respectable figure for a single album, particularly by so unorthodoxly challenging a player as Coleman. The Atlantic sales, moreover, after a leaden start, are now climbing geometrically.

Ahmet Ertegun, an Atlantic official, is a unique combination of elegance (see George Frazier's list of best-dressed men in the September, 1960, *Esquire*) and expertise in jazz and rhythm and blues. The sophisticated, precisely bearded son of a former Turkish diplomat is better known at El Morocco than the Five Spot, but he has become one of the more valuable Coleman apostles. "I must tell you," says Ertegun earnestly, "that at first I thought Ornette was jiving. Now, I play his records all the time. I dig his sound so much. He has that wild, brash quality the first Charlie Parker recordings contained. In a way, he's much rougher than Parker, but in those days, Parker too sounded rough in comparison to Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter. Now I must caution you that Coleman often doesn't play anything immediately recognizable, and that's why you have to get the feeling of the whole performance when you listen to him. I dig him so much now that I don't care if he is jiving."

Mr. Coleman is more perplexed than perturbed by the brouhaha he has caused. Slight, shy but stubborn, he is a man inordinately patient with his attackers. Coleman has yet to answer his critics with the slightest touch of malice or rancor. Long interested in various forms of redemptive religion, he speaks of "love" in much the same diffuse but meandering way as a successful cult leader. Some months ago, one musician, a major figure in modern jazz, hit Coleman hard in the mouth as a result of Coleman's reluctance to join a guild of rebel jazzmen which the drummer was helping to organize in an assault against booking offices, club owners, and festival promoters. Coleman did not hit back. "I love him for his art," he later explained, "not his behavior. I couldn't hit a man who plays that well."

For all his faith in his musical mission and his stance as the Gandhi of jazz, Coleman does occasionally become depressed at the naked hostility his music has provoked. Until he came to New York and the Five Spot, he had known exceedingly hard times, but worse than the worry about money was the acutely disheartening experience of seeing musicians walk off the stand when he appeared at jam sessions.

"When I arrived in New York," Coleman says, "I was surprised that most musicians here too treated me the same way as the ones in California where I'd been for several years. I thought they were more serious in New York. The main support I've gotten here has been from John Lewis, J. J. Johnson, George Russell, the jazz composer, and Gunther Schuller, a classical composer who sometimes writes jazz pieces. Marc Blitzstein, Leonard Bernstein and Aaron Copland have come in and seem to like what I'm doing, and I'm told Virgo Thomson is impressed. But from the jazz musicians, all I got was a wall of hostility. They *had* to listen because what we do auto-



SHIRLEY GLASER

**Roy Eldridge:**  
I think he's putting everybody on....

**John Lewis:**  
Ornette is, in a sense, an extension of Charlie Parker.

**Shelly Manne:**  
When I worked on his session... somehow I became more of a person in my own playing.

**Miles Davis:**  
Just listen to what he writes and how he plays. If you're talking psychologically, the man is all screwed up inside.

**Ornette Coleman:**  
I thought they were more serious in New York.



matically catches your ear, but I could feel their anger. I guess it's pretty shocking to hear someone like me come on the scene when they're already comfortable in Charlie Parker's language. They figure that now they may have to learn something else.

"And at least," he notes with satisfaction, "the people seem to like it. We never did have a night at the Five Spot with a cold audience. A listener need have no trouble with what we do if he reacts only to what he actually hears and what he feels as we're playing. Some people get so involved in trying to figure out what we're doing that they don't pay attention to their emotions." In an interview with Whitney Balliett of *The New Yorker*, Coleman expanded on the point. "Most people fail to hear what is being played at the moment it is played. They pay more attention to behavior and what they see rather than to what is happening musically."

It has been a novel experience for Coleman to have had a chance to reach an audience. His stay at the Five Spot was the first extended engagement as a leader he's ever had anywhere except Fort Worth. For that chance, Coleman has had to wait much longer than it normally takes a jazz musician to at least reach the first plateau of acceptance. Despite the widening audience for jazz, the apprentice still does have to "pay dues" for a considerable length of time, but no contemporary of his has had to pay as much dues as Coleman or travel so circuitous and seemingly hopeless a route to his first job.

Coleman was born on March 19, 1930, in Fort Worth. His father died when Ornette was about seven, and his mother did domestic work. An elder sister, Truvenza, became a singer and now heads her own band in Fort Worth. A major influence and goal in Ornette's early attempts at music was a cousin, James Jordan, who played alto and baritone saxophones and had been formally trained. In contrast to the careful Jordan who, as Coleman recalls, had to know exactly what a thing was all about before he did it, Coleman was self-taught and awkward. "I always wanted to earn respect from Jordan because he went to school, and I didn't." Recently Jordan, who is working for a master's degree, took an Ornette Coleman album to class so that it could be analyzed. A Coleman dream of glory had been fulfilled.

Coleman was not only self-taught but he was an inaccurate teacher. He misinterpreted an instruction book he'd bought and believed the low C on his horn was the A in the book. Finally, when he joined a church band, the leader said scornfully, "I took at this boy. Playing the instrument wrong for two years. He'll never be a saxophone player."

Coleman had bought his own alto saxophone in 1944, but switched to tenor two years later because more jobs were open for the heavier, more aggressive-sounding horn. "At first I used to be one of those people like Big Jay McNeely," Coleman admits with some embarrassment. "I'd lie on the floor and play and do all those other gimmicks." But Coleman was also listening intently to a local musician, Red Connor, an alto saxophonist Coleman claims was more inventive than Charlie Parker. "Red died young. He died of several different things. He lived a jazzman's life and in the late Thirties and early Forties, that was really a tight time life. It was listening to Red and his group when I was a kid that made me feel ashamed of myself. They were really playing music. I was getting all the praise around town, but I wasn't making any contribution."

Connor according to Coleman did not influence his style so much as he did his respect for jazz. "No one ever really influenced me fundamentally, although I did listen to many players. I liked Jimmy Dorsey, Pete Brown, Lester Young, Charlie Parker and many others. I've always been able to play exactly like anyone I've ever liked, but fortunately I found out pretty early that I could also play myself."

In 1949, Coleman went on the road. Two months after the journey began, Ornette was fired in Natchez, Mississippi. He had tried to teach a jazz number to the other tenor in the combo, and the latter complained to the leader that a subversive in the band was trying to make a "bopper" out of him. Not wanting his men contaminated, the leader cashed Coleman. While in Natchez, Coleman made a trip for a local record company, but never heard it or found out what had happened to it. "The police department ran me out of town. I told them I was from Texas, but they thought I was from the North. I was just sitting in a place eating one day, and they said I had to leave."

The Natchez police had seen a Negro with long hair and a long beard, two marks of nonconformity not likely to reassure a Southern cop. "I looked that way then," Coleman explains, "because I was so determined not to be commercial that I tried to look and play as un-

commercially as possible." Coleman went on to New Orleans where he joined a rhythm and blues band that toured the surrounding area.

While in New Orleans, Coleman was invited to Baton Rouge one night by a group of local Negroes who said they wanted to meet him. As soon as Coleman arrived, six men—each larger than the slim Coleman—leapt on him, broke several teeth, kicked him, bent his tenor and threw it away. Coleman limped to the police to file a complaint. "The police said that if the niggers didn't get through killing me, they would. So I left." Coleman believes the beating took place because a number of Baton Rouge men had seen their girls follow previous rhythm and blues musicians out of town. "They'd had some bad experiences with musicians, and I guess they wanted to make an example of me. It didn't turn me bitter. I figured if they'd really known me, they wouldn't have done it."

Ornette stayed in New Orleans for nearly a year, playing occasionally at night and doing yard work and other laboring jobs during the day. Having left his twisted tenor in Baton Rouge, Coleman returned to the alto. He also went back to Fort Worth toward the end of 1950. Coleman then joined Pee Wee Crayton's touring rhythm and blues band but was stranded in Los Angeles because Crayton was appalled by the bearded altoist's sound and style. "We'd worked around ten one-nighters when Crayton told me, 'You don't have to play tonight. I'll pay you anyway.' The next night I left."

In Los Angeles, Coleman became a house boy. "A wonderful middle-aged lady let me rent out the back part of a converted garage. There was no heat, but at least it was a place to stay. I took care of the kids—she ran a little nursery—cleaned the kitchen and did other odd jobs."

Coleman started to go to sessions. Having very little money, he would walk the long distance to the Negro section of Los Angeles. After one such walk, he tried to sit in with tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon, a musician who at that time was influencing many young players. "He made me stop playing. I had no money left, so I walked all the way home again in the rain. That sort of thing happened a lot. Some musicians would promise me I could play but they'd keep me waiting all night. Then, with the place due to close at two in the morning, they'd put me on at three minutes to two. I was getting discouraged. They said I didn't know the changes and was out of tune, but I knew that wasn't so. But something, I thought, must be wrong. I didn't know what."

During much of his first Los Angeles period, Coleman had to play on a rented horn. His own had collapsed. When the rented alto was taken back, he had no instrument at all. Finally, he decided to go back to Fort Worth and stayed from 1952 to 1954. There at least he had an audience. "I got a horn and formed my own band. We played what the people liked, but I wasn't playing the way I wanted to." Coleman tried Los Angeles again. He worked at Bullock's department store for several years, first as an elevator operator and then as a stock boy.

Coleman continued teaching himself music theory. The only music lesson he'd ever had was given him in New York during a brief visit he made there when he was fifteen. He was staying with an aunt who was married at the time to jazz trumpeter Doc Cheatham. Cheatham brought the youngster to Walter "Foots" Thomas, a big band veteran. "It seemed I made a lot of faces when I played. Thomas had me look into the mirror and play for an hour. That was my lesson."

While he was an elevator operator, Coleman continued his more serious education, bringing several books on music theory to work. "I used to go up to the tenth floor park there, and read." Automation came to Bullock's, and Coleman lost his study hall. At jam sessions meanwhile Coleman was still welcomed with the degree of warmth Senator James O. Eastland might have received. There was little more encouragement at home. Coleman had married a California girl who was thoroughly oriented in modern jazz and played cello as well. She was not, however, convinced that her husband was leading a new wave of significance. "My wife would start in 'People say you're crazy, and she sounded as if she agreed. By then, however, I'd made up my mind I was right. After all, the musicians who were putting me down were playing things I'd known about ten years before. I was only trying to be better, and they didn't like me because I was trying things that were different from what they were used to."

Coleman finally met a few young musicians who were intrigued by his message. Don Cherry, a trumpet player from Oklahoma, had grown up in Los Angeles. He had first met Coleman in a music store in Watts, California. "Ornette was buying the thickest reed you can

get. He still had long hair and a beard. Although it was about 90 degrees, he had an overcoat on. I was scared of him." After the fright wore off, Cherry became a disciple and is still with Coleman's quartet. Bassist Don Payne had been born in Texas but grew up in California. He too became a fervent convert. It was at Payne's apartment in 1958 that Red Mitchell, an established bassist, heard a composition by Coleman. Mitchell advised Coleman, who needed money badly, to take the tune to Lester Koenig, owner of Contemporary Records, on the chance that Koenig might suggest one of his contract players use it on a date. It was inconceivable to Mitchell or Coleman that Koenig would decide to ask Coleman himself to make an album.

Koenig described his initial interview with Coleman to Jack Tynan, a *Down Beat* reporter, who was the first critic to recognize Coleman's potential. "I took him to the piano and asked him to play the tunes. Ornette said he couldn't play the piano. I asked him 'How did you hope to play your tunes for me if you can't play piano?' So he took out his plastic alto and began to play." Koenig was as impressed by the playing as by Coleman's characteristically bold, angular originals. He set up the first of two Contemporary Coleman albums (*Something Else*, 3551, *Tomorrow Is The Question*, 3569, stereo 7569).

At the time he went to see Koenig, Coleman had exhausted nearly all of his emotional, let alone financial, resources. "I was going to give up my music and go back to Fort Worth. I wanted to live a normal life again." Not much happened to encourage Coleman after the Contemporary album, but some work did come in, including a stay in San Francisco. More important than the intermittent jobs was the fact that Don Payne brought Percy Heath, bassist with the Modern Jazz Quartet, to hear Coleman. "I jammed with him," Percy remembers. "It sounded strange but it felt very good, and it felt fresh. I don't say I understood it, but it was exciting and that's one quality jazz has to have. But believe me, those guys were starving then, and musicians were still walking off the stand when Ornette came in."

Heath brought John Lewis, musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, to hear Coleman. Lewis was the next major factor in accelerating Coleman's career. A man rarely given to unfettered enthusiasm, Lewis told an interviewer in June 1960, "I've never heard anything like Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry before. Ornette is, in a sense, an extension of Charlie Parker—the first I've heard. This is the real need—to extend the basic ideas of Bird until they're not playing an imitation but actually something new."

Lewis made arrangements for Coleman and Don Cherry to become students at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Massachusetts, for the 1959 semester. The money was put up by Atlantic Records, the home label of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Nesuhi Ertegun, Ahmet's brother and head of jazz at the company, signed Coleman, largely on Lewis' recommendation. Les Koenig of Contemporary reluctantly let Coleman go. "We just couldn't support him here in Los Angeles. There was no place for the group to work."

Lewis is musical director of the school, the only jazz academy staffed by major jazz instrumentalists and writers. The three-week summer course is exhaustingly intensive. There was

some dissension among faculty members concerning Coleman's worth. Trombonist-arranger Bob Brookmeyer at first was angered by what he regarded as Coleman's gratuitous formlessness. Brookmeyer is now an admirer. "What can I say? I kept on listening, and now he gives me great pleasure. It was a lesson for me on quick judgments. Other faculty members, led by Lewis, Max Roach and George Russell, were strongly impressed by Coleman from the start."

Coleman and his principal adviser, John Lewis, realized that Coleman now had to base himself in New York if his career were to grow. Coleman took half his advance for his first Atlantic album to transport his men to New York from Los Angeles. (His two Atlantic sets so far are *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, 1317, S-1317 and *Change of the Century*, 1327, S-1327.)

The guerrilla warfare began as soon as Coleman opened at the Five Spot. For every musician such as John Coltrane who asked to meet Coleman during the day so that he could understand his musical tenets more thoroughly, there were ten who were scornful. Significantly, most of the more thoughtful and original jazzmen reserved their opinions. *Time* quoted Dizzy Gillespie as asking rhetorically, "Are they kidding?" Gillespie, however, recalls, "I never said no



"What the hell! . . . That's supposed to be top secret!"



such thing. I don't claim to know what they're doing. I've been traveling so much myself that I've hardly had a chance to hear them. But I do know Ornette is a serious musician, and he's not jiving. We're going to get together at my house as soon as I'm back in town for a while so that I can really get to understand what's happening."

Charles Mingus, the inflammable bassist-composer-leader, is not fully convinced that Coleman knows where he's going, but he told a *Down Beat* questioner. The fact remains that his notes and lines are so fresh. "I'm not saying that everybody's going to have to play like Coleman. But they're going to have to stop copying Bird. You can't put your finger on what he's doing [but] it gets to you emotionally."

The most lucid description of what Coleman, in fact, is doing has come from critic Martin Williams, Coleman's leading lay interpreter

Coleman has been criticized principally for his tone, which is often piercingly harsh, the fact that his improvisations seem to have little connection with the chords underneath his starting line, and his unpredictably symmetrical phrasing. Quincy Jones, for example, while conceding that Coleman was no fraud, was doubtful that the messianic kid from Chittling Switch had been found. Jones made all the above criticisms and talked of Coleman's "occasional incoherence." But Williams, in notes for *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, explained:

What he has done is, like all valid innovations, basically simple, authentic, and inevitable. The basis of it is this: if you put a conventional chord under my note, you omit the number of choices I have for my next note, if you do not, my melody may move freely in a far greater choice of directions. This does not mean that his music is a-harmonic as is the music of a 'country' blues singer. Nor that

he invites disorder. He can work through and beyond the furthest intervals of the chords. As several developments in jazz in the last few years have shown, no one really needs to state all those chords that nearly everyone uses, and, as some events have shown, if someone does state them or if a soloist implies them, he may end up with a harassed running up and down scales at those advanced intervals like a rat in a harmonic maze. Someone had to break through the walls that those harmonies have built, and restore melody. Like the important innovators in jazz, Coleman maintains an innate balance among rhythm and harmony and melodic line. In jazz, these are really an identity and any change in one of them without intrinsic reshuffling of the others inevitably risks failure. Further, he works in terms of developing the specific, implicit resources of jazz, not by wholesale importations from concert music. To say that his solos do not have a relationship to his melodies is quite wrong. As a matter of fact, most jazz solos are not related to their theme melodies, but to the chords with which the themes are harmonized. Coleman and Cherry may relate to the emotion, the pitch, the rhythm, the melody of a theme, without relating to chords or bar divisions. To a listener such relationships can have even more meaning than the usual harmonic ones.

Coleman himself is quite verbal about his work, and the motif of *pitch*, of wanting his horn to sound as much as possible like the human voice, runs through much of what he says. "There are some intervals," he observes, "that carry that human quality if you play them in the right pitch. You can reach into the human sound of a voice on your horn if you're actually hearing and trying to express the warmth of a human voice."

Coleman adds that he always writes the melody line first because several different chords can fit the same melody line. "In fact, I would prefer it if musicians would play my tunes with different changes as they take a new chorus so that there

would be all the more variety in the performance. As for rhythm patterns, I would like the rhythm section to be as free as I'm trying to get, but very few players so far—on horns or rhythm instruments—can do this yet."

"You know," Coleman said in a *Metronome* magazine panel discussion, "my music doesn't have any real time, no metric time. It has time, but not in the sense that you can time it. It's more like breathing—a natural, freer time. People have forgotten how beautiful it is to be natural. Even in love. I like spread rhythm, rhythm that has a lot of freedom in it, rather than the more conventional, *netted* rhythm. With spread rhythm, you might tap your feet a while, then stop, then later start tapping again. That's what I like. Otherwise, you tap your feet so much, you forget what you hear. You just hear the rhythm."

Coleman is continually stretching the possibilities of each player's freedom to improvise. If I don't set a pattern at a given moment, whoever has the dominant ear at that moment can take and do a thing that will change the direction. The drums can help determine direction too. Certain phrases I start to play with my drummer, Edward Blackwell, suddenly seem backward to me because he can turn them around on a different beat, thereby increasing the freedom of my playing. Our group does not begin with a preconceived notion as to what kind of effect we will achieve. When we record, sometimes I can hardly believe that what I hear when the tape is played back is the playing of my group. I want the members of my group to play what they hear in the piece for themselves."

Drummer Shelly Manne worked on Coleman's second Contemporary album, and says of the altoist: "He sounds like a person crying or a person laughing when he plays. And he makes me want to laugh and cry. The real great traditional jazz players will do those things to you. Although he may be flying all over the horn and doing weird things metrically, the basic feelings are still there. And when you're working with him, he makes you listen so hard to what he's doing that he makes you play a whole other way. When I worked on his session, I didn't feel I was playing a song as much as that I was really playing with a person. And somehow I became more of a person in my own playing. He made me freer."

"Music," Coleman summarizes his credo, "is for our feelings. I think jazz should try to express more kinds of feelings than it has up to now."

Coleman is also lucid in explaining his fondness for the small, white plastic alto saxophone that has become his hallmark. The plastic alto has served as a target for attacks on Coleman by several writers who lack the ability to criticize the music on its own terms.

"I bought it in Los Angeles in 1954," Coleman recalls. "I needed a new horn badly but I didn't have much money. A man in the music store said he could sell me a new horn—a plastic model—for the price of a used Selmer. I didn't like it at first, but I figured it would be better to have a new horn anyway. Now I won't play any other. They're made in England, and I have to send for them. They're only good for a year the way I play them. The plastic horn is better for me because it responds more completely to the way I blow into it. There's less resistance than from metal. Also, the notes seem to come out detached, almost like you could see them. What I mean is that notes from a metal instrument include the sounds the metal itself makes when it vibrates. The notes from a plastic horn are purer. In addition, the keyboard is made flat. I like a flute keyboard, whereas a regular horn is curved. On a flat keyboard, I can dig in more."

Coleman makes his own repairs, and is one of the relatively few saxophonists who can take his horn apart and put it together again.

Although Coleman has been working steadily for a year and has received unprecedented press attention, the big money hasn't yet come. He had been playing at the Five Spot for six months before he was granted a raise of \$32 a week. By the end of July, 1960, Coleman was being paid \$682 for four men for a six-day week. In the Winter of 1960, he went on the road briefly for \$650 a week, for his tour in the Fall of 1960 he got between \$1,100 and \$1,250 a week.

The debate meanwhile continues. Reading the varied appraisals and feeling the stares of the resolutely unconverted professionals, Coleman has felt at times in New York as if he were being exhibited on a revolving stand. He has, however, become fond of the city and has decided to make it his base. He is separated from his wife who remains in Los Angeles with their four-year-old son, Denardo. Coleman muses the boy, but is convinced that New York is the city in which he and his music can most freely grow.

New York," Coleman explains, "is the best city anywhere for jazz. Even when the snow was thick on the ground last winter, there were nights when the Five Spot was so crowded that people couldn't get in. They don't love music that much anywhere else in America."

Coleman wanders through the city. He stops occasionally at museums—the Guggenheim, Metropolitan, and the Museum of Modern Art. Having become friendly with several of the abstract expressionist painters who have made the Five Spot a clubhouse, Coleman is now intensely interested in painting. His favorite avocation though is, as he describes it, "taking long walks and seeing people do things they know how to do. I don't care what it is—sports or a craft—so long as a man is showing delight in a skill he's developed. It's relaxing to watch a man express himself, and art is far from the only medium of self-expression."

"I went to Radio City Music Hall," Coleman becomes excited in reliving the scene, "and saw a Hawaiian who was balancing four cocktail glasses on a 6 x 4 piece of wood. The board was on the knob of a two-foot sword. The Hawaiian put a dagger in his mouth and balanced the dagger—point to point—against the sword, climbed fifteen feet up a ladder, spread his hands, and not a drop spilled. It was the most beautiful piece of art I'd ever seen. I said to myself, 'Where am I at if this guy can do something so unbelievable?'"

Ornette's music has shown a marked increase in clarity of conception since he's had a chance to work every night over a long period of time. Coleman feels, however, that the added clarity could have come as effectively through steady practice. "I'm not sure but what I lose more than I gain by working every night. I get so tired I don't have the enthusiasm to write or rehearse during the day. I'd much prefer longer sets three or four nights a week, and the rest of the time off." Coleman reflected the feelings of many jazzmen when he told Whitney Balliett: "Six hours a night, six nights a week. Sometimes I go to the club and I can't understand what I feel. 'Am I Here?' How will I make it through tonight?"

A new dimension to Coleman's musical experience since his arrival in New York has been his studying with Gunther Schuller, the young classical composer who is an active jazz critic and has been exploring in his writing what John Wilson has termed in *The New York Times* a "third stream" of music that organically incorporates elements of both the jazz and classical traditions. Coleman has been taking instruction in notation and other aspects of music with Schuller.

Since observing Coleman at the School of Jazz, Schuller had been convinced of Coleman's violently expressive power. "His musical inspiration operates in a world uncluttered by conventional bar lines, conventional chord changes, and conventional ways of bowing or fingering a saxophone. The main reason he finally asked me for instruction was that he wanted to write longer pieces and notate them so that other musicians could play them the way he wanted them to sound."

Schuller is not afraid that Coleman's immersion in music theory will inhibit his work. "On the contrary, it'll open up new possibilities of expression for him. It's extraordinary, by the way, how much he'd already learned about harmony by himself. His ear is phenomenal. I'm also amazed, the longer I know him, at the degree of inner peace he's attained. He's a remarkably mature, wise person."

Miles Davis, a shrewd, mordant observer of the jazz scene, is skeptical at such talk of Coleman's inner serenity. "Hell," says Davis, "just listen to what he writes and how he plays. If you're talking psychologically, the man is all screwed up inside."

Whether Coleman is indeed as Buddha-like as he appears, he shows no sign of making any concessions to other musicians or to listeners now that success seems imminent. "I'm still trying," he says, "to make my playing as free as I can. Music is a free thing, and any way you can enjoy it, you should. Jazz is growing up. It's not a cutting contest any more."

"This is just the beginning of something," bassist Buell Neidlinger prophesizes. "Something wonderful is going to happen with that guy. He's going to shake up jazz a lot more than he already has."

In London recently, a young British drummer was listening with a critic to an Ornette Coleman album. He shook his head. "The drummer is unchained. Good-by ching-chinga-ching. Now the drummer can play with other musicians, not behind them, not waiting for a few breaks, but really playing, giving, saying something all the way through. This is freedom. It's wonderful. But you're an idiot if you think I like it. Who is able to be free?" ♦



"The trouble with us, Margo, is that we don't communicate any more!"



# League of The Ivy Look

A buttoned-down, grey flannel guide to the padless varieties of the American male, circa 1961

by BILL MURPHY



BRONX IVY LEAGUE



ITALIAN IVY LEAGUE



CHICAGO VY LEAGUE



WEST COAST IVY LEAGUE



MAFIA IVY LEAGUE



MESSENGER BOY IVY LEAGUE



MEXICO CITY IVY LEAGUE



ON YOUR WAY UP IVY LEAGUE



ON YOUR WAY DOWN VY LEAGUE



SHOW BIZ IVY LEAGUE



TIME-LIFE IVY LEAGUE



PRIMITIVE IVY LEAGUE



CLASSIC VY LEAGUE



ROCCO IVY LEAGUE



NON-OBJECTIVE IVY LEAGUE



LAST year approximately 800,000 Americans went to Europe, and of this number about 799,648 returned in a state bordering physical collapse. The 352 difference approximates the number of American travelers who visited Vichy to try out a revolutionary new vacation concept now being introduced by the celebrated French resort.

This is the startling idea that your trip abroad can be used for the improvement of your physical well-being, and that you can return home in better shape than you were in when you left. "Shape" is used in a couple of connotations, as the excess fat rendered in Vichy every season would feed the underprivileged peoples of the world for at least a two-year period if they were all cannibals.

Anyhow, Vichy's whole *raison d'être* is to make sick people well, and to make well people feel even better, and the fact that more Americans haven't latched onto this *raison* is probably due as much as anything else to Adolf Hitler and Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain and events that happened, lo, these twenty-one years ago.

Hitler invaded France, and Pétain established a collaborationist government at Vichy, and that was enough to give the place a bad name, even though the collaborationists met their fate by hanging or before a firing squad, or have long since crawled back into the wood-work.

Yet contemporary travelers to Europe have much to thank these two gentlemen for, because if it hadn't been for them, Vichy would have continued as the most fashionable spa in Europe, and so its present bargain vacation opportunities would be nonexistent for Americans, at least.

The French *bourgeoisie*, with their traditionally sharp eye for a good thing, have been flocking to Vichy recently in such numbers as to pack the place during its *saison*, the height of which runs roughly from mid-June to early September. But the people in charge of the resort are striving to restore its former vogue as a chic international watering place, and thus matters somehow arrange themselves so that accommodations are found for visiting Americans when no such accommodations exist.

Those few American visitors who have gotten the message so far—such as Bernard Baruch and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—have found in Vichy a completely delightful French provincial town with a hospitable climate. The summer sun shines down pleasantly but not overpoweringly on Vichy's comfortable villas, pensions, small and grand hotels, many acres of hand-manicured parks developed by order of Napoleon I, miles of flower-bordered riverside paths and promenades created by Napoleon III, a magnificent casino, golf course and Sporting Club, and one of the great medical establishments of the continent.

Vichy's fame is founded, of course, on the mineral springs that have watered the recalcitrant livers of Europe since the days of the Roman bacchanal, and that vacation bargain angle we mentioned a few paragraphs back is based on the unusual manner in which the springs are administered.

They are owned by the French State, but for more than a century they've been managed by an operating company under an agreement entered into by the Second French Empire and still in effect today, three French republics later.

Under its terms, the Compagnie Fermière de Vichy undertakes to operate all public facilities, including the medical installations and the casino, keeping standards up and prices down, in exchange for a free crack at all the water they can bottle and sell. They also manufacture a number of by-products using Vichy water, including candy mints and an excellent tooth powder. (Vichysoise soup, however, is unknown in Vichy.)

As a result, the finest medical care is available at a cost far below the fees charged by private physicians of comparable stature, and you, as a nonclinical pleasure traveler, will be able to pursue practically every vacation activity you'd enjoy anywhere on the continent—with usually better facilities and almost always at lower rates.

This includes everything from golf, tennis, swimming and dining at the fine Sporting Club, just across the Allier River from the main part of town, to the splendid program of music, ballet and opera at the casino theatre almost every night of the summer season.

And the general ambience of upper-class economy extends to the luxury hotels and restaurants, all of which somehow seem able to

prosper with lower prices than their counterparts at other continental resorts.

Example. You can stay at a seventeenth-century mansion, once the palace of the *littérature*, the Marquise de Sevigne, complete with stately riverside gardens, for eight fifty to seventeen dollars a day per person for a room with bath. Meals, service charge and taxes are included.

The most expensive hotel in town, the Thermal Palace, charges twenty to twenty-five dollars a day, without meals, but the other luxury-class hotel, the Carlton, gets only eight to sixteen dollars a day per room.

These de luxe hotels are the only ones not offering the American plan. A first-class hotel such as the Albert 1<sup>er</sup>, for instance—and this happens to have one of the finest cuisines in the area—charges ten to sixteen dollars daily, everything included.

And just to give us an idea of what accommodations are like at Vichy's more modest hotels, we were invited to Sunday dinner at the Hotel de la Poste, which has been run by father and son for the past sixty years. The six-course dinner would have been a bargain at five dollars in any French restaurant on New York's East Side, there was a beautiful private garden, and the rooms were non-luxuriously comfortable. All in rates run from about three dollars and seventy-five cents to five-seventy-five a day, depending on room and season.

At the Sporting Club your greens fees will run you about two dollars a day, tennis a dollar a day, and swimming seventy-five cents a day. These are all on the basis of your buying eight-day tickets. If you're staying in Vichy longer, the rates drop even lower.

Biggest bargain of all, probably, is the subscription ticket to the casino. The eight-day ticket runs about three dollars, and this entitles you to seats for the afternoon and evening concerts, use of the casino's reading and writing rooms, tickets to the lecture series given by leading French literary and political personages, preferred seating for the Vichy festival of music, opera, ballet and drama, as well as reductions in the cost of tickets, which will bring them to about half, or less, of the Carnegie Hall prices.

Vichy's bargains extend even to your shopping, thanks to the little-known fact that many of the top Paris shops send merchandise down to Vichy for fast close-outs. Little known, that is, to foreign visitors, because smart Parisiennes happily make the four-hour train trip to Vichy toward the end of the summer to replenish their wardrobes. (Our wife, ever sharp-eyed and eager, came up with a Jacques Heim original for forty dollars, label and alterations included.)

What's more, you'll find in the shops a spirit of leisured courtesy and friendliness that, sadly, has all but disappeared in Paris and for that matter in most of the large cities of the world, with the shining exception of London, Edinburgh and other British centers, and maybe also San Francisco.

In Vichy this spirit seems to extend also to waiters, ordinarily among the most irascible of beings. In such little cafes as the Brasserie du Casino the practice of dish-rattling or over-the-shoulder lurking to speed you on your way is as unthinkable as it would be in a Viennese coffeehouse.

The friendliness seems even warmer when the visitor is an American. People seem happy about a chance to give their English an airing, and they're delighted to supply splints for your fractured French. This is in pleasant contrast to Paris, where the French that was good enough to rate you a B-minus back at Old Siwash usually proves utterly incomprehensible to the cab drivers.

You'll have been in Vichy only a short time when it occurs to you that Americans might be especially welcome as an indication that the resort is regaining its international fashionableness, and within the following few days you will suddenly get the happy feeling that for a change you're in the right place at the right time, and that a few years from now these will be the good old days people will say you should have been in Vichy in.

There's a certain *fin de siècle* lushness about the resort. It's difficult to describe, but it's a sort of Gygiesque quality, and you almost expect to see Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold matchmaking at a table in the sun-dappled gardens.

The French seem to blame on their livers every *malaise* known to man, thus the liver is the major target of Vichy's therapeutics. The day at Vichy begins around ten in the morning, when the clientele







gaffers in the pavilions, soliciting the various springs—some of them first used by the dyspeptics of ancient Rome? All have brought their little glasses which they carry in small wicker baskets the size of small camera cases. As they would with cameras, they carry these cases slung over their shoulders.

They report to the spring that has been prescribed for them, and they present their glasses every forty minutes or every hour, according to the recommencement interval, and between refills they sit around on the garden chairs and read, do needlework or talk until a little after noon, when they march on the hotels and restaurants for dinner. Many of them eat enough to bowleg a stevedore.

They then sleep it off until about three, when the springs recommence to life again. Then comes the cocktail hour, a light supper, and a symphony concert, ballet or opera at the casino theatre, or a pass at the roulette and baccarat tables.

Should this lead you to the conclusion that Vichy is patronized entirely or even preponderantly by well-to-do creeps, then you have jumped too quickly.

The fact is there is a very high proportion of live ones among Vichy's clientele. Sitting next to you at a concert may be a *cadette* of the French screen and theatre, your sparring partner might well be a show girl from the music halls and night clubs, working on her bikini-shaded figure before an undertaking another rigorous season in Paris. Here, too, are gentlemen who live it up most of the year, devoting two or three weeks to the serious business of getting into shape to live it up some more; and others who enjoy observing the progress of horses across green turf at the races, or white balls and pellets at the gaming tables.

And then there is the general reducing set, plus the foreign visitors attracted by the still comparatively novel idea of losing part of their travel time to the business of getting to feel better.

It was these last two incentives that prompted us to spend a week in Vichy in the midst of a European and Near Eastern trip last summer for what our wife insisted on referring to as "pauing in our chassis for a 150,000-mile check."

Following the usual procedure after registering at the Thermal Palace Hotel, we reported first to the thermal establishment for a complete physical examination, describing to the examining physician the various squeaks and rattles that we had managed to pick up with the years.

We were fifteen pounds overweight, he told us. "Un peu trop

d'apl" he remarked, observing us in profile and demonstrating that he had been to Hawaii. He prescribed a low-calorie diet, workouts in the mechanotherapy department, *Vichy douches*, some golf and swimming, a few sessions with the pedal boats in the Mar River, and before breakfast walks along the riverside. Too bad we could stay only the week, he told us, with two or three weeks he'd be able to get rid of all the *air in excess pounds*.

Low-calorie diets we quickly found out are no hardship when your meals are prepared by superb French chefs for whom such regimes are considered challenges to their skills, not affronts to their profession.

Mention of the Vichy doctors had given us some pause at the beginning, but it turned out to be quite an interesting experience. You stand strapped in front of a couple of husky young guys who try to knock you down with a fire hose. That failing, or succeeding,

they stretch you out in a sort of shallow canvas bunk, somewhere midway between a cot and a bathtub, and they proceed to pour a hellcat of hot white water pours down on you from a couple of horizontal pipes hanging overhead. Cost of all this attention is about two dollars and thirty cents a session, and you aren't expected to tip the attendants.

At the mechanotherapy department, we worked on the rowing machines, and were in turn worked on by at least a score of other machines that bent our anuses, twisted our ankles, pounded our calves, slapped our thighs, reflected our *terrors*, massaged our back, extended our arms, and stretched our neck. We confess too to a new sensual experience resulting from our lying down on rubber rollers which massaged our back while we observed the swim suited posterior of a bandleader chick being agitated electrically not six feet from where we lay.

We had two more physical checkups, one in the middle of the week, the other at the end of our treatment. The doctors fee was a little over four dollars for each visit, and for that the average New York doctor won't even let you look at the superannuated *National Geographic* in his waiting office.

At the end of the week we found we had dropped a little less than six pounds and shed slightly more than ten years. Two weeks more at Vichy and we'd have come home in smocked rompers. #

(And, for more information on vacationing in Vichy, read Richard Joseph's Travel Notes elsewhere in this issue.)

## CAST YOUR OWN BROADWAY SHOW

One of the more pleasurable aspects of the theatrical experience is that happy afternoon when all the boys—writer, director, producer, etc.—get together in the darkened orchestra to ogle the new girls in town, with the alleged purpose of casting an ingénue.

Here's your chance to do a little casting on your own. On the next two pages, twelve possibilities. See if you can find the four out of the twelve that should go with the casting notes below for current shows. Then turn to the next two pages for the solution. Or, if all this seems terribly complicated, forget the casting and enjoy yourself.

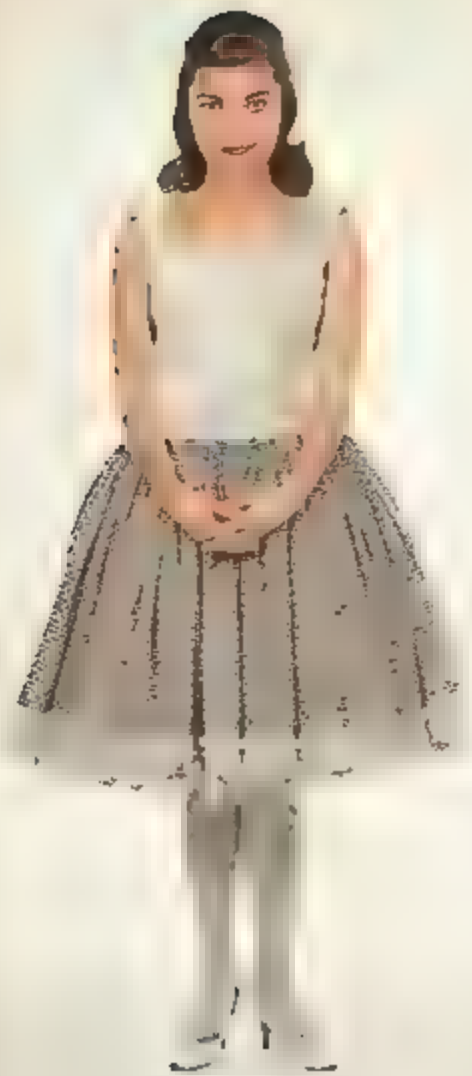
**A.** French poule. Most popular girl on the block. Should know how to dance, sing, act and attract men of any age, occupation or nationality.

**B.** Contemporary teen-ager, gushy and adolescent, but definitely not a beatnik. Impressionable. Sentimental. From a good middle-class suburban home.

**C.** Demure, proper and somewhat browbeaten daughter of a Syracuse, New York, eyeglass salesman, circa 1900. Obedient and respectful to her father, but with enough spunk to assert herself at the right moment.

**D.** Tomboyish, gawky girl in early adolescence. Introspective, but hardheaded and practical. From a show-business family. Should seem plain at first glance, but have enough basic equipment to be transformed into a very sexy number.





1



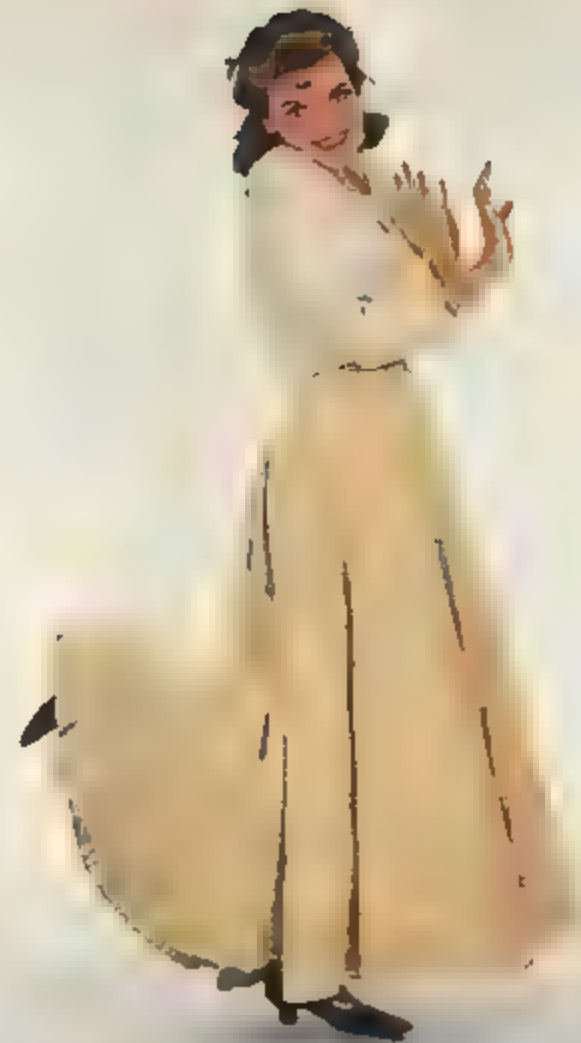
2



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6



7



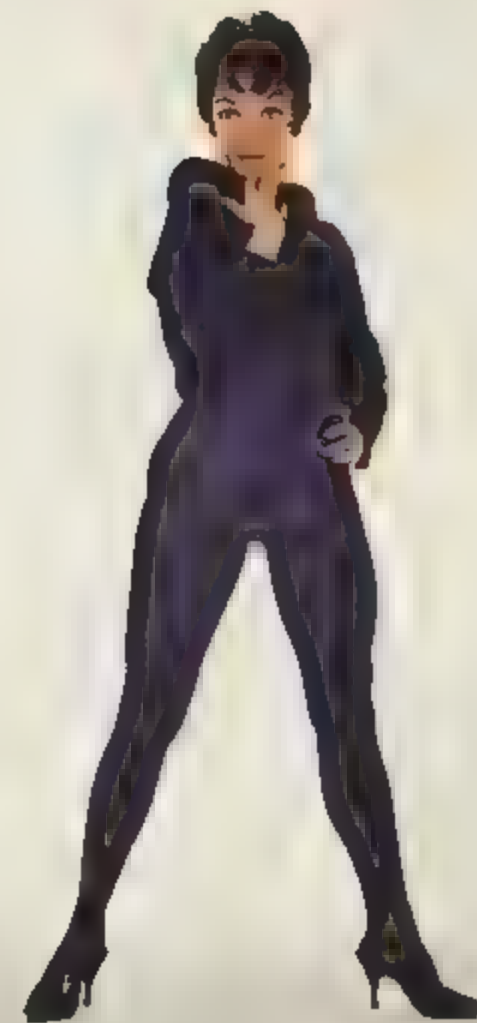
8



9



10



11



12



3  
A



12  
B



7  
C



10  
D



NITA BARBER  
 THE FANTASTICS  
 PAT STANLEY  
 FORELLO  
 ELIZABETH DEAN  
 IRMA L. GONCE  
 MARION BRASH  
 THE THREEPENNY OPERA  
 EILEEN BERNAN  
 LITTLE MARY BUNTING  
 JANE FONDA  
 INVITATION TO A MARRIAGE  
 EVANS EVANS  
 THE 40TH COUSIN  
 LAUREN PETERS  
 THE SOUND OF MUSIC  
 WYNNE MILLER  
 TENDERLOIN  
 JULIENNE MARX  
 GUSPY  
 JUDY GAYLE  
 GREENWICH VILLAGE, USA  
 LILIAN WATSON  
 LONG BEACH



# ORIGINALITY

THE MOST DANGEROUS  
WORD IN ADVERTISING



"Randy, what's this ghastly idea of yours to stop worshipping money?"

The head of one of America's biggest advertising agencies debunks some Madison Avenue myths by **ROSSER REEVES**

A very distinguished jury was recently assembled for the judging of the *Saturday Review Annual Advertising Awards*. It was an unusual panel, including the head of the United States Information Agency, the Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration at Columbia University, the President of the Committee for Economic Development, the President of Smith College, the Chairman of the Board of a great public-relations firm, the presidents of two huge advertising agencies—a total of twenty-five leading educators, editors, publishers, teachers, public-relations and advertising men.

These men and women studied, and very seriously, the whole range of public interest, or "idea" advertisements. They selected, as the best, a striking advertisement of a great corporation which, for reasons of its own, had decided to ennoble the teacher.

The illustration of this advertisement was a pure abstraction by the painter William Bazziotes. To the artist, this painting represented the ancient cave paintings where the drama of teaching began. To the unsophisticated eye, however, it looked very much like a confused blot—straight out of some brightly colored Rorschach test. The copy was certainly simple enough. It consisted of twelve words from *The Education of Henry Adams*: "A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops."

Out of curiosity, my company researched this advertisement very carefully. We discovered that it had two astonishing shortcomings: (1) Exactly 100 per cent of the public did not understand the picture.

(2) Exactly 85 per cent of the public did not grasp what the advertisement itself was trying to say.

Comments on the picture should make any theorist pause and shudder. "It's a picture of a tombstone." "It shows a crocodile eating." "It's a figure with its mouth open to the right, with a square worm over it." "It shows a cat lying on its back, looking up at the sky."

Comments on the totality of the advertisement were equally informative. "It shows what brings eternity." "What I get out of it is the Universe." "It's just modern and pretty, I guess." "They are trying to sell some book."

Such advertising is not the science of communication. It is the science of excommunication. It is proof, if proof is needed, that too many writers assume that mere "difference," "cleverness," "the queer and the unusual"—like the philosophers' stone, for which the ancient alchemists sought—have within them some mysterious essence which can transmute lead into pure and shining gold. Unfortunately, lead remains lead. We must start with gold.

With this story as a preface, we approach (and very gingerly) the most dangerous word in advertising—originality. Here, without doubt, is the Golden Fleece for which all of Madison Avenue is seeking. Here, misty, distant, and infinitely desirable, is the copywriter's Holy Grail. Unfortunately, it has ruined more advertisers than it has ever made, for it has never been defined—and the searchers thus are never sure just what it is they're seeking.

Let us look through some of the recent flood of advertising texts and see what they have to say on originality.

"It is freshness," says one writer. "The components of originality are style, liveliness, and imagination," says another. "It is any advertisement which is different," says a third, but without bothering to say different in what way. "An original advertisement," says another profound philosopher, "cannot be defined—but like a great oak, alone upon a summit, everyone knows that it is there." All this, of course, is colorful, but it comes close to being semantic nonsense.

However, it is dangerous semantic nonsense, for it sends too many copywriters panting after what Claude Hopkins, the great advertising theorist, once described as "fine writing," "unique literary style," "clever conceits," "the queer and the unusual."

If you doubt this, listen to the following story.

Recently, an advertising magazine asked the creative people of twenty-five top agencies to pick the three worst TV commercials currently on the air. These men and women picked (as the worst) two of the most dramatically successful commercials in advertising history. One had introduced a new product, and in just eighteen months had swept aside all competition—not only seizing 60 per cent of all sales, but, at the same time, enlarging the very market it was taking over. The second commercial, in another field, had done almost the same thing.

The reasons given by this panel were almost as odd as their choices. "No trace of cleverness, or brightness," said one writer. "Unoriginal," said a second. "Dull," said a third. "I am glad I did not write them," said a fourth.

And these people are advertising men.

And advertising men are supposed to be salesmen.

Preoccupied with "originality," writers like these pursue something which is as illusory as swamphire, for which the Latin phrase, incidentally, is *ignis fatuus*.

This preoccupation with "originality," at times leads writers to absurd extremes. Suddenly, one of the very few truly original advertisements will appear. It may be a great success. Immediately, these writers begin to imitate it—unaware that they are copying merely the form, rather than the concealed gears, pulleys, and mechanisms which the master copywriter had concealed beneath the surface.

Jean Henri Fabre, the great French naturalist, once made a study of the processionary caterpillars. Blind and unthinking, they wove their way in long chains, each caterpillar following the one in front. Finally, Fabre managed to turn the chain up a barrel, when they reached the top the first one started to circle the barrel and the others followed, circling endlessly, until starvation set in.

Thus, in advertising, the originality fads begin their endless cycles. One eyepatch (following the bold and correct lead of a David Ogilvy) breeds a succession of eyepatches. One beard, on a Commander Whitehead, becomes a thousand useless beards. Men sit on horses backwards, they sip Martinis against Sahara sand dunes, they wear evening clothes down into the Caribbean surf, they play





"Look at it this way: if your father has frozen assets in a Swiss bank, and his capital-gains deal on his cut of the gross, less agent's commission, is equal to the sum of . . ."

white pianos upon mountaintops. Two animated brewers, because of their entertainment value, start a chain reaction of useless animations. One great jingle becomes a burst of empty melodies.

Such devices, when they implement the copy, are not folly. They only become folly when they do not implement the copy, when the device itself is assumed to be a principle of advertising probability, when, as Claude Hopkins put it, "the writers abandon their parts. They forget they are salesmen, and try to be performers. Instead of sales, they seek applause."

Strangely enough, such writers have a rationale for their work, and they plead it with passionate earnestness. The illogic of their argument is far from obvious. In fact, it sounds enormously convincing. The argument goes like this:

(1) Advertising (not the product) must compete with a tremendous number of other advertising messages.

(2) Therefore, the advertisement (not the product) must get attention.

(3) Therefore, a given advertisement (not the product) must be different.

Such reasoning bypasses the product and, when it does, it bypasses the advertising function. It is a classical example of confusing the means with the ends, for if a product is worth paying money for, it is worth paying attention to. The consumer need not be shocked or entertained into giving it his attention.

The writer must make the product itself interesting. Otherwise, a great part of his ingenuity and inventiveness will be used in devising tricks which lower the efficiency of advertising, rather than raise it.

Consider the modern television commercial. Every day, every hour, on almost every television screen, the viewer will witness a common error that is costing some advertiser a tremendous percentage of his advertising dollars. In our agency we call this error "vampire video," because it feeds on the blood of the product's message—weakens it, and sapping its strength.

The aesthetic copywriter ignores it. Clients are generally unaware of it. Yet it can cripple a television commercial. It can almost completely wipe out, hide, or obscure the message. It can take \$1,000,000 worth of television time, and make it worth \$100,000—or less. It produces commercials often dazzling in their art, but miserable as salesmen.

Let us look at some examples.

A shining young girl, with a voice like a pure silver bell, once delivered a series of charming commercials. One night she would float before the camera in a bubble dress, by Balmain; the next night, in a harem skirt, by Balenciaga; the following night, in a tunic by Dior, or Simonetta.

Men noticed her beauty. Women noticed her clothes. Only in the back room of the Copy Laboratory did a fact emerge which must be as old as Ur of the Chaldees.

Most people could not remember what the lady had to say.

How often," wrote Albert Camus in *The Fall*, "standing on the sidewalk involved in a passionate discussion with friends, I lost the thread of the argument being developed because a devastating woman was crossing the street at that very moment."

Such errors are not idle theory. They can, literally, almost ruin an advertiser, as the following story will illustrate.

Some years ago, we introduced a brand-new product on the market. This new product had one dominant competitor, who for years had snored gently away. No intruders had disturbed his slumbers, until we arranged a rather rude awakening. We put on the air a commercial that was simple, factual, and direct. The specific benefit of the product—at the expense of "art" and "originality"—was made crystal clear with working pictures.

The defending commercials were something else again, and the following one was typical. It opened with a girl in a brief white bathing suit, posed high on a springboard. She was exquisite, lithe, young, and the sunlight sparkled on her as she dropped through the air in a swan dive. The water, in slow motion, cascaded up in liquid silver droplets, and as the girl came out of the pool, the camera moved slowly up the dripping figure.

The announcer, during this sequence, was talking about the product, for the girl in this wonderful scheme of things, was going to use the product, which had nothing to do with pools, dives, or brief white bathing suits.

Research showed that the public's recall was 65 per cent on the girl. It was less than 10 per cent on the product story.

A whole series of commercials like this was run, and meanwhile our commercial, unchanged, was driving home its message.

It was not long before the new product passed its older competitor, and became the leader in its field.

How this company paid for some copywriter's fancy, some art director's dream. The approximate odds against the registration of their story were about six or seven to one.

This is vampire video. Sometimes vampire video is as subtle as wrongly used animation. (Some copywriters have a compulsion to entertain.) Sometimes it is boys and girls on water skis, or dancers whirling to a fast rhythm around a giant package, or pure animated abstractions done right to a bar. Sometimes it is nothing more damaging than a charming family doing absorbing things on the screen, but drowning out the message about soap, or insurance, or margarine.

Sometimes vampire video is a quartet, shown on the screen while they are singing a jingle. This could be excellent, if one is in the business of booking quartets. Sometimes it may simply be a famous comedian, attracting more attention to himself than to his message. Sometimes it may be puppets, improperly used, hiding the advertiser's message behind their own winsome charm. Often it may be no more than a piece of jewelry on the hand which is holding the package, or a glossy Labrador retriever sitting in the front seat of an exciting new car.

Sometimes—thousands of times—vampire video is merely the announcer on the screen. The announcer, today, is usually a vestigial remnant of the old radio days. Once a pure, clear, disembodied voice, he is now apt to be simply an intrusion on a medium which has richer and deeper dimensions. People will watch his looks, his clothes, the elegance or lack of it with which he takes down a book, lights a cigarette, or pours a beer—and while he is doing it, the sponsor's message may be going smoothly down the drain.

The wise advertiser will identify these bright distractions, eliminate them, and begin to practice reality in advertising. For example, does the voice say, "This tablet dissolves into 10,000 tiny bubbles?" Then show the tablet dissolving into 10,000 tiny bubbles. When a commercial is constructed this way, the useless picture rapidly disappears or else, in an attempt to keep the useless picture, some misguided copywriter will find himself writing some rather useless words.

Next, try "putting the voice under." In other words, get rid of that announcer holding the package and talking earnestly. This is an old radio technique, and we are dealing with television. What does his physical presence add? Is he not still vampire video? Of course he is. So, keep his useful words on the sound track, and devise useful pictures to accompany them on the screen.

But most important of all, find a specific visual interpretation which will bring the bones and stones of the basic advertising claim to life. Find a video brilliancy of enormous power and clarity—a pictorial flash, like a burst of heat lightning, to illuminate the central concept. It is not something which is easy to arrive at, but once it is found, it may not change for years.

A good example of such "central video" is found in the current commercial for a prominent hair tonic. The basic claim for this product states that it is less greasy than its competitors. This message is verbally stated, of course, by the announcer's voice behind the picture, but in the video it is stated with even more force. The backs of two men's heads are shown—one using the advertised product, the other the competitor's. Two lovely feminine arms appear on the screen, in spotless elbow-length gloves. They stroke the back of each head. One glove comes away smudged and greasy. The other turns toward the camera to show that it is still pristine, spotless, and white.

With such video, it hardly matters who writes the words. The picture has moved through the eye, into the brain, communicating instantly, powerfully. The addition of such video can jump the registration of a product's story from 5 per cent to 65 per cent. Difficult stories—even abstract and technical stories—can be made clear in a flash.

Copywriters of a certain kind shudder and say, "But my beautiful action and motion and verve and beauty are gone." It is only because they were looking for the wrong kind of action and motion and verve and beauty, they were seeking to please their own egos, they were not seeking reality in advertising.

An advertising man, like a designer, must control and direct his brilliance. A campaign is not for the individual expression of his ego.



It is, actually, a tool, and it has a functional purpose, which is the most complete communication with the public, the maximum projection of the message.

This is the true art of advertising.

Benvenuto Cellini, an exquisite worker in gold, was asked to design a salt cellar for Francis I. Millions today are familiar with its delicacy, the poetic sloping curve of the golden shell upon the tortoise's back. However, it was designed to hold salt, and stand upon the table of a king. Cellini was also an engineer. Had he been asked to design a wrench which could turn an iron nut upon an iron bolt, he would not have put a golden sea shell upon a jeweled tortoise, or even have worked with gold. We believe that he would have used a harder metal, and designed a wrench not unlike that used by the mechanic of today.

It could still be beautiful, for many tools are beautiful, and advertising, keep in mind, is above all a tool. It is a tool to convey ideas and information about a product. By applying this criterion to modern advertising, much of modern advertising will be rejected.

Is a wristbone unoriginal or "uncreative"? Is an ear? Or are they beautifully functional—slim, like a needle, or oval, like an egg—shaped the way they are because they have a specific function to perform?

Does the tread of a tractor cry for the addition of nonessentials? The curve of a spring? A light bulb? A radar antenna?

I do not think so.

Research leads me to the conclusion that there are two extremes in advertising.

(1) Advertising designed as art, without reference to its business function.

(2) Advertising designed for its business function which may not be considered by some critics to be a work of art.

The first should be viewed with suspicion, since it usually obscures the message.

The second should be judged by its results, rather than by critics who are more concerned with aesthetics than with profits.

I would like to add a wry comment.

Only occasionally are great salesmen "things of beauty." They do not carry paintings by Picasso in their hands, speak in rhyme, or sing, dance, and play the flute. They are usually earnest men, who speak convincingly and knowingly about why their product is better. #

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Aggressive New Voice in the Advertising Business

THE author of the foregoing article (adapted from a section of his forthcoming book, *Reality in Advertising*) is one of the most controversial and successful men in advertising today, and for good reason. Rosser Reeves for years has maintained that most agencies have a faulty understanding of advertising philosophy, and he has poured out a pyrotechnical display of logic, erudition, imagery and fact that usually has left the recipients limp, but converted. The result is that Ted Bates & Company, of which agency Reeves is chairman of the board, has grown (in just twenty years) into the world's fifth-largest agency, with billing last year of \$150,000,000, and a record of never having lost a client.

An aggressive and brilliant theoretician of the business, Reeves

has been startling his confreres for years. Martin Mayer, in his classic book, *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.*, relates this anecdote: "I had a client down in the Caribbean with me on a boat," Reeves says, "and he said to me, 'You have seven hundred people in that office of yours, and you've been running the same ad for me for the last eleven years. What I want to know is, what are those seven hundred people supposed to be doing?' I told him, 'They're keeping your advertising department from changing your ad.'" Reeves's theory for this (just one of dozens) is stated bluntly: "Given identical products, identical budgets, and identical sales forces, I will let you have a brilliant campaign every six months, provided you change it every six months—and I'll take a less-than-brilliant campaign and win with it because I'll run it ten years."

What with the many Reeves theories and the success that has accompanied them, large segments of the advertising fraternity began to wish that Reeves would go away—or at least shut up. He is nothing if not forthright. For example, the Winter of 1959-60 was a gloomy one for television, marked by quiz-show scandals, payola, and a sudden, intense interest by the Federal Trade Commission in the manner in which advertisers hawked their wares via TV commercials. Reeves decided to do something about it.

What was obviously destructive about the FTC's procedure, despite its excellent intentions, was that all its investigations were accorded screaming headlines long before the advertiser had a chance to offer facts in his defense. As agency after agency went pale and stammering to Washington, Rosser Reeves chose to take on the United States Government.

In the now-famous blast at Earl W. Kintner, then Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, Ted Bates & Company took full-page ads in major cities and spelled out exactly how the FTC was being unfair, unrealistic, and unconstitutional. Now Mr. Kintner, without warning, you have changed your rules," wrote Reeves. "In front-page news stories and in big black, damaging headlines, your commission has accused a number of great American companies of deceptive and dishonest advertising. Stripped of legalistic verbiage, these crippling press indictments rest on flimsy ground indeed—mere subjective opinion that minor props and artifices have resulted in horrendous deceptions. We used an artifice no more deceptive than the make-up you yourself, Mr. Kintner, will be asked to wear the next time you step before a TV lens."

No doubt more controversy will erupt around Reeves upon the publication in mid-April by Alfred Knopf, Inc., of his book. Entitled simply *Reality in Advertising*, it sets down his critique of the advertising business and his philosophy of advertising. Originally stamped "Confidential—for Agency and Client Use Only," the book was designed for strictly limited circulation. Control of it, however, proved to be impossible. Once the mandarins of top managements had been exposed to it, more and more copies were demanded. It wasn't quite enough for a corporation president to possess one, copies were requested for the board of directors, the executive staff, the advertising department, the sales staff. Since mandarins have a basic affinity for each other, the word spread. For many it had something of the appeal and rarity of a first edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. According to Knopf, "Seldom has any business book created such a commotion before publication." *Originality: The Most Dangerous Word in Advertising*, was written from one section of the book.

At the age of fifty, Reeves is known as a man with rather dazzling reserves of energy. "He must," says one close friend, "have an adrenal gland the size of a soccer ball." It is hard for him to realize that others can't work and play as hard as he does. The son of a Virginia minister, he studied at the University of Virginia. He is a Civil War buff of such impressive knowledge that he can tangle with his friend, historian Bruce Catton, and hold his own. He races a yacht in the International Class, has a pilot's license, writes short stories, publishes poetry of a mystical cast, is a collector of modern art and a musician. He also reads omnivorously and with blinding speed. From time to time he becomes immersed in chess, winding up hollow-eyed and disgusted with himself because he isn't a Grand Master. (He was, but in a non-playing capacity, as captain of the last American chess team that went to Moscow.) In 1952 he dipped into politics, a subject which does not interest him as an ordinary matter, and organized and wrote the highly effective Eisenhower television spots. His wife, two sons and a daughter seem to contemplate all this with a good deal of serenity, referring to him as "our jovious leader." #



## THE NIGHT THEY PERFECTED ROAST SIRLOIN OF BEEF

Servants, through the ages, at George IV, William IV, Victoria, Edward VII, George V, Edward VIII, George VI and Elizabeth II, the royal household of St. James's Palace, London, have delivered with good grace the magnificent roast sirloin of beef. Previously, it was a slight exaggeration to say that the Englishman (and all the rest of us) simply ate meat. Sturgeon, salmon, foie gras and Yorkshire pudding with clear jelly soup, grilled Dover sole, apples and oranges and cream of Stilton, Cheshire and Wensleydale.



## THE GENTLEMAN'S ADVISER ON WHAT'S NEW:

### TAXES

**EDITOR'S NOTE** This article on taxes was prepared for *Esquire* by the Research Institute of America, the world's largest private-industry-supported business-advisory organization. It specializes in long-term business planning, and preventing tax loss. Called the CIA of American business, it is supported by more than 30,000 member companies, mainly in the United States. In addition to its continuing examining of developments affecting American businessmen, the Institute set up a still-operating tax system for Japan at the request of General Douglas MacArthur, and has served as special adviser to the Government of Vietnam.

EACH of us feels the sharp touch of taxes, especially at this time of year when our return, based either on minutely kept records or patched together from a pile of notes, scribbled records and old chits, goes blithely to the government footed by our signatures, big as life.

One of the most familiar chores is totting up the deductions you plan to take. The table at the bottom of the page shows the average amounts deducted by persons in various tax brackets. In comparing your personal deductions with these latest average figures, remember that while you need documentation for every deduction you claim, if you go above the averages, your chances of an audit increase.

Here are a few favorable recent tax rulings on deductions which might save you some money. For example, if you are a business executive who regularly brings home work to do in the evenings or over the week end, you can deduct such "office-at-home" costs, provided you can show that the procedure is not merely a matter of personal convenience, but an absolute business necessity in fulfilling the requirements of your job. Also, if your firm requires you to have a phone in your home in order to be able to contact you, part of your phone bill can be deducted, even though you would have had the phone anyway for personal reasons. Such a deduction is now possible even though your firm doesn't have a written rule to this effect.

New rulings on property loss deductions give added help to many taxpayers. For example, non-business property, damaged by vandalism,

can now be deducted as a casualty loss, because it was caused by agencies outside the owner's control, was sudden in nature and destructive in effect. And here's another new one: if your property suffered damage under hurricane Donna, the Treasury has prescribed a new choice of ways of figuring such a loss.

Under the old rule, the loss on business or income-producing property is generally the percentage drop in value of the property after the casualty, times the adjusted basis. Thus, if a building with a depreciated cost of \$60,000 drops in value from \$100,000 to \$60,000 after a hurricane, the deductible loss would be forty per cent of the depreciated cost, or \$24,000.

Under the new rule, the deductible loss is the drop in value, or \$40,000, but no more than the adjusted basis of \$60,000. This would give a deductible loss of \$40,000.

But with the sweet comes the bitter: if your home was made uninhabitable by the storm, money which you spent for temporary quarters cannot be deducted either as personal expenses or casualty damage.

Among the new rulings on possible educational deductions is the good news for teachers that they can now deduct travel expenses—provided the school board requires either summer courses or travel as a provision to keep a teaching license. This applies even to a teacher's trip to Europe, when there is necessary connection between the subject taught and the travel. A music teacher who attends various European music festivals or an art teacher who visits galleries can now deduct the cost of the trip.

To help clear up questions about deductible educational expenses, always a thorny problem, here are some of the major points contained in a ten-page guide which the Treasury has issued to help clarify the requirements. The Treasury allows a deduction for expenses of education which are primarily for the purpose of (1) maintaining or improving skills required by the taxpayer in his employment or other trade or business, or (2) meeting the express requirements of the taxpayer's employer, or the law, to retain his job, salary, or status.

The deduction won't be allowed for a period during which a person is not currently em-

ployed or is not otherwise engaged in a trade or business. However, vacations, off-duty season or temporary leave of absence won't bar the deduction. If the education is necessary to meet the minimum requirements for qualification in the person's intended trade or business, the expenses won't be deductible even though the education is required by the employer or is for the purpose of maintaining and improving skills required in the person's trade or business.

Take a teacher who is employed as an instructor in a college. He won't be kept for more than five years if he doesn't advance to assistant professor. He takes courses to qualify. The expenses are not deductible because they are incurred to meet the minimum requirements for establishment in his intended profession.

The fact that academic credit, a degree, a new job or advancement may result does not bar the deduction so long as the education is primarily undertaken for the approved purposes.

Traveling, meals and lodging while away from home to obtain an education which meets the required tests are deductible. However, an individual must prove that the travel wasn't primarily for personal as distinguished from educational reasons.

There is no automatic tax deduction for travel and entertainment costs. Every item for these purposes is open to question on two counts.

1. Is it an ordinary expense—one which is customary or usual within your particular trade, industry or business community? Since almost any business may involve a certain amount of travel, such expenses almost invariably pass this test, though they may be hit on other grounds. Entertainment is also recognized as an aid to business and therefore not usually attacked under this test. But entertainment costs are much more vulnerable on the ground that they are personal rather than business-connected.

2. Is the outlay necessary—is it appropriate and helpful to your particular business? There is no precise definition of "necessary," but you will be expected to prove that a given expenditure was genuinely connected with a business matter and could reasonably be expected to produce a business benefit. Thus while entertaining a customer is clearly a business matter, you must also show that it was necessary in order to produce some benefit for your business.

A New York manufacturer and importer could not produce enough merchandise to fill his customers' orders, and unfilled orders for the year amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. Because of this shortage, buyers came to New York frequently to try to get some of the available goods. Only about half of the taxpayer's proven expenditures for entertaining buyers was allowed. The rest were not considered nec-

essary in a period when the company did not have to actively solicit business.

An employee or executive who claims a deduction must be able to prove that this expenditure was required as part of his job, and was not made merely on account of his employer. Otherwise he can't take it as his deduction.

If there is a direct reimbursement by the company of the expenditures, that in itself is generally sufficient to prove that the employee's expenses were necessary for his job and therefore deductible by him.

Lavish spending on travel and entertainment will be a red flag to Revenue agents. A former tax commissioner has publicly announced that even if you could prove that the outlay had a business purpose, the Treasury might try to bar part of the deduction on the ground that the same business goal could have been achieved at a more modest cost.

For example, your deduction for dinner at a luxury price restaurant might be reduced to the cost of meals at a more moderately priced place. The cost of a drawing room might be reduced to the fare for a Pullman chair.

Although there has been no official announcement revoking this policy, Research Institute experts understand that the present view is not to question the amount so long as it was spent for a valid business purpose. But a word of caution is necessary. While there is no barrier to the amount that can be spent for business, remember that the larger the amount claimed as a deduction, the greater the possibility of examination and the more intensive it will probably be. Also a recent Supreme Court decision could mean some trouble. The Court said that an ordinary and necessary expense didn't include one that was avoidable by the exercise of due care and diligence. This might be used to deny deduction for lavish spending to the extent it was avoidable.

Just which entertainment costs are deductible? There is no set list. Practically every conceivable type of entertainment has been allowed one taxpayer or another who could prove the business justification. Among the more common costs are tickets to the theatre, sports events, club shows and dinners, costs of meals and drinks, upkeep of yachts, hunting lodges and vacation camps, dues and expenses of social clubs used for business entertainment.

Similarly there is theoretically no restriction as to the place where you may entertain. But of course, deductions for parties at your home, on your vacation, etc., will get closer scrutiny than similar outlays at, say, a business club.

Although deductions are most commonly taken for entertaining present or potential customers and clients, there are many others whom

you may have a legitimate reason to sweeten up. For example, taxpayers have been allowed deductions for entertaining manufacturers in order to get special attention in handling, shipping and selection of materials, railroad traffic agents to insure faster shipment, and even people presumably "in the know" who can be persuaded to pass on useful business information.

The deduction is, of course, more difficult to sustain if such a person also happens to be a personal friend, since the Treasury may try to claim that it is really a personal expense. When such controversies have gone to the courts, the taxpayers have usually been upheld where they could produce evidence of a business purpose.

One part of the Treasury's attack on travel and entertainment expenses, however, employs a Tax Court decision (given circuit court approval) holding that some entertainment expense, for instance, should be disallowed because the money would have been spent anyway.

For example, suppose you take three customers to lunch and pick up a tab for \$15. Before the Richard Sutter case (in 1953) there was generally no challenge if you deducted the whole \$15 check, but now you will probably be told: You can't deduct the cost of your own lunch as a business expense unless you can prove you spent more than usual because you were out with customers—and then you can only deduct the amount in excess of what you would ordinarily spend. If you can't prove that you ordinarily spend less, the Tax Court supports the Treasury's disallowance of the full amount of meals allocated to you.

This line of attack is being widely used by examining agents to reduce claimed deductions on the ground that a portion of the expenses would have been spent in any event. Many agents arbitrarily cut two-sevenths off deductions claimed for travel, entertainment and auto expenses. This rough rule of thumb is based on the theory that auto deductions include the use of business cars for week-end personal purposes and that travel and entertainment expenses include expenditures for taxpayers' own meals. It is questionable, however, whether the Sutter rule can be applied to travel, meals and lodging, as distinguished from entertainment, while on business away from home. These expenses are specifically made deductible by law even though they include an otherwise personal element in the sense that the traveler would have to eat whether he is at home or away.

Of course, the only way to prepare against any arbitrary disallowance is to keep records which clearly uphold your claimed expenses.

Generally speaking, travel expenses aren't as vulnerable to Treasury attack as are entertainment costs, but here, too, the rules are being

interpreted and applied more rigidly. The Treasury has alerted agents to watch out for the spreading practice of combining business with pleasure—as through conventions, refresher courses, trade or professional meetings, and conferences which encompass a week in Miami Beach at the height of the season, or just happen to coincide with a World Series or Rose Bowl game, or take place on a cruise ship.

Agents have been told to test the expense on the key issue of whether the trip is primarily for business or pleasure. If it is primarily for pleasure, no deduction at all will be allowed for traveling expenses to and from the destination, even though the taxpayer engages in some incidental business activity. The only deduction allowed will be for expenses at destination which are applicable to business activities.

If the trip is primarily for business, the traveling and other expenses attributable to business will be deductible. But the expenses of sight-seeing, entertaining, etc., which are not related to the business won't be allowed.

The Research Institute recommends that in attending conventions, meetings and courses which combine a business pleasure motive, you should assemble the facts you'll need to prove the trip was primarily for business, not pleasure. If you do, the agent will have difficulty disallowing your traveling expenses. But take note that if you sandwich in a bona-fide business convention during a longer vacation period, the Treasury may contend the trip was primarily personal and disallow most of the deduction.

In addition to travel and entertainment expenses, some additional types of expenditure which are being closely watched by the examining agents are: club dues, maintenance of autos, yachts and planes, maintenance of company-supported residences, setting up a branch office in a resort city and sending executives there, executives putting up at a resort hotel on purported business trips, hunting trips, attending sporting events in some distant city.

The Ozark moonshiners learned a long time ago that the Treasury doesn't take anything on faith. If your tax return is challenged, the whole burden of proof is on you.

The recently toughened Treasury attitude means that you can expect no sympathy from an examining agent. Higher-ups have specifically told them to be tough, not to accept your word for expenses but to ask for supporting data. In past years you might have been able to work out some arbitrary 50-50, 40-60 deal for disallowance, or agree to an arbitrary disallowance of, say, \$1,500 or \$2,500. But these types of settlements are becoming scarce. Agents have instructions to allow only amounts you can support with reasonable proof. ♦

## PAYOFFS AND PITFALLS



KHRUSHCHEV, the heir of Lenin and Stalin, Malenkov's successor and the evident head of the Russian oligarchy has stamped his image on the world and compels us to think about him. It is hard of course to believe that this bald, round, gesticulating, loud man may be capable of overcoming, of ruining, perhaps of destroying us.

"It's him, Khrushchev, dat nut," a garage attendant on Third Avenue said to me last September as the fleet of Russian Cadillacs rushed by. This time Khrushchev was a self-invited visitor. He did not arrive with our blessings, and he did not have our love, but that didn't seem to matter greatly to him. He was able, nevertheless, to dominate the headlines, the television screens, the U.N. Assembly and the midtown streets. An American in his position, feeling him self unwanted and, even worse, unloved, would have been self-effacing. Not Khrushchev. He poured it on, holding press conferences in the street and trading insults from his balcony with the crowd, singing snatches of the *International*, giving a pantomime uppercut to an imaginary assassin. He played up to the crowd and luxuriated in its attention, behaving like a comic artist in a show written and directed by himself. And at the U.N., roaring with anger, interrupting Mr. Macmillan, landing his fists on the desk, waving a shoe in the air, hugging his allies and bugging his opponents, surging up from his seat to pump the hand of the elegant black Nkrumah in his gilt crimson toga or interrupting his own blasts at the West to plug Soviet mineral water, suddenly winsome, Khrushchev the charmer, not once did he give up the center of the stage. And no one seemed able to take it from him.

Balzac once described the statesman as a "monster of self-possession." He referred of course to the bourgeois statesman. Khrushchev is another sort of fish altogether. And since his debut on the world scene shortly after Stalin died and Malenkov "retired," Khrushchev—running always a little ahead of Bulganin—has astonished, perplexed, bamboozled and appalled the world. If the traditional statesman is a prodigy of self-possession, Khrushchev seems instead to give himself away. He seems to be a man of candor, just as Russia seems to be a union of socialist republics. Other statesmen are satisfied to represent their countries. Not so Khrushchev. He wishes to personify Russia and the Communist cause.

Timidity will get us nowhere. If we want to understand him we must give the imagination its freedom and let it, in gambler's language, go for broke. Anyway, he compels us to think of him. We have him continually under our eyes. He is in China, he is in Paris and Berlin and San Francisco, and he performs everywhere. In Austria he inspects a piece of abstract sculpture and, with an astonished air, he asks the artist to tell him what the devil it stands for. Listen!—or pretending to listen, he observes that the sculptor will have to go on around forever to explain his incomprehensible work. He arrives in Finland in time to attend the birthday celebration of its president, he pushes the poor man aside and frolics before the cameras, eats, drinks, fulminates and lets himself be taken home. In America, on his first visit, his progress across the land was nothing less than spectacular. And no fifteenth-century king could have been more himself, whether with the press, with Mr. Garst on the farm, with dazzling dolls of Hollywood or with the trade-union leaders in San Francisco. "You are like a nightingale," he said to Walter Reuther. "It closes its eyes when it sings and sees nothing and hears nobody but itself." In Hollywood with Spyros Skouras, he matched success stories, each protagonist trying to prove that he rose from greater depths. "I was a poor immigrant." "I began working when I learned to walk." "I was a shepherd boy, a factory laborer, I worked in the coal pits and now I am Prime Minister of the great Soviet State." Neither of them mentioned the cost of his rise to the public at large. Skouras said nothing of the effects of Hollywood on the brains of Americans nor did Khrushchev mention deportations and purges. We who had this greatness thrust upon us had no spokesman in the debate. But then people in show business have always enjoyed a peculiar monopoly of patriotism. The mixture of ideology and entertainment on both sides brought about an emotional crisis on the West Coast, and it was here that Khrushchev was provoked

into disclosing some of his deeper feelings. "When we were in Hollywood, they danced the cancan for us," he told the meeting of the trade-union leaders in San Francisco. "The girls who dance it have to pull up their skirts and show their backsides. They are good, honest actresses, but have to perform that dance. They are compelled to adapt themselves to the tastes of depraved people. People in your country will go to see it, but Soviet people would scorn such a spectacle. It is pornographic. It is the culture of surfed and depraved people. Showing that sort of film is called freedom in this country. Such 'freedom' doesn't suit us. You seem to like the 'freedom' of looking at backsides. But we prefer freedom to think, to exercise our mental faculties, the freedom of creative progress." I take these words from a semi-official Russian-sponsored publication. It does not add what some American reports added, namely, that the Premier here raised his coattails and exposed his rear to the entire gathering as he swooped into a parody of the cancan.

This, friends, is art. It is also an entirely new mode of historical interpretation by the world leader of Marxist thought who bodily, by the use of his own person, delivers a critique of Western civilization. It is, moreover, theatre. And we are its enthralled and partly captive audience. Khrushchev's performance is, in the term used by James Joyce, an epiphany, a manifestation which summarizes or expresses a whole universe of meanings. "We will bury you," Khrushchev has told the capitalist world, and though it has since been said over and over that this is merely a Ukrainian figure of speech meaning, "We will exceed you in production," I think that in watching this dance we might all feel the itching of the nose which, according to superstition, means that someone is walking on our graves. We would not be far out in seeing auguries of death in this cancan. The "culture of surfed and depraved people" is doomed. That is the meaning of his brutal and angry comedy. It is also what he means when he plays villain and buffoon to the New York public. To him this is the slack, shallow, undisciplined and cultureless mob of a decadent capitalist city. Still, life is very complicated, for if the Hollywood cancan is poor stuff, what can we say of the products of socialist realism with their pure and loyal worker heroes and their sweet and hokey maidens? Khrushchev himself is far above such junk. It is possible to conclude from this that in a dictatorship the tyrant may suck into himself all the resources of creativity and leave the art of his country impoverished.

It may, in fact, take not only Russia but the entire world to feed the needs of a single individual. For it can be ideology alone that produces such outbursts, it must be character. "I have often thought," wrote William James, "that the best way to define a man's character would be to seek out the particular mental or moral attitude in which, when it came upon him, he felt himself most intensely active and alive. At such moments there is a voice inside which speaks and says, 'This is the real me!'" So perhaps Khrushchev feels himself, or attempts to reach himself, in these outbursts. And perhaps it is when the entire world is watching him soar and he is touching the limits of control that he feels most alive. He does not exhibit great range of feelings. When he takes off the rudimentary masks of bureaucratic composure or peasant dignity or affability, he is angry or jeering. But fear is not the best school for expressiveness, and no man could be an important party functionary under Stalin without the ability to live in fear. We cannot therefore expect him to be versatile. He had, however, what it took to finish the course: the nerves, the control, the patience, the piercing ambition, the strength to kill and to endure the threat of death. It would be premature to say that he has survived all that there is to survive in Russia, but it is a safe guess that in the relief of having reached first place he is whooping it up. Instead of having been punished for his crimes he has become a great leader, which persuades him that life is inherently dramatic. And in his joy at having reversed the moral-accounting system of bourgeois civilization he plays his role with ever greater spirit.

Our ablest political commentators have used theatrical metaphors to describe Khrushchev's behavior. Mr. Sulzberger in *The New York Times* speaks of the "fierce illogic of a Brendan Behan play." Others have been reminded of the Leningrad circus, and a British psycholo-

gist has suggested that Khrushchev may have made a study of Pavlov's conditioned reflex. After Pavlov had rewarded his dogs for responding to given signals, he scrambled the pattern and the animals suffered an hysterical breakdown. Our leaders, amid flowers and smiles and exchanges of charm, made appointments to meet Khrushchev at the Summit only to find that he had turned into the Great Boy of the northern snows who deafened them with snarls and stunned them with ice. If Khrushchev had needed instruction in the technique of blowing hot and cold he could have gotten it from Hitler, who made a great deal of noise in the world, rather than from Pavlov, who made very little. From Hitler he might have learned that angry demonstrations unnerve well-conducted people, and that in statesmanship the advantage always lies with the unprincipled, the brutal and the insane. Hitler could at will convulse himself with rage and, when he had gained his ends, be coolly correct to his staff, and in a matter of moments. Khrushchev does not seem to have this combination of derangement and cold political technique which threatens the end of the world in fire and ice. But does he need lessons from Professor Pavlov in psychological techniques? Teach your granny to suck an egg.

No, the dramatic metaphor is the best one, and in trying to place his style, even before I had seen Khrushchev in action during his recent American visit, a short, buoyant, ruddy, compact, gesturing, tough man, it struck me that Marcel Marceau, another mime appearing in *The Overcoat* at a New York theatre, and Khrushchev, at the other side of town, had both been inspired by the Russian comic tradition. The masterpiece of that tradition is Gogol's *Dead Souls*. From Gogol's landlords and peasants, grotesquely thickheaded or just as grotesquely shrewd, provincial autocrats, creeps, misers, officials, gluttons, gamblers and drunkards, Khrushchev seems to have taken many of the elements of his comic style. He is one of Gogol's stout men who "know better than thin men how to manage their affairs." The thin ones are more often employed on special missions, or are merely on the staff, scurrying hither and thither; their existence is somehow too slight, airy and altogether insubstantial. The stout ones are never to be found filling ambiguous posts, but only straightforward ones, if they sit down anywhere, they do so solidly and firmly, so that though their position may creak and bend beneath them, they never fall off.

When the occasion demands more earnestness he plays the Marxist. Speaking at the U.N., he made me think, when he called for colonial liberation, of Trotsky in the first years of the Russian Revolution and in particular of Trotsky's conduct during the signing of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. There to the amazement of the German generals, he delayed the negotiations in order to make speeches calling on the world proletariat to support and extend the revolution. Those days are gone forever, of course. They were gone even before Lenin died. And there is a great difference between the fresh revolutionary ardor of Trotsky and the stale agitational technique of an old party hack. Still, when it suits him, Khrushchev is a Marxist. Defending the poor working girls of Hollywood, he delivered the judgment of Marxian orthodoxy on their wriggling and kicking (more of the alienating labor imposed by capitalism on humanity).

There are certain similarities between Khrushchev's Marxism and the liberal ideology of Western businessmen. They make use of it at their convenience. Khrushchev, however, enjoys a considerable advantage in that the needs of Russian history and those of his own personality have combined so that he is able at times to follow his instincts without restraint. He has besides a great contempt for the representatives of the West who are unable to do without the brittle, soiled and compromised conventions of civilized diplomacy. It is the great coma, the deep sleep, and he despises the sleepers and takes advantage of them. The pictures taken at the Summit reveal the extent of his success. General de Gaulle's mouth is drawn very small in a pucker of foreboding and distaste. Mr. Macmillan seems deeply hurt. Former President Eisenhower looks sad, but also opinionated. Things have gone wrong again, but it is certainly no fault of his. Together, the three must have seemed to Khrushchev like Keats's "still unravished brides of quietness." And it is not hard to guess what he,

the descendant of serfs, risen to a position of such might, must have experienced. Confronting the leaders of the bourgeois West, so long feared and hated, he saw himself to be tougher, deeper and more intelligent than any of them. And, in expressing his feelings, more free.

It's hard to know whether the Khrushchev we saw banging with his shoe at the U.N. Assembly is the "real" Khrushchev. But one of the privileges of power seems to be the privilege of direct emotional self-expression. It is not a privilege exercised by many people in the West, so far as I can see.

"Men who have arrived can do what they like," declared the *Daily News* recently in one of its snappy ads. "There was a guy who I fed spaghetti and beer, but when he became a junior executive, he thought it more fitting to order steak and asparagus. It was only when he became president of his company that he felt assured enough to go back to spaghetti and beer."

Such are the privileges of power, but bafflingly enough, apart from artists and tyrants, few people, even among company presidents, feel strong enough to tell the world how they feel. New York's Police Commissioner Kennedy, a man who has apparently arrived, could not, some time ago, express his honest views as to the religious convictions of the Jewish members of the force. Everyone knows that the commissioner is not anti-Semitic. Yet the New York Rabbinate felt compelled, as did Mayor Wagner, for formal reasons, to ask for a retraction. So it's not easy to speak one's mind. Even the artists have taken cover, disguising themselves as bank clerks and veiling their sayings. That leaves us with the tyrants. (Is it only a coincidence that Emily Post died during Khrushchev's visit?)

Massed in smiles and peasant charm, or in anger, the Russian Premier releases his deepest feelings and if we are not shaken by them it is because we are not in close touch with reality. In the West the connections between opinion, feeling and bodily motion have been broken. We have lost the expressive power. It is in the use of such power, falsely exploiting his Russian and peasant background, that Khrushchev has shown himself to be an adept. He has a passion always ready to exploit and, though he lies, he has the advantage. The principles of Western liberalism seem no longer to lend themselves to effective action. Deprived of the expressive power, we are awed by it, have a hunger for it and are afraid of it. Thus we praise the grey cog of our soft-spoken leaders, but in our hearts we are suckers for passionate outbursts, even when those passionate outbursts are hypocritical and falsely motivated.

*The best lack all conviction*

*While the worst are full of passionate intensity*

At times Khrushchev goes beyond Gogolian comedy: this is no longer the amiable chiseler who stuffs himself with fish or pancakes dipped in butter. Gogol's Chichikov, to congratulate himself when he has pulled a fast one, dances in the privacy of his room. But Khrushchev goes into his cancan before the world public with a deep and gnawish joy. Here is a man whom all the twisted currents of human purpose have brought within reach of world power. At a time when public figures show only secondary or tertiary personal characteristics, he appears to show only primary ones. He wears his instincts on his sleeve or like Dostoevsky's Father Karamazov, that corrupt and deep old man, he feigns simplicity.

When the charm and irony wear thin, he shows himself to be a harsh, arbitrary and complicated man. It was a simple enough matter for him to have joked contemptuously with Spyros Skouras, in debate with well-informed men who press him closely he becomes abusive, showing that the habit of authority has made him inflexible. He seems unable to discuss any matter except on his own terms. Nature, history, Russian Marxism and, perhaps most of all, the fact that he has survived under Stalin make it impossible for him to entertain other views. What amounted in Paris to ex-President Eisenhower's admission of a blunder must have seemed to him incredible. He lives under an iron necessity to be right. What he perhaps remembers best about men who were not right is their funerals. For him the line between the impossible and the possible is drawn with blood, and foreigners who do not see the blood must appear preposterous to him. ■





John Girth

"See what I mean, stupid? . . . Walk softly and carry a big stick!"

## RUDYARD C. RUARK & THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Which Kipling has the mustache?

by WALTER ROSS

IN 1898 a mustached, very successful thirty-three-year-old British writer named (Joseph) Rudyard Kipling made a fateful voyage to South Africa. The trip had a syndromic effect on Kipling's character, his politics and his literary style. He was never the same after that.

Fifty-three years later, another mustached, successful writer flew to Africa. This was Robert C(hester) Ruark, a columnist for the United Features Syndicate. The continent had the impact of a cyclotron on the clutch of Ruark's humors. Things got rearranged, he was a different man, he began to have opinions about colonialism and to write long books.

Kipling became a joke in his own time—yet his reactions to Africa are a lot less surprising than Ruark's. One could look for rational explanations, but that would be a mistake. Kipling and Ruark are feelers, not thinkers. They have a lot more in common than their mustaches and their money.

Both came from current or former British colonies—Kipling from India, Ruark from North Carolina—and had been brought up among people whose skins were darker than their own. Both married American girls. Both went to live abroad. Kipling in London, for a time in the United States, Ruark in Palamós, Spain.

Their similar reactions to Africa were expressed in their accustomed literary manner. After he met Kitchener of Khartoum, Kipling wrote a poem dealing with a college that Kitchener was trying to establish at the scene of his great victory. It went:

*They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and  
before their cannon cool,  
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call  
the living to school.*

This sounds a little as if it had been written about some parts of America today.

Later, still under the influence, Kipling wrote *The White Man's Burden*, which Theodore Roosevelt sent to Senator H. Cabot Lodge. Lodge wrote back: "I like it. I think it is better poetry than you say," thus establishing a tradition of political literary criticism that has lived on, practically unbroken, up to the present. Kipling wrote:

*Take up the White Man's Burden  
The Savage wars of peace  
Fill full the mouth of Famine  
And bid the sickness cease,  
And when your goal is nearest  
The end for others sought,  
Watch Sloth and Heathen Folly  
Bring all your hope to naught.*

In a less poetic vein, Ruark columned fifty-five years later: "you first colonize by force, and maintain an indulgence, of a sort, but always with a boot to back up the pat on the back. The second you relax and encourage individualistic, greedy freedom thinking among the simple natives ('half devil and half-child'—Kipling) you get Custer killed, and Kitchener clobbered, because after all it is really their land, no matter what anybody says, and they are so utterly different from you."

"Me, I like Arabs and Moors and Senegalese and Sudanese and Swahilis and Masas and—no, not Kikuyu, not any more—but most

of the Moslems and all of the darker Africans and I just got along fine, because I never tried either to exploit or, particularly, 'understand' them."

Kipling put it more swiftly: "An' for all 'is dirty 'ide 'E was white, clear white, inside." But Kipling never had a regular column to fill.

Ruark and Kipling both are or were very popular in England, although Kipling today is mostly remembered by small children and W. H. Auden. You can see why Ruark's long Mau-Mau novel, *Something of Value*, sold so well in England.

"Take kumani, Peter thought. He started out as a good kid with a fine father, but they civilized the outside of him and forgot all about his inside. They slapped a coat of paint on him, and that's supposed to hide the fact that his insides are just as roaming with demons and full of darkness as his grandfather's insides were." The settlers

hunted animals for food and sport and exterminated animals that threatened their land. The Wogs hunted animals for food and each other for sport and exterminated whatever it was that threatened their land. We kill the Wogs, and the Wogs kill us, and the Wogs kill each other. We can run away and leave the land in a mare's nest, with all the Wogs fighting each other. Or we can hang on and try to kill enough of these buzzards."

This kind of talk the British hadn't heard since Rudyard went to his reward in 1936. (*So ere's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy, at your one in the Soudan. You're a pore benighted cuthen but a first-class fightin' man.*) Ruark's novel ends with the white hero killing the black leader—but letting the black leader's baby live and raising it as his own, a thoroughly satisfying conclusion to a people suffering from Empire nostalgia.

Actually, Ruark is probably unaware of his kinship with Kipling. He seems to have thought of himself more in the Hemingway tradition. Like Hemingway, Ruark has found Spain his spiritual home. His agent, Harold Matson, tells how Ruark took him to a hill overlooking the Costa Brava and pointed out the scene as the fulfillment of *déjà vu*. At one time, Ruark wrote anti-Franco columns. As a Spanish householder, he writes things like: "I been living in and out of Spain for the last five years and the only evidence of police I have ever seen is the cop on the corner who is my friend, and the Guardia Civil gents who keep an eye on my home when I'm gone, and stop in for a drink when I'm there. The people make good-humored jokes about Generalissimo Franco and he doesn't seem to mind."

This attitude is certainly not Ernest's. It is on the Kipling bias that Ruark has been cut. Take women, for example. "Woman is to him a mysterious being—not to be trusted wholly because not wholly understood," wrote a critical biographer of Kipling, "and not to be understood just because she is primitive, since, as he often points out, it is easier to follow the line of thought of the most complex peoples than of the simplest." Kipling summed it up: "The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Ruark borrowed the Kipling phrase to write: "Africa is the place for me. Here the female of the human species still has no social status, whatsoever, no political importance, and no rights before the law. She is not called wife or debutante. Manamouki, or she-thing, is her name. Her only function is to breed extensively, minister to the comfort of man, and work eighteen hours a day in order that the



master may loff about drinking beer and soaking up the sun"

Both Rudyard and Robert revel in gamy descriptions "The dacoits were having a first-class time 'know—filling women up with kerosene and setting em alight, and burning villages, and crucifying people" (Kipling) Ruark gives you buckets of blood "The man had butchered the zebra horribly, shooting away its jaw, shooting it too far back and too low, and the zebra had run and run, its face bloody, its guts dragging, its hide streaked red from the aimless shooting. A blood bath. A blood purge. A bloodletting. A blood oath. A river of blood. Bloody. For the first time in his life Peter McKenzie was sick in the presence of blood. The room was soaked in it, swimming with it. It came soggy into his shoe soles. His gaze swung first to the piano. There were bloody footprints stamped across the keys."

Both Ruark and Kipling started their careers on newspapers. Kipling became a successful fiction writer earlier than Ruark—he sold eighty short stories and a novel his first year in London, he was twenty-five—but Ruark's books are longer and sell even better. Ruark was a \$65,000-a-year columnist, when he began to realize that money wasn't everything. "I kinda stopped and looked around and I thought Ruark—he often uses this rustic style, you ain't much over thirty and you have been a good reporter and a good columnist, a good gunnery officer and a good magazine writer and you've written a couple of books which ain't so bad—you're pretty good. About that time I had lunch with Somerset Maugham (another writer Ed) and he asked me how to be a good journalist and we talked for three hours and when we came out I was really thinking—maybe I could even be a serious writer."

Ruark was wrong of course. He might take his writing seriously, but this is not the same as being a serious writer.

The first effect of Africa on Ruark was to expand his vocabulary with such words as "voortrek," "Bwana and Mensaab," "Bathannex" and the like, and to add glamorous datelines to his columns like "Ikoma on the Grummetti-Langanvika."

He lived the life. "You literary live like belted carls on safari. There is even one-day service on laundry. You drop the dirty clothes on the deck and your personal boy has them washed and pressed with an ancient iron full of hot coals before you come in from hunting that night."

Kipling liked horses and fishing. With Ruark, sport involves killing animals and birds. "It is awkward to say that a man kills only out of reverence for the thing he kills," he wrote, "or else he kills only for necessary meat. A sportsman does not actually kill an animal as an animal. If he is shooting an elephant he is not shooting the beast. He is collecting the tusks. With a lion it's mane. With a leopard it's conformation. The animal dies, which is incidental. No wild animal, save possibly elephant, dies naturally."

Ruark uses the same kind of corpustular logic to justify The White Man's Burden. "The Crown Colony of Kenya is very new. Most of its inhabitants today carved their arms out of the country, breaking themselves with toil. I like our pioneers they are unwilling to relax their grip on what they have made. We in the United States took the simplest way. When the Indians threatened our safety and our homes, we shot them out of hand. This seems impossible today when there are only a few thousand white against many million blacks in East Africa, and international sentiment today is against the mass elimination of the opposition."

Later, "I cannot believe that the settlers here took much away from the native except his old easy indolence and freedom to stroll. Africa was not much in the way of valuable real estate before the settler. Possibly the English had great faults as colonizers, but they took nothing and made much of it."

Take up the White Man's Burden—  
In Patience to abide,  
To veal the threat of terror  
And check the show of pride,  
By open speech and simple,  
And hundred times made plain,  
To seek another's profit,  
And work another's gain.

"December 19, 1955 Colombo, Ceylon. I am sad to see the British running out of the money in all the places they built by honest, dedicated toil and what is now known as native exploitation." I never thought colonialism was all bad. Today I begin to think it was, and possibly still is, necessary.

"And then I duck." \*



"What worries me is that five out of every six babies born in the world are non-Chinese"





## LONDON LINE...VINTAGE COLORS

Vineyard Colors the natural fruition of last fall's featured Grape Tones, share spring's important-colors spectrum with currently popular golds and olives. The season is still heir to the strong sway of plaids and checks, and to the ever-mounting influence of the British silhouette—the London-Line sophistication of hacking pockets, side vents, slightly wider lapels and a suggestion of flare from a suppressed waist. *Left*, two-button American version of British look, in a lightweight wool jacket checked in gold, white, black, mellow brown. Shaped waist, side vents, hacking pockets. By Hickey-Freeman. About \$125. Jacob Reed's Sons, Philadelphia. Silk grenadine tie by Prince Igor mirrors jacket's gold. Dress—Evan-Picone. *Below*, another lightweight wool jacket selects the full-bodied Vineyard shade called "British Claret"—the vivid black-and-Claret plaid is finely overplaided in olive. Gentlemanly model: three buttons, some waist suppression, horizontal flap pockets, center vent. By Lebow Bros. About \$85. Robert Wilson & Co., Denver. "Altos Blue" broadcloth shirt and Claret tie are excellent co-ordinates. The photographs on these and following fashion pages were taken at New York's International Airport: *left*, in the Brass Rail's Visa-Vie Espresso Gallery, *below*, in airport's brightly-painted central heating and refrigeration plant.







ALL PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS SECTION BY CHADWICK HALL

#### THE INTERNATIONAL SILHOUETTE

merges British and American influences with the basically Italian Continental look to create a more catholic cut.

At home in any of the world's capitals, the Navarre Grey suit *at left*, in tropical worsted, typifies the new International style.

It has three buttons, moderately built-up shoulders, slightly wider peak lapels, shaped waist, rounded front, slanted flapless pockets. Trousers double-pleated, cuffless. By and at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y. About \$175. Woven-silk stallion-design tie by Schiaparelli. Grey snap-brim hat by Stetson.

#### ELEGANT MOHAIR

bids fair for warm-weather following, *right*, with an unusual shadow-stripe pattern compounded of olive, gold and blue, with bronze overcast.

American silhouette model: three buttons, modeled waist, horizontal flap pockets, center vent.

Single-pleat trousers are cuffless.

Baker Clothes. About \$160.

At Neusteter's, Denver

Paneled silk tie by Oleg Cassini.

Black-olive hat by Mallory.

Malacca cane by Myron McIntyre.

Her dress by Evan Picone.







## BOLD NEW PATTERNS UNDER AN UMBRELLA

Spring showers will bring a flowering of the newly favored patterned rainwear. *This page*, departing father wears balmacaan jersey raincoat in black and grey herring-bone Acrilan knit, laminated to insulating Scottfoam for early-spring protection, perfect drape. Collar, pocket trim, sleeve tabs of black leather. By Leon Axel. About \$55. Bullock & Jones, San Francisco. Hat by Stetson. Wife's coat, Valmeane. *Right*, bal collar, hacking pockets, flapped chest pocket confer British accent on black and white-plaid raincoat in rayon acetate, Dyne blend. Split-seam sleeves are set-in in front, raglan in back. Robert Lewis. About \$20. At Franklin Simon, N.Y.





## STAUNCHLY STYLED AGAINST THE WEATHER



The man who prefers the different in rainwear, but eschews pattern, will look for ultra light tones, fresh styling features in his spring choice.

*Left*, near-white beige "shorty," in cotton poplin, offers diagonal-slash stitched pockets, stitched yoke, button-tabs on sleeves. Most unusual are accordion-pleated side vents, worn open or buttoned. By Valmetine. About \$35. At Bloomingdale's, New York

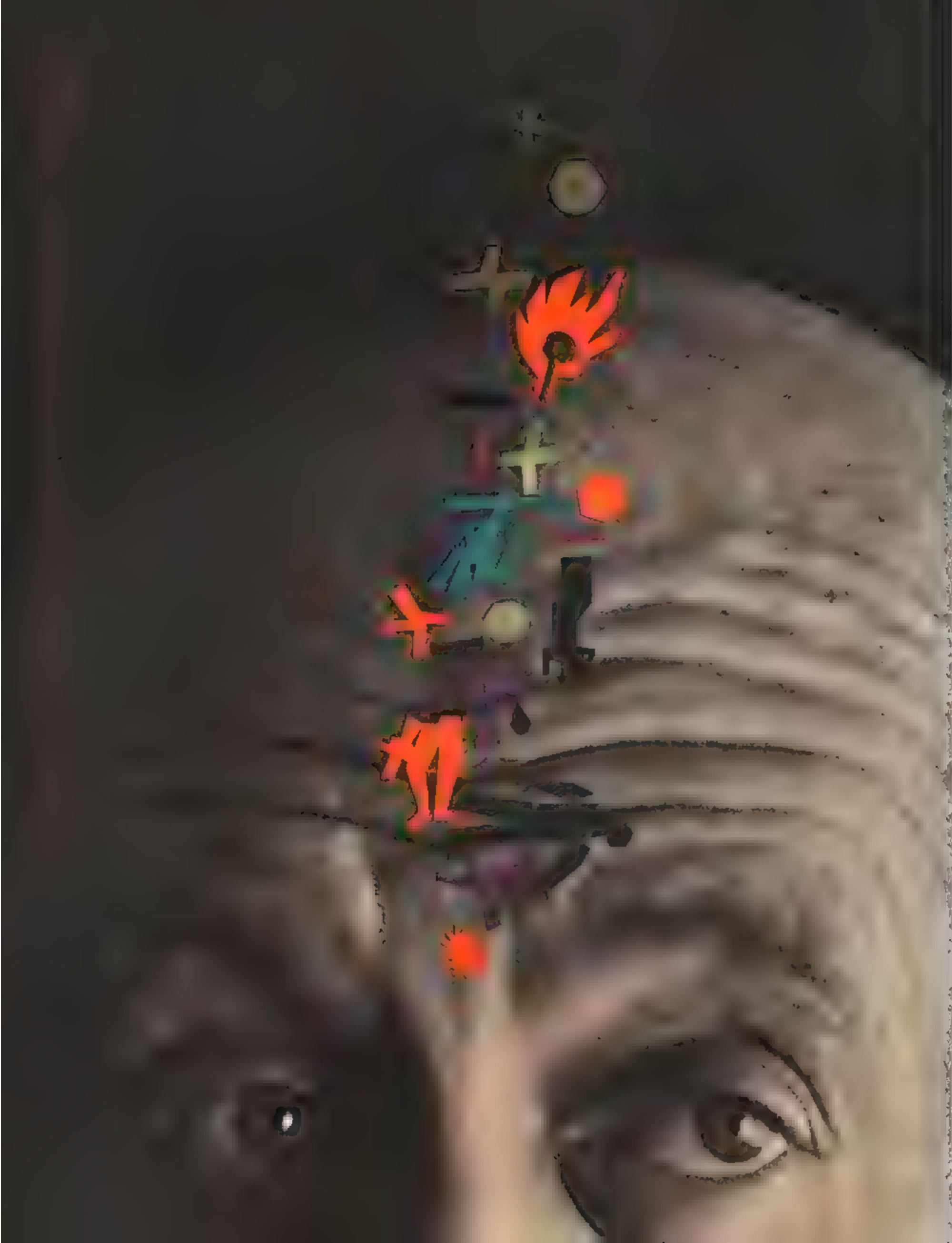
Corduroy sports hat by North King. Slender umbrella by Myron McIntyre.

*Right*, light oyster-color cotton-poplin coat, piped in darker poplin, has hal collar, yoke at front and rear, split-seam sleeves, tunneled sleeve tabs, diagonal flap pockets doubled by horizontal zip pockets; cotton-pleid half lining. By Fabrizi Imports. About \$30. British American House, N Y

Linen hat Flip-It.







**R**ECENTLY the movie *Exodus*, already hailed as the Hebrew *Gone with the Wind*, opened at the Warner Theatre in New York. It is a movie that has cost a lot of money to make. It has the proverbial cast of thousands, assuming the proper electric current at the Warner it will run for three hours, thirty-one minutes and fifty-two seconds, exclusive of the intermission. This enormous effort was produced, directed and catered by Otto Ludwig Preminger, the terrible-tempered nonpareil of the Independents. From gin-rummy games in Hong Kong to steam baths in Las Vegas, Preminger is reputed to be a man of capricious tantrums that have driven strong men to drink and weak men to tears (neither distance being very far in Hollywood) and some of his fellow producers to honesty. But like many legends of the land west of Pico, the image of the ill-humored Preminger is reflected from an object which is a horse of a different color.

When he is making a movie Otto can be a son of a bitch. But he is a son of a bitch with a purpose. A professional movie-maker in the ultimate sense, he has fought and gambled all his life to get to his present place where the movie is entirely his own responsibility. He makes all the decisions and will take the rap if the movie fails. If being nasty is going to get him what he wants in a particular scene he can be very nasty. Once when an incompetent writer was defended on the grounds that he was a nice guy, Otto replied, "In this business it's not enough to be nice. You have to be talented too."

However else it may appear at the time, the Preminger outburst is usually a short cut. "I do not have the time to explain everything to everyone. When there is no time for reasoning, I shout. It gets the same results in a quarter of the time. I almost never get mad at anyone—people just get mad at me. If I do get mad I never stay mad."

The Preminger outbursts vary in style, technique, and purpose. There is the rage designed to get a specific reaction on film. In the making of *Exodus* there is a scene with a dozen Israeli children under the age of six. They are all cowering in a children's house waiting for an imminent attack by the Arabs. It was absolutely essential that they cry. Otto instructed his Israeli translator, "All right, have them cry." Cry, the assistant said. Not a sound. "Cry," the assistant pleaded. Not a whimper. "Cry," urged the waiting Israeli mothers. Not a sniffle. "Cry, you little monsters," thundered Otto. Absolute silence. After a hectic conference of mothers, assistants, and Preminger, the unwilling parents were herded off the set and out of sight. Then Preminger turned back to the children, who were now sleepy and confused. He addressed them in his most menacing tones. And when you remember that as an actor he suffered from type-casting as a Nazi officer you realize that to an Israeli child a menacing Preminger can be very menacing indeed. Do you know where your mothers have gone? They have left you, they have left you, and they are not coming back. Never. Wails, tears, sobs, and a perfect take. Thus the Preminger way with children under six, the Screen Directors Guild's answer to Dr. Spock.

*Exodus* was perhaps the greatest test to the Preminger temper. The movie was made almost entirely on location in Israel. A major movie production had been made in Israel only once before. There were few local technicians. There were no precedents on how to handle movie situations. And to everyone's surprise the Israelis themselves were not at all impressed with the heroic and sympathetic story about the founding of the state of Israel as told in the book. The fact is that the Israelis are, of historical necessity, a thorny people. And they resented the super-heroism of the hero, Ari ben Canaan, and the telescoping of the feats of many men into the story of one. "How would you like," one Hebrew critic asked, "a fictionalized version of the Civil War in which Abraham Lincoln turned out to be General Grant's father?"

Almost every day another segment of Israeli life had to be dealt with. Israel has within its borders more than two hundred thousand Arabs. All during the movie they were harangued by Cairo Radio and peppered with Communist leaflets denouncing the movie as an imperialistic plot. As a result there were crank notes threatening the lives of Preminger and of Paul Newman, who plays Ari. There were countless delaying incidents.

One morning about dawn the *Exodus* convoy was on its way to a small Arab village. There were truckloads of generators and cameras and lights. There were buses of technicians and extras. There were carloads of stars and the director's group. It was a force large enough

and well-organized enough to take on the Lebanese army which was not many miles away. But the entire convoy was brought to a halt by an old Arab sitting and waiting in the middle of the road. Field Marshal Preminger dismounted to discover the cause of the delay. "Oh, Allah is angered with us today. He has brought these machines of destruction and this terrible army to devour our small village," the old Arab wailed. "My good man," Preminger explained quietly, to everyone's astonishment, if Allah had not wished us to make this movie, would he have permitted us to gather all these machines from over the seas, would he have allowed us to bring these beautiful women here from many strange lands, would he have encouraged me to come thousands of miles to bring you this ten-pound note? Ponder that." The old Arab moved to the side of the road to contemplate the fruits of capitalistic imperialism and the convoy moved on to the day's shooting.

An Arab member of the Israeli parliament who had not read the script still insisted that it be rewritten so that Karen, the young Israeli girl, would not be killed by an Arab and so that the Arabs would not attack the children's village. Preminger thundered, "You do not want to rewrite the script, you want to rewrite history." The script stayed unchanged.

At the other end of the political scale there were other troubles. The Irgun, the pre-1948 terrorist group publicized and supported so vociferously in America by Ben Hecht, was also concerned about the script. It seems that Hecht's bad boys were terribly interested in getting all the credit for the various acts of terrorism. Principally they wanted it known that it was they and no one else who engineered the Acre prison break. It was not too difficult to persuade them that the movie would not cop out on history. The Preminger thunder strikes a responsive glow in a terrorist's heart.

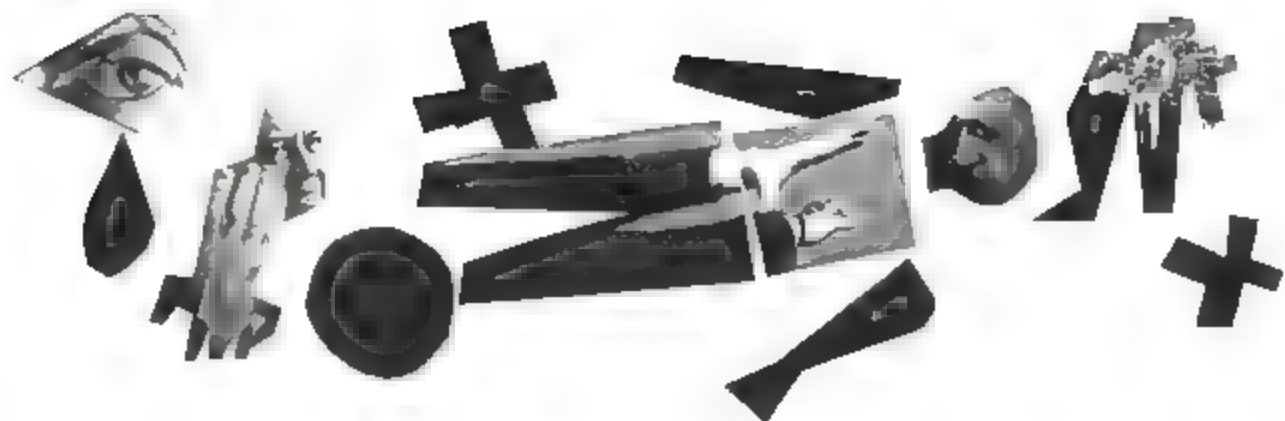
At times it is hard for the maestro to keep up the face of calculated rage. When Eva Marie Saint was confronted by a small cockroach invasion in her hotel room in Cyprus, Otto accosted the hotel owner with a baleful eye and said in tones that could hardly be called modulated, "What kind of hotel is this? I pay too much money for inadequate rooms and now Miss Saint tells me that she is sharing her room with cockroaches." "Cockroaches in my hotel!" said the owner. "Impossible." "Are you calling this great star, this beautiful lady a liar? If Miss Saint says there are cockroaches, there are cockroaches." "In this hotel, there have never been cockroaches! What is her room number?" "Forty-nine." "Oh, those cockroaches!" The Viennese roar continued, but Preminger's heart wasn't in it.

Lest Preminger be accused of poltroonery, let it be said that he does not confine his battles to six-year-olds, ancient Arabs, and Cypriot hotel owners. In some of his more vigorous tests he has taken on Zanucks, Schencks, and Goldwyns, and that is really battling the big apple. His set-to with Zanuck came when the latter was studio head of Twentieth Century Fox and as such the acknowledged heavyweight champion of Hollywood. Preminger was little more than a prelude boy. He had hardly been in this country two years. His European reputation as a producer of plays was considerable, but in Hollywood he was just a promising thirty-year-old with two B pictures to his credit. He wasn't even a Hungarian. Zanuck asked him to direct *Kidnapped*, which was to be one of the company's major efforts. It was a great chance for the young director, but Preminger had serious misgivings. He did not like the script, he had never been to Scotland, he did not understand the characters or the milieu of Stevenson. However, his friends told him he dare not turn down the assignment and so he started on the movie.

In one of the early scenes he had Freddie Bartholomew come out and pat his dog on the head. On seeing the rushes Zanuck called Otto to his office and accused him of changing the script. "Why did you not have the boy speak to the dog as the script called for?" "But, Darryl, that is not in the script." "Are you accusing me of not knowing what is in my scripts?" One word led to another and in the anger of the moment Zanuck refused to examine the script. Preminger quit and Zanuck told him that if he didn't finish the picture, he would never direct another movie in Hollywood. He damned near didn't.

For four years the Zanuck boycott worked and there were no jobs in Hollywood for Preminger. Even the money mogul, Joe Schenck, who had been his sponsor and who had brought him to America for





Fox, refused to see him. Preminger was forced to come back to New York to direct plays. Perhaps his greatest success was the Clare Boothe Luce comedy *Margin for Error*. He was not only the director of the play, but he also played the Nazi consul. Here again the Preminger temperament became a problem. This time it clashed with the equally volatile temperament of the authoress of the play. When *Life* Magazine, published by Henry Luce, who happens to be related to the party of the second part by marriage, printed a story of the play, Preminger's picture was shown, but his name was never mentioned.

By this time Zanuck had gone into the Army and Bill Goetz was running things at Fox. Fox bought *Margin for Error* and Goetz wanted Preminger to duplicate his stage part on the screen. Otto did not want to act, he wanted to direct. To the acute pain of his agent he offered to act in the role for five thousand dollars a week if he were allowed to direct the movie. As a *lagniappe* he would direct for free. He got away with it and consolidated his reputation for *chutzpah*, a Yiddish word which, freely translated, means the kind of nerve that would allow a man who had killed his mother and father to plead for mercy on the grounds that he is an orphan.

*Margin for Error* turned out to be a success and as a reward Preminger spent the next ten years laboring in the vineyards of the Twentieth Century Foxes. He made some good pictures like *Laura* and some bad pictures like *Forever Amber*. He also learned the bitter truth—that making pictures at a major studio in a major-studio way is like painting a picture by committee. At times he was forced to work with bad scripts, or the wrong stars, or put in irrelevant scenes, or delete important ones, and many times he had to do all these for the most capricious reasons. *Laura* almost wasn't made because the seventy-five-dollar-a-week secretary of a Twentieth Century Fox supervisor didn't like the script. The assumption is that the supervisor himself couldn't read.

However, that was not the biggest hurdle to overcome. Zanuck had recently returned from the war to resume active command of the studio. Both he and Preminger were wary of each other after the previous break, and when Preminger suggested the unorthodox casting of Clifton Webb (at the time a rather faded stage star and never a picture star) there was a struggle. Zanuck gave Otto his way on that, and even gave him Gene Tierney, at the moment one of the hottest stars in the business. However, the two men disagreed completely on the ending. Zanuck wanted the movie to end with *Laura* waking up to find that the murder and violence had been nothing more than a bad dream. Preminger wanted a realistic ending, and was allowed to shoot it his way first. Finally the day came for the executive screening and, along with his ever-present platoon of yes men, Zanuck marched into the screening room and sat down. While Zanuck watched the movie, the yes men watched the back of Zanuck's head because they had become expert at divining Zanuck's reactions by this method of observation, even in a darkened screening room. A good yes-man not only enthusiastically agrees with his boss, but learns to anticipate his feelings so as not to be caught leaning the wrong way when the great man speaks. The yes-men at Twentieth were highly paid and expert. When the lights went on, Zanuck barked, "We missed the boat on this one," at which point a swelling chorus of remarks, all well-thought-out before the movie ended, filled the room as the yes men struggled to top each other.

But the matter didn't end there. The next morning, in tune with

the tribal rite, the letters from the y-m's arrived, and most of them went like this:

Dear Darryl

I have always known you were the one authentic genius in the movie industry, but last night your brilliant analysis of *Laura* proved it.

Or

Dear Darryl

I have been in the motion-picture industry for thirty years as a ticket taker, exhibitor, director, and producer, and I thought I knew something about it, but you taught me more in your criticism of *Laura* in ten minutes.

Preminger was called into Zanuck's office, and Zanuck again told him that he didn't like the ending and why, and showed him the y-m's letters to back up his point. According to Preminger, when a man of Zanuck's forceful personality recounts the fact that he has been in charge of producing approximately three thousand movies, is successfully running one of the great movie studios of the world, and doesn't agree with you, you begin to think maybe he is right. "I shot the ending his way," said Preminger. "Zanuck was happy, in fact so happy that, when Walter Winchell was making a tour of the Fox lot, Zanuck insisted on showing him *Laura*. At the end of the picture, Zanuck asked Winchell, whom I didn't know at all, what he thought. Winchell told him it was a great movie—except for the ending. Zanuck then allowed me to go back to the original ending, and *Laura* was a big hit." Since then Zanuck and Preminger have been good friends.

A twinge of pain still passes through Preminger's heavy-lidded eyes when he recalls the making of his second movie. He was told to make a B epic called *Under Your Spell* with Lawrence Tibbett, "just for practice." So just for practice he made a movie on a budget that would barely furnish a producer's office. One of the key scenes shows Tibbett singing alone on top of a hill. When the producer saw the scene he said that it needed some cuts to show reactions. "But," protested the practicing director, "he is singing alone, it is impossible to show reaction. He is singing alone, he has no audience." However, the producer, whose mind was a card catalogue of old silent movies, had what is still called in Los Angeles a sensational idea. And even today, if it were possible to find a print of *Under Your Spell*, you could see Lawrence Tibbett singing magnificently on top of that lonely hill intercut with shots, taken from the files, of a frog throbbing in rapturous response.

PERHAPS it was the frog that started Preminger on the way to being an independent producer, but whatever it was he has eventually reached the stage where he is in charge of everything. If a Preminger picture today is a bad picture—still a possibility—it is his baby, and if it is a good one—a greater possibility—that also is his. He not only selects the stories, he picks the writer, he works on the script, he is in charge of costumes, he picks the locations, he supervises the publicity, he runs the advertising campaign, and if there is not a heavy-lidded Viennese who looks like Erich von Stroheim from the eyebrows up selling tickets in the Warner box office, it is only because he is off on another project, which currently is the producing of a movie of the best-selling political novel, *Advise and Consent*, or a movie of the suspense novel, *Bunny Lake is Missing*.

If Preminger's assumption of complete control over the pictures that he makes has not led to any single masterwork, it has enabled

him to make several very good movies. As an independent producer-director he has turned out *The Moon Is Blue*, *Carmen Jones*, *The Man With The Golden Arm*, and *Anatomy of a Murder*. The returns are not set in on *Exodus*. *Bonjour Tristesse* was well received in Europe, but it was panned by many American critics. This leaves him with only *Saint Joan* as a failure. This is a very strong list of credits and they accurately reflect the Preminger attitude towards making films and the Preminger capabilities in making them.

As a rule the Preminger film is the ultimate in intelligent professionalism, yet somehow it falls just slightly short of artistry. There are moments in the making of a movie when it can be lifted from the plateau of excellence to a somewhat higher peak, if we are not self-conscious, we can call it poetry. It is just at these moments when professionalism, no matter how tasteful, no matter how intelligent, comes into conflict with artistry. It is the essential conflict between the producer and the director. Preminger has always compromised this conflict in favor of the professional.

While his professionalism may cost him the entire board and colored audience, it has enabled him to make his most important contributions to American movie making. More than any other person he has started to free American movies from the neurotic and absurd fears that terrorized them into moral incoherence. If he were an artist and critics did not, his battles would not have had the influence that they did. If a European director were to make a movie without the sealed approval of the production code and have shown features that are small enough to serve coffee during intermissions, Hollywood would struggle and say, "So what?" But when Preminger does it with *The Moon Is Blue* and *The Man With The Golden Arm*, and it gets away with it financially, then American movies can forget about Lisa Dunsmore and get on with Nelson Merri.

It was when one of the unfriendly ten—so named because they were the ten writers who made an unfriendly appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee—makes a low budget movie in Europe, he does not defeat the blacklist—he merely avoids it. However, when Preminger hires Dalton Trumbo to write a big movie like *Exodus* and gives him screen credit, it means that other major companies do not have to be dictated to by Francis Winter or other political Neanderthals. Since Preminger's announcement, Trumbo has been given other screen credits and Hollywood has even begun to make jokes about the blacklist. When he was asked in an interview if he would are one of the unfriendly ten, Billy Wilder retorted, "You have got to be careful, only two of them are talented, the other eight are just unfriendly." Laughter may yet bury the Hollywood Gestapo.

Preminger himself comes any knight in shining armor role in the battles against political and artistic censorship. But in 1950, even before the Arcego would strike tall, and in an industry whose poet laureate is Louella Parsons, whose foreign policy spokesman is Sylvius Skewas, and whose red heritage of courage is a small star indicating complicity with a moral code laid down by Warren Harlow's Postmaster General, a Preminger can become a giant by default.

In retrospect the points for which Preminger fought seem so absurdly simple and right that his battles reflect less on his courage than on Hollywood's cowardice. In *The Moon Is Blue* he defied the Brown Office by allowing the words "seduce me" and "virgin" to remain in his script. In *Anatomy of a Murder* he challenged the competency of a censorship-review board of the city of Chicago. After the board made its recommendations the final censoring authority was the

chief of police himself. The board had recommended several cuts and the chief told Preminger he would settle for just one. He said he had a teen age daughter and he would not want her to see a movie in which she could hear the word "contraceptive." Preminger replied that if he had a teen age daughter, he would want her to know all that was possible about the subject. He took the case to court and on the day of the hearing he showed up with a print of the movie and flanked by the author of the film, Robert Traver, who also happened to be a justice on the Supreme Court of Michigan, and by Joseph Welch, one of the stars of the film as previously he had been the legal star of the Army-McCarthy hearings. Whether this array of legal talent affected the judge's decision is a moot point, but the movie did play Chicago contraceptives and all.

Many people thank Preminger has said, "that because I have censorship trouble I am in business to make dirty pictures. This is not true. Nobody can make a success with immoral films. The public will not accept them. No one ever got rich selling French post-cards. I want to make adult films, not immoral films. And, if necessary, I will fight to make them."

It is ironic that the distributors who made the lowest bows to the code were the men who wanted to advertise *The Moon Is Blue* with photographs of Dawn Addams in her underwear. Preminger objected strenuously. Why do exactly what your enemies want you to do? This is not a sexy movie and it should not be advertised as one. It was only after he got control of the advertising that the photograph was replaced by a Saul Bass drawing.

This, incidentally, started a Bass-Preminger collaboration that has led to some of the movies' most tasteful and clever advertising art. Bass also designs the unusual Preminger titles and credits.

THE Preminger attitude towards making movies is best revealed in his handling of *Exodus*. On the day that he started shooting he announced in national advertising that *Exodus* would open in four major cities. He also opened the advance sale of tickets. This was considered sheer folly in a business where, at times, runs from weeks to years over schedule. Preminger then proceeded to make the movie in a country with little previous experience in major movie making and with no set up facilities. He brought it in under schedule and under budget and the early announcement brought in a million dollars in advance ticket sales.

The picture of Otto Preminger that emerges is that of a man whose business is making movies, who enjoys his business, and who is good enough to be assertive if not combative. If there is an element of creative control that he does not hold low, his current successes will enable him to gain it in future productions.

On October three last, after months of work, *Exodus* was finally ready to be seen for the first time. Not even Otto had viewed the final print. Halfway through this final showing for a small group of friends and staff he got a phone call informing him that, at the age of fifty-three, he had become a father for the first time. He rushed back to his seat to whisper to his staff in an ecstasy of excitement. Hope has just had twins, a boy and a girl.

It was Nat Rudich, his publicity director, who had to tell him: "Go to the hospital, Otto. Don't worry, we'll tell you from the movie ends."

The next day it was a beaming Preminger who said, "You see, in this business if you want it right, you must do everything yourself." ■



# George Huntington Hartford, II

## Peripatetic Patron



The key to the A&P fortune is very rich and the very rich are different from you and me by **THOMAS B. MORGAN**

**G**EORGE HUNTINGTON HARTFORD, 26, is a dead pan, high-strung man who was born very rich and who has been spending all expensive "projects" in recent years (he sparks from a well-oiled pinwheel). "I am basically a man of philosophical nature," Hartford says. "I am interested in ethics, why we're here, philosophy—that interests me more than anything else in life. But then there's all that money which, like it or not, is basic, too. It comes from two sources: an inheritance from his grandfather (and namesake) who founded the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, and another—smaller inheritance from his maverick father who invented the Hartford shock absorber. Hartford's personal fortune has been estimated in *The New York Times* at \$500,000,000. A close friend of Hartford's confidently ranks him as "one of the ten or twenty richest men in America." Hartford himself insists that such talk is overblown. "I do not have half a billion dollars," he says. "I do not have a quarter billion. In 1959, to be exact, I had about seventy million. I've spent a lot of the cash since then and I may have to borrow on my A&P stock to keep things going." Hartford is sensitive about the over-estimates. "Let's get it straight, huh?" he says. "Let's get it right about the money. Every time I do something, people say, 'Oh, so what? He's a bottomless well. I'm not a bottomless well.' For our purposes here, let's remember that we're talking about only seventy million dollars."

Huntington Hartford may be said to be project-oriented. He chooses his projects carefully, being under some compulsion from his philosophical nature, the inevitable threat of a dull life, the hope of immortality, the example set by other sons and grandsons of American tycoons, and his own inner doubts. He pursues projects almost as swiftly as ambitious men of ordinary background pursue status. He is, in fact, pursuing a special kind of success: deciding late in life to take himself seriously, Hartford has wanted others to take him seriously, too, and to give him more respect. "I and when this happens, here is success. Hunt has to have projects," says his son and wife Margerie, who recently sued him for divorce. "He has to do things on his own. If you've got your own money, you know you can make it again if you lose it. Those boys aren't sure emotionally. Hunt spends his money the way he wants it to show himself that he can do serious things. After that, he wants to win respect from people he admires." Thus motivated, he works at achieving his kind of success as doggedly as a Hermit Ager might, would, given the style of living that \$700,000,000 affords. Hartford spent late winter in Florida and Nassau, springtime in New York, summer and fall in London and the south of France, and Christmas in New York before returning to Palm Beach. He has homes in all those places, plus a week-end retreat in New Jersey, a cabin home in Hollywood and a hundred-dollar yacht. Joseph Conrad III, the yacht is in Florida most of the time, as are his children, Catherine, ten, and John, seven, who attend school there. Wherever he happens to be, more often than not Hartford has his projects on his mind.

Last year, he gave New York City \$862,500 for a sidewalk cafe on the edge of Central Park next to General Sherman and a horse bet on that he had committed himself to spend about \$7,000,000 for a ten-story art museum on the same street three blocks west at Columbus Circle. He paid \$14,000,000 for an island in the Bahamas in 1959 and earmarked another \$6,000,000 to make a resort

out of it. He has \$9,000,000 in a foundation for the support after his death of the art museum, an art colony, and the scientific analysis of handwriting. He gives healthy grants for medical research and has nearly \$1,500,000 invested in two futuristic ventures: an automatic parking garage and a process for extracting crude oil from shale. Another \$250,000 is loaned out to a pal who used it to start a liquor store. He's dropped a tidy bundle on a play which he wrote and produced, which flopped twice, and which he plans to produce yet again in London. He has a task force of magazine people working up layouts for a new national monthly in the entertainment field, some television folks organizing an international TV festival for his is and and is himself hoping to produce more shows, write some books, and maybe make some movies.

Of such are Hartford's projects: some interesting, some dreary, some raising the question of responsibility—shouldn't the money be better spent some other way? On all of them there is the mark of a man in sincere pursuit of his goal. But as Dr. Besman has pointed out, sincerity isn't quite the same as seriousness.

At forty-nine, Hartford is a tall man, well built, but giving the impression of being slight. He has appealing features: a grey back hair, aquiline nose and intense, dark eyes. His manner is casual, sometimes self-conscious. He knows people that crosses keeps his servants and employees for years and lives up to G. B. Shaws definition of good etiquette: he treats everyone alike. He degrades himself of the chauffeur driven car in favor of the taxis. He likes to conduct business meetings at home, wearing a sports shirt and bedroom slippers in a room full of Brooks Brothers. He is at pains to seem egalitarian. Like many men in America who are born rich, he has a tendency to self-deprecation. He still plays fast-rate tennis and squash, but hastens to tell you that he prefers squash because his "nervousness" doesn't interfere with his game so much. "I'm, I know, emotionally unstable," he volunteers. He is also shy. When the phone rings, he seizes the receiver like a ball of fire, smashes down the button and, with almost inaudible softness, speaks hesitantly into the mouthpiece. On the other hand, when his politics are conventional (Nixon Lodge conservative), he seems touched with the fear of the waves for the haves-nots. Once, on a boat for Nassau, he had to take a plane. What crossed him the most (besides the fact that he would have to fly while the waves were not in any way he would have to travel with all the peasants). He once wrote that the ranks of the underprivileged were salted with envious "real contents." "rotten apples in the barrel," whose peace of mind ultimately depends on revolution and anarchy. His temper contributes to a certain apprehension toward strangers, too, but he has other, better reasons for that: many who come to him simply want a piece of his money. People he never saw before ask him to play games and finance such schemes as nothing more than a plot, a novel, a picture, a trip that can't need operators and cigarettes that don't need matches, filtering salt water, opening a Bible center, and erecting an Eiffel Tower in Florida. "He's wary of people," says his son. After the deal to whom he loaned the money for the liquor store "because people are always trying to take on. That's why it's important to bring a proposal to Hunt through the right channels. If he likes you, he'll trust you." In a sense, Hartford is wary of his riches, too. They get few gifts from him, specifically none for birthdays or holidays. As though

"Of course I believe in unions—where do you think we doctors would be without the A.M.A.?"



trying to discourage sympathy, he warns them not to give him anything either. "It's certainly not that nice a lifestyle," says Alter. "He's just a man who worries all the time about doing the right thing with his money and is frightened that he might do something wrong with it."

Hartford often has a distracted, vague expression on his face. If you notice it when he is greeting you, you hasten to tell him your name again, even though you've met him many times. He has a notoriously bad memory for faces. A while ago, a woman stopped him on the street and asked him how he was. Hartford gave her the look—a mixture of concentration and good nature—until it last slipped. "I don't think you know who I am," she was his first wife. Hartford wears the distracted expression now and then during project meetings, too. It may mean only that he is trying to remember a name or worrying about the right way to spend his money. But one also feels that, try as he may, his pursuit bores him a little and when it does, he retreats behind his faraway look.

I know the look. Marjorie Hartford says. "It doesn't mean anything. He's just vague."

When in New York, Hartford works in the living room of his thirteen-room duplex on a high floor of a Beckman Place apartment building. It has a three-story East River view. Looking south, one sees the United Nations building without obstruction. A large painting of this panorama hangs over the fireplace. His wife, Marjorie, painted it. "My wife," says Hartford, "is one of the greatest female painters alive—perhaps who ever lived." Elsewhere in the living room are a huge stereo console, globe of the world, and a massive bust of Joseph Conrad. Hartford's favorite author. He has named three boats after Conrad and once produced *The Secret Sharer* in a good episode movie called *Face to Face*.

The floor and some of the sitting places are littered with books, clippings, contact prints of pretty girls hoping to become models. Hartford's first project, now defunct, was a model agency. Tapes, letters, signed portraits, predominantly psychological or geobiological, maps, recordings and brochures. Some of the litter pertains to ongoing Hartford projects: the next represents future prospects and previous fulfilled passions. In the desk are such whoopery tracts as *West Coast Days*, a cartoon featuring a monastery from Spanish California, stone by stone, drawings for a country club in Hollywood submitted by the late Frank Lloyd Wright, and some of the plans for a Hollywood art center with two playhouses, two movie theatres, an art gallery, and a garden of statues to be built on Wilshire Boulevard across from the La Brea Tar Pits. In this confusion of past, present and future, Hartford sees an essential order. "I'm in a position where I have the opportunity to do a number of things," he says, "and I'm doing them. The one link is that they all have a creative element. Nothing routine and nothing that isn't economically sound." As Hartford moves from place to place, the nerve center of his project operations naturally moves with him, but friends say he works harder and more consistently in the Beckman Place living room than anywhere else. He gets up late, goes to bed late, and holds meetings almost any time, day or night. He begins seeing advisers, assistants, lawyers, and collaborators as soon as he arrives from the south in the spring, and keeps them moving in and out like a good ringmaster should until he sails for Europe early in the summer. Here one can meet the director of his foundation, the manager of his theatre, the editor of his proposed magazine (the exact nature of which is being kept secret), and the psychologist from his handwriting-research insti-

tute. Having spent some time recently in that living room, it seems to me that there are five Hartford projects that tell most about the man and to some extent offer a measure of his success.

**THE HUNTINGTON HARTFORD FOUNDATION.** In 1949, Hartford put up \$600,000 to save the world from its habit of ignoring the struggling artist, writer, and composer. It was his idea that the money might help artists produce better works by providing them with a six-month sojourn free of economic worry in pleasant surroundings. So he created a retreat in Rustic Canyon in the Pacific Palisades on a ridge of Los Angeles' studio apartments designed by Wright's son, Lloyd, and built it without disturbing the landscape, free food, swimming pool, and stables. He set up the Huntington Hartford Foundation to govern the project and presented resident-fellows in 1950, to hundreds of applicants who seemed promising to him. To help him choose, he established advisory committees in the various disciplines made up of scholars and professionals. The colony has survived for more than a decade. The work done there has been, of course, uneven; there have been some prize-winning efforts, one sprinkling of names have attended. Among the writer-fellows, for example, have been Van Wyck Brooks, Max Yasman, C. Wright Mills, and Wright Morris.

But Huntington Hartford himself cast a pall over the experiment

however) and for a time the project seemed jeopardized. Undismayed by outside criticism, which often took the form of a misused satire, Hartford appointed a new advisory committee and said the project would go on. The incident gradually faded into the traditions of the foundation and controversy has been avoided ever since.

Nowadays, Hartford has only passing interest in what goes on in Rustic Canyon, although there's no question of his veto power if he chooses to exercise it. UCLA professor Dr. John Vincent, runs the retreat and has most responsibility for the fellowships. "Hunt hasn't been to California in five years," he says. "His mind is on other things. The foundation's going well. I send him regular reports—he takes everything as a news item. There are no apparent restrictions or approvals but one assumes the vulgar need not apply. And the reality has been lost since first push of idealism."

**THE HUNTINGTON HARTFORD THEATRE.** Out of his grand—but abortive—plan to build an art center in Hollywood in the early fifties, Hartford salvaged the somewhat smaller idea of building a theatre. This idea missed, too, and he settled for remodeling an existing theatre. A legitimate playhouse had not been opened in Hollywood in a generation. "I was determined," Hartford said, to shove culture down their throats out there, whether they liked it or

"I don't feel that current intelligence tests accurately measure the capacity of a person," Hartford says. "The trouble is they can't test the whole personality. We feel handwriting tells more. We feel the need of tests through handwriting to show creative sensitivity, maturity, humor, and aggressiveness. The IQ tests don't tell us these things and people often wonder why some people do well on an IQ test and don't do anything. If handwriting tests could be simplified, you could actually predict human behavior. You'd be able to predict that a boy who was doing well in school was going out to kill his mother. Or take the guy who graduates *summa cum laude* and never does anything because of his beginning strokes and his unbalanced *f's*."

Hartford truly believes that "because handwriting is the closest communication with the brain," graphology reveals an individual's personality. ("Among other things," he once said, "my handwriting shows I'm something of a perfectionist.") The editors of some psychology journals disagree with his belief in all particulars. "They are naive," Hartford says. "It stands to reason that the more you write as you were taught in school, the more immature you are. Your personality is imprinted on your school copy."

Dr. F. J. E. B. is a handwriting Institute psychologist who has co-authored a scholarly graphology article with Hartford. He is less sanguine. "Mr. Hartford has a tendency to look at someone's handwriting," he says, "and make him or her for being immature if the handwriting reveals primary school beginning strokes. His wife has them. Lots of people have them. I have to settle Hartford down on this."

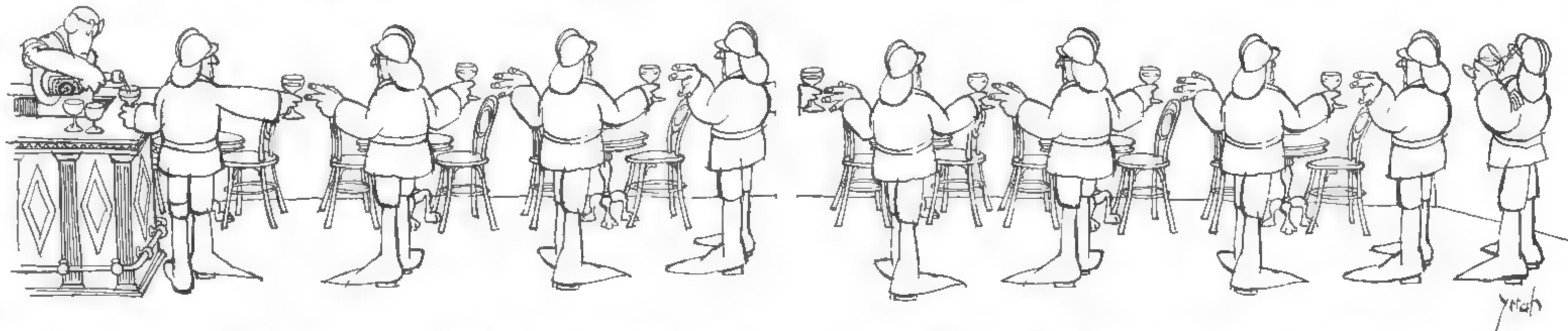
Hartford has ordered numerous studies on a handwriting phenomenon which he calls the "figure-eight g." This is a *g* in script that looks like this: *g*. Hartford personally discovered the figure-eight *g* and believes that people whose handwriting includes such *g's* are especially sensitive and creative. Hartford's own script includes the eight *g*. "That's why I picked it," he says. "I think it takes subtle creativity when you're writing fast to make an eight for a *g*."

Dr. F. J. E. B. comments: "I have tried to convince Hartford that because, after all, I insist on it, it makes a figure-eight *g* a direct measure of a person's sensitivity and creativity."

Among other key handwriting letters for Hartford are the *f*, evenly balanced in proportion, which is taken as a sign of character, and the *t*, especially the bar. He believes that people whose cross a *t* only halfway are procrastinators, and those whose *t* bars slant downward are stubborn.

"I've thought about one thing and only one thing for the past five years," Hartford says. "One expects him to bring up the problem of disarmament." And that is that *slant* is terribly important. Rhythm, of course, is important too. I worry about the nervous rhythm of my own handwriting, but slant is so important. Take Admiral Nimitz and Admiral Halsey. Nimitz's handwriting was straight up and down—what was he? A desk man. Halsey's handwriting slanted out. He was active in the field. That interests me. I must believe that people who have forward-leaning slants are more intelligent than those with up-and-down strokes."

Hartford uses his graphology in day-to-day project work by sizing up people in terms of handwriting variables. "You can sell Hunt an idea," a friend says, "if he knows who recommended you, goes for your proposition, and likes your handwriting." Dr. John Vincent, director of the foundation, once told Hartford jokingly that he might find out something wrong about his personality from his handwriting. "Don't worry," Hartford snapped. "I've had you checked."



sion after it had begun and this has not been dispelled even today.

In the fall of 1951, while the painters posed their nudes and sat on sofas and the composers wrote in their studios, Hartford tore off a \$100 worth essay asking *Has God Been Insulted Here?*, which he had printed and mailed out to four thousand unsuspecting opinion-makers. The essay began with some quotes from Jesus Christ: *from Here to Eternity*, written in a more casual colony in Robinson Lane's, which repeatedly used such words as "goddam" and "crack." Before he took his readers the name of the book he was prying, Hartford wrote: "By this time, the reader must be aflame with curiosity concerning the source of this colorful language. A book about the Army? You guessed it. A pornography book soaked under the cot for the boys to peruse when they have been unable to find a woman for a month or two? Good heavens, no! Be excited or not, you have just been reading from the literary masterpiece of the twentieth century." The essay rolled on this way, alternating exclamatory and rather vulgar satire with angry stabs at "vulgarity," at art that reduces life to its lowest common denominator. (Example: *A Streetcar Named Desire* by Tennessee Williams, at Picasso and Picasso, and at the "black face of despair.") Since Hartford had fostered the impression that his art colony was going to be ideal as well as idyllic, it took a while for the fellows in Rustic Canyon to understand the significance of the essay as it applied to them.

A few months later, Hartford showed he wasn't kidding. He announced publicly—a tactical error, public relations-wise—that two painters' applications for fellowships had been rejected because their work was "too abstract" to be encouraged by the Huntington Hartford Foundation. All seven members of his art advisory committee resigned in protest. Many of the fellows were shaken (none quit,

not). In 1953, he bought and had refurbished the old Lux Radio Theatre on Vine Street at a cost of \$1,500,000 and had his name put on it.

The Huntington Hartford Theatre, at 1,350 seats, a seventy-foot cafe bar that sells only liquor and push decor. Although there were some early expectations that the theatre would provide a showcase for new talent and set an example for Broadway, Hartford opened it with Helen Hayes starring in *What Every Woman Knows*. Since then he has presented culture of a sort—mostly road company showings of time-tested Broadway successes (*The Come Again Court Martial*, *Boys in the Army*, *The World of Suzie Wong*, etc.). As a project, the theatre has been as "creative" in the past six years as has Broadway, which manufactures most of its fare. "Hunt used to be interested in what went on," says Dimitri Viden, manager of the theatre. "Now we tell him what shows we are getting and that's about it. He has so many things to do that when people ask him what's playing at the theatre, he doesn't know. What the road companies? Why not? We're mostly concerned with box office, just like Broadway."

**THE HANDWRITING INSTITUTE, Inc.** Graphology—the study of handwriting—has been one of Hartford's enduring fascinations. He is its leading patron in America through the Handwriting Institute, which he founded in 1955. With a full-time staff of six psychologists, three of them graphologists, and a doctor ensconced in a Hartford building in New York, the Institute investigates "graphological and graphic motor variables," and collates the research of others in this area. One member of the institute is working on a project to find out whether cancer can be detected through handwriting. Others, working with the psychology department at Columbia University, are researching methods for simplified character analysis seeking a new projective technique for psychology.



A few years ago, Hartford employed Jane Benford, now an editor of *Esquire*. Benford recalls: "He asked me to write out a sentence. It was the sentence he always asks people for: 'I'm walking down the street to get the horse and buggy out of the new garage.' I wrote it and he hit me across the forehead with his fist. Hunt said it proved I wasn't aggressive, and I guess I wasn't. But I did have the figure right and he didn't send him."

**GALLERY OF MODERN ART.** Hartford let loose another cantankerous essay in 1955. Entitled *The Public Be Dismayed*, this one was so much more focused on the art of painting. It passed on briefly to Bush at Hartford's favorite, horrible example of what's wrong with modern theatre, Tennessee Williams. This was probably fortunate before the end of the next drama season. Hartford's wife has succeeded Barbara Bel Geddes on Broadway in *Williams' Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. To make sure that the public got his message about painting, Hartford bought full-page advertising space in six New York newspapers and published the full text of *The Public Be Dismayed* in each. The essay tilted with art critics who "admire artists who paint with their toes" and at artists who throw "pictorial garbage" into the public's face. He called upon us all to stan up for the high priests of criticism and the museum directors and the teachers of mumbo-umbo to reject Matisse and Rouault and their ilk, and presumably to support more representational painting that was "easily understood."

A year later, Hartford indicated that he was going to put himself in a position to express his views on art more concretely by building his own art museum in New York. Dubbed by one thing and another his Gallery of Modern Art, it is still building. It was announced as a \$3,000,000 project and now is costing closer to \$7,000,000 for the land, the construction job. Edward D. Stone, designer of the U.S. Pavilion at the Brussels' World's Fair, is the architect, and the works of art. The site is a small triangle shared with Columbus Circle. Standing alone, the museum will be ten stories high, faced in white marble and monumental in spirit. Hartford intends to display paintings, sculpture, and photographs, but he hasn't yet said by whom.

**THE HARTFORD PAVILION.** With one exception, Hartford's projects have provided him with a measure of power. The exception is the cafe pavilion, money for which he gave last year to the City of New York. His approach to Commissioner of Parks Robert Moses, since resigned, to donate a marionette theatre for Central Park, Hartford received, saying he didn't want to contribute just anything. "I wanted to give something that was *needed*," he calls. Moses countered with an offer for a children's baseball stadium. Hartford rejected that, too, and came up with the thought that what New York badly needed was a sidewalk cafe. The city hesitated, he said, a certain "leisurely charm" that atmosphere of most of country is characteristic of the older European capitals. Hartford says the idea simply grew. His friend Sy Alter agrees. Hunt's been complaining for years that there wasn't enough charm in New York, so why not have a sidewalk cafe? He first figured it would cost \$250,000. Then it snowballed. You get your foot and can't get it out. Lying his foot in, Hartford ended up giving the city checks for \$867,500 to cover the cost of building the cafe on the Central Park plaza corner next to General Sherman's statue, plus the ten per cent designing and supervision fee for the architect, also Edward D. Stone.

As soon as the news about the Hartford Pavilion was announced, a small but influential minority of New Yorkers wrathfully attacked Hartford as an intruder on the "sacred" turf of Central Park. Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, wife of the publisher of the New York Times, wrote a strong protest to Commissioner Moses who was scolded on the editorial pages of the *Times* itself. Walter Hoving, chairman of the city's stalled suit against the city to stop the cafe before it got to a breaking stage. Henry Morgan, the TV entertainer, threatened a taxpayers' suit. New York's Park Association, the

Municipal Arts Society, and the Fifth Avenue Association—all three groups representing some of the city's more solvent citizens—thanked Hartford and suggested he take the gift back forthwith.

By now an old hand at tempests, Hartford ably counterattacked. Those who worry about encroachment on Central Park are like misers guarding their gold, he said. The restaurant aspect is secondary—this is not a place to eat, but a place to sit down. From 42nd Street to 59th Street, there is no place to sit down. It's like a living room without furniture. Hartford probably will win both because gift horses usually do and because his opponents missed the real point of argument. Since any commercial restaurant gladly would have built a cafe for New York on the invaluable plaza corner of Central Park, should not Hartford use his \$862,500 in an area of greater public need? New York probably needs a marionette theatre or a children's baseball stadium a lot more, not to mention money to deal with its social problems. Hartford could have logically answered that it was nobody's business what he did with his money, but not without threatening his ultimate claim to serious purpose. In any event, the issue was not joined. Now with the support of the Mayor of New York and the new Park Commissioner, the city project seems certain to proceed. If it draws large crowds, Hartford says, "the only solution will be to build another one."

**HARTFORD'S AMBITION.** His need to spend the \$70,000,000 and win respect has produced a mixed-bag. Missed chances and expensive irrelevances limit regard for his accomplishments. In his drive to do things, he does often appear to take precedence over the substance of the things. Despite his precautions, all that money does since most of the disagreement about his works that he might otherwise expect from his friends and associates. He hasn't tried to submit to the discipline of criticism in his own living room. Apparently Hartford senses after each project is underway that that isn't it and he must move on, moving for the sake of moving, as he has been most of his life.

Hartford was born in New York, April 18, 1911. His father, Edward A., had no interest in the family grocery business. He believed that one Hartford ought to be a gentleman and went to college with his elder brothers, George and John, went to work with the father. The A&P thrived. By the time Uncle George died in 1957, it had become a \$4,500,000 business with 4,200 stores. Our Hartford was left ten per cent of all this.

His grandfather, who died in 1917, The stock was held in trust, however, until after Uncle George's death. Hartford was forced to live on the income. In some years, this has been estimated as more than \$3,000,000. Added to this was his small fortune. Edward Hartford had made as the inventor and manufacturer of the Hartford shock absorber. He was a Christian Scientist and died of blood poisoning when Hartford was eleven years old. Hartford's mother was a reformed Charleston, South Carolina, belle who raised her son in the tradition of Southern gentility, which helps account for Hartford's soft manner and cranky conservatism today. She didn't like the fact that he was left him left, saw to it that he be decent, right-handed, and then had to deal with his stateliness. Hartford has no trace of an impediment today. After prep school, Hartford went to Harvard. Although he was married later, he managed to play three years on the tennis team, win the college squash championship, and graduate in the normal number of years with a major in English literature. His first wife, who was divorced in 1939, was Mary Lee Epling, daughter of a black old, West Virginia, cent-farmer.

After graduation, Hartford ignored the Great Depression and developed his skills as a playboy. Besides he tried working in "Commerce," as A&P is known in some of its employees, but Uncle John tired him for taking his day off from his job a week after he got to attend a Harvard lecture. It just didn't work out, Uncle John once said. "There he was, surrounded by people who really had to work for a living, and he was receiving letters who wanted to sell him a painting." In his defense, Hartford's friends say that he was lonely

and wanted his uncles to train him, but that they shunned him. At twenty-five, Hartford saw the hell with it and bought himself a square rigger that had once been a training ship for the Danish Navy. He sailed about the West Indies, sometimes with DeBose Hayward, author of *Porgy*, and knocked about until after his wife divorced him. He finally gave the square rigger to the U.S. Navy. In 1940 he became a financial backer of PM, the short-lived liberal New York tabloid, and went to work for the paper as a crime reporter. He amused his thirdbare co-workers by arriving at the office in a Rolls-Royce, then chasing off on assignments by subway. He felt he was competing with other reporters for work and still enjoying the luxury to which he was entitled. After resigning from PM, he joined the Coast Guard and became an ensign. For a time he was an aide to Admiral "Iceberg" Smith on the Greenland patrol. Later, as a lieutenant, he commanded a cargo ship only slightly larger than the yachts he had owned. He spent a year in the Pacific in the vicinity of New Guinea and the Philippines, ran aground twice in bad weather, and came home with his crew intact.

Back in New York after the war, Hartford reappeared along the playboy circuit. At the time, it was a mark of status among social young men to escort fashion models to the more swank clubs. Hartford escorted his share and wound up in the model-agency business. "Working with him was a problem," recalls one of his old employers. "He doesn't involve himself once he starts a thing. He didn't learn the why and wherefore of the agency business. He would listen and be very patient and understanding, but he never had enough experience nor took the time to understand what was going on. He became, as Helen Hayes has said, the Abraham Lincoln of the playboys, because his agency catered to the fashion models. In the late Forties, the models worked long hours and often had to wait weeks before the photographers paid them. The Hartford Agency, perhaps because of its solid financing, became the first to pay models a weekly salary and to collect from photographers on a businesslike basis. The agency prospered until a year ago, when it was absorbed by a competitor. Hartford is still beset by girls looking for modeling careers and on occasion still arranges introductions and tests for them in the business.

Hartford discovered California in the postwar years too. He liked the climate, the sporting life, and Hollywood. For a time, he thought he would stay there forever. He met his second wife, Marjorie Steele, a girl, one night in Ciro's where he was playing and she was working as a girl in cigarette girl. A drama student and amateur painter, she was born in San Francisco and grew up wanting to be an actress. Her father was an electrician and a salesman who supported her ambition and let her go to Hollywood at seventeen to try her luck. A lithe, freckle, strawberry blonde, her interest in art and theatre coincided with Hartford's disposition. His interest in serious project, however, seems to date from their meeting at Ciro's. "She's the inspiration for many that I've done," Hartford has said. They were married in 1949, the year that he founded the Rustic Canyon art colony. In 1953, he produced his first and only film, *Face to Face*, which starred his wife in the episode adapted from *The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*. The other half of the movie was the Conrad piece. Hartford and wife were both well received by the film critics. *The New Yorker* writer said that Hartford was a new movie producer who "deserves the congratulations of all of us." Undoubtedly it is the public's loss that he has never made another film. He has since tried the theatre, but he won the congratulations of no one for that. His production was a play originally called *The Master of Thornfield*, which he had written himself, basing it on Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*. In 1957, he signed Errol Flynn for the main lead. The play opened in Florida, but after two weeks Flynn walked out saying he had to make a movie for Darryl Zanuck. "I'm using Zanuck," Hartford says, "and I'll get even with him if it takes the rest of my life." He brought his play, now named *Jane Eyre*, to Broadway in 1958 with Eric Portman starring. The critics lambasted it, but Hartford kept the show on the boards for six weeks. "I

think the critics who panned it were prejudiced," he says. "I kept it going or it would have closed overnight. It was so humiliating, French wouldn't publish it and the goddam *Theatre Arts Magazine* wouldn't print the manuscript." Determined to show them Hartford plans to produce the play in London soon, starring Claire Bloom and Rod Stenger, or to make it into an operetta, depending upon what day you discuss it with him.

Ironical, perhaps, the sweetest successes in Hartford's life have been found in the business world where, given his philosophical nature and all the rest, he might seem least likely to succeed. By reputation, he is a maverick like his father, but it may turn out that it is his grandfather's boy after all. He has invested \$700,000 in the Oil Shale Corp., a Denver company for which he serves as chairman of the board. Oil shale has set up a pilot plant to develop a revolutionary means for efficiently extracting a substance similar to crude oil from low-grade shale. Hartford's Speed Park, Inc., has recently completed a unique parking garage on 42nd Street in New York. With one attendant, the garage can handle 270 cars at a time. They are moved vertically and laterally on excavators. Ramps and maneuvering areas are eliminated. The only human hand needed is the one that collects the money. If profitable, Hartford and the inventor, Misha Alimanestianu, plan to sell the idea across the country.

Hartford's biggest project, by far, is also essentially a business effort, although it does offer some of those aesthetic values that are dear to him. It has not progressed as far as any of the projects mentioned above, but it promises to overshadow all that has gone before.

In 1959, Hartford bought seven hundred acres or four-fifths of Hog Island, a coral beauty spot two hundred yards across the harbor from Nassau. He paid \$13,500,000 for it to Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish industrialist who also owns 100,000 acres on near-by Andros Island. Through the public relations firm of Peed, Common and Company, Hartford announced that he planned to develop Hog Island into "a dignified, vacation resort attractive to Europeans and Americans alike." He is in the throes of that development now, following in the footsteps of other U.S. millionaires, such as Clint Murchison and Howard Hughes, who have recently found resort development in the West Indies a satisfying pastime.

Even Axel Wenner-Gren departed his Hog Island acres saying that now he could get to work developing Andros Island. Hartford estimates that his total investment in Hog Island—his name, Paradise Island—will come to more than \$70,000,000. He brags with plans. He is building a 150-room hotel, tennis courts, seaside cabanas, an 18-hole golf course, a 260-foot marina, and a 2,000-seat amphitheatre, designed by Malcolm, with separate auditoriums for dining and sporting events. Because it means *culture*, the amphitheatre commands much of Hartford's attention. He sees it as a compromise between a Greek open-air theatre and a conventional playhouse. "Sort of a ruined abbey," he says, describing it. In 1962, he aims to hold the first of an annual series of international TV festivals in the amphitheatre—"bigger and better than anyone else's festival," to help publicize the island.

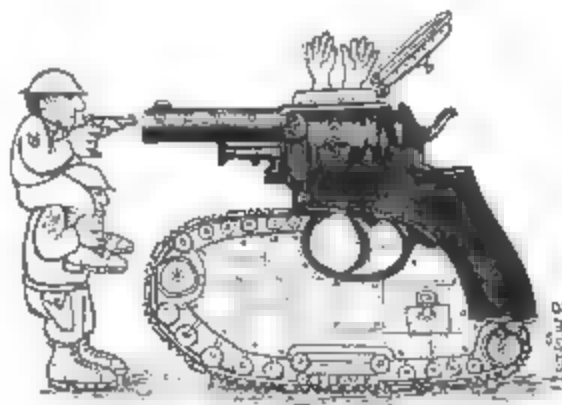
Neither Hartford nor anyone close to him entertains any doubts about the outcome of the Paradise Island project.

"We will expect people of quality from all walks of life," Hartford says. "There will be no automobiles, no roulette wheels, no honky-tonks. In that way, I hope we can create an atmosphere of cultural enjoyment."

His friend Sy Alter says, "At the outset, we thought he'd be lucky to break even, but now it looks like there'd be a little profit."

His wife, who has attended to many early construction problems on the scene, is philosophical. "The more Hunt builds, the more he wants to build."

Downri Alan, Hartford's theatre manager, is wry. "You know Governor's Island?" he asks. "Off the tip of Manhattan? Well, last year the Government offered to sell it. Hunt would have bought it if we could have come up with an idea of what to do with it." ♦









themselves—and sometimes in bursts of anger, carelessly loud and brutal. There was a man of about sixty, with grey hair and a bald spot clearly visible from Tibbell's post at the window—and a young woman who was sobbing into a handkerchief, and a young man in a wind-jacket. The young woman had on a gay, flowered-cotton dress and her hair was blonde and piled high on her head. In the inevitable Brigitte Bardot style of the season, the ensemble making her look like a stuffed, cleaved, little girl. The old man looked like a respectable engineer or government official, robust and vaguely intellectual in the same time. They were grouped around a Vespa that was parked in front of the building. During the most heated exchanges, the young man kept stroking the machine as though reassuring himself that it *existed*—in the sense of existence was still available to him.

"I repeat, Monsieur," the old man was saying loudly, "you are a *salut*!" His voice had a rotund, self-important ring, a just oratorical as the weathers and I that crossing, a voice of

reputation more to you. Monsieur Banary Comta, the young man said, "I will love you. I am not a *salut*!" His speech was strict, Parisian, rasping, rough, for he was twenty-five years of constant argument with the fellow citizens of his city, but his overall air suggested the student or laboratory assistant or pharmacist's clerk.

The young woman, with her hands trembling on a large, satin-lined leather purse she was carrying,

But "you are," the old man said, his face close to the other man's face. "The worst kind. Do you wish proof?" It was an oratorical question. "I will give you proof. My daughter is pregnant. Do you wish proof? And what do you know that she is in this condition? You caught her. Take a serpent. And to add—the injury you propose to get married tomorrow. To another woman."

Undoubtedly, the conversation would have had a different ring to it from Frenchman who happened to overhear it, but to Tibbell's Frenchman Swarthmore, all spoken French was translated automatically into English that was constructed like a school boy's version of excerpts from Racine and Cicero. To Tibbell, all Frenchmen seemed to have a slightly archaic, inelevated vocabulary and they always seemed to him as though they were making a speech to a group of senators in the forum or exhorting the Athenians to kill Socrates. Far from annoying Tibbell, it gave an added mysterious

charm to his contacts with the inhabitants of the country, and on the rare occasions when he understood accurately a few words of argument, he perceived a profundity to his relations with the language, as though he had discovered a phrase of Damon Runyon's in Act III of *Le Cid*.

"I will leave it to the opinion of the most neutral observer," M. Banary Comta was saying, "that is not the action of a man who deserves to be termed a *salut*."

The young woman, standing stiffly upright, not yet looking pregnant, went home, but

In the shadow of their doorway, the lovers shifted a little, a bare arm moved, a kiss was printed on a cheek rather than on lips. The young man took a new hold, but whether that was due to the comfort near around the Vespa or the mutual fatigue and need for variation of prolonged contact, Tibbell could not tell.

Later, when the street light approached, with bright lights and an Italian roar of motor, but stopped near the corner, swinging in a park in front of a small laundry shop, the lights were extinguished. The street was left to the disputants.

"I'm getting married tomorrow," the young man said, "it's for real." He pointed occasionally at the girl.

"I forbid you to go on," said M. Banary Comta, "I will not allow it."

"I tried," the young man shouted, "I did everything, I tried I lived with her for a year, didn't I?" He said this reluctantly, with pride and self-pity, as if he expected congratulations all round for his sacrifice. "At the end of the year it became clear to me—if I ever wanted a woman here, for my children I might have. I would never get it from your daughter. It is time to speak frankly, Monsieur. Your daughter conducts herself in an impossible manner. I possess her. In addition, her character is abominable."

Be careful in your choice of words, young man," the father said. "Abominable," the young man repeated. He waved his arms in emphasis and his long, black hair fell over his forehead into his eyes, adding to the effect of blind and uncontrollable rage. "As her father, I will spare you the details, but I will permit myself to say that never has a man had to bear such treatment from a woman who in theory shared his home for twelve months. Even the phrase makes me laugh. Raoul said without laughing, 'When you see, share, a home, you imagine that it means that a woman is occasionally

physically present in the foyer—for example, when a man comes home to lunch or when he returns for an evening of peace and relaxation after a hard day's work. But if you imagine that in the case of your daughter, M. Banary Comta, you are sadly mistaken. In the last year, M. Banary Comta, I assure you I have seen more of my mother, of my maiden aunt in Toulouse, of the woman who sells newspapers opposite the Madeleine, than I have seen of your daughter. Ask for her at any hour of the day or night—winter or summer—and where was she? Absent!"

Raoul," the girl sobbed, "how can you talk like that? I was faithful from the first day to the last."

"Faithful!" Raoul snorted contemptuously. "What difference does that make? A woman says she is faithful and believes that excuses everything from arson to matricide. What good did your fidelity do me? You were never home. At the hairdresser, at the cinema, at the Gaieties Lafayette, at the Zoo, at the tennis matches, at the swimming pool, at the dressmaker, at the Deux Magots, on the Champs Elysees, at the home of a girl friend in St.-Cloud—but never home. Monsieur—" Raoul turned to the father—"I do not know what it was in her childhood that formed your daughter's character, but I speak only of the results. Your daughter is a woman who has only the most lively detestation of a home."

"A home is one thing, Monsieur," the old man said, his voice trembling with parental emotion, "and a clandestine and illicit ménage is another. It is the difference between a church and a . . . a . . ."

The old man hesitated, searching for the proper, crushing comparison. "The difference between a church and a racetrack." He permitted himself a wild smile at the brilliance of his rhetoric. "I swear to you, Raoul," the girl said, "if you marry me I will not budge from the kitchen."

A woman will promise anything," Raoul said, "on the night before a man is due to marry somebody else." He turned brutally to the father. "I will give you my final judgment on your daughter. I pity the man who marries her, and if I were a good citizen and a good Christian, I would send such a man an anonymous letter of warning before he took the fatal step."

The young woman cried out as though she had been struck and threw herself against her father heartbroken, to sob against his shoulder. Her father patted her distractedly, saying, "There, there Mominou, while the girl brokenly repeated, 'I love

him, I love him, I can't live without him. If he leaves me I'm going to throw myself in the river."

"You see," the father said accusingly, over his daughter's bent, tragic head, "you serpent of ingratitude, she can't live without you."

"That's just too bad," Raoul said, his voice high with exasperation. "Because I can't live with her."

"I warn you," the father said, speaking loudly, to be heard above

the thunder of his daughter's sobs, "I tell you personally responsible if she throws herself in the river. I, her father, am saving this. Solemnly."

"The river," Raoul laughed in harsh disbelief. "Call me when it happens. I will personally accompany her. Anyway, she swims like a fish. I'm surprised that a man your age can be innocent enough to be taken in by female guile like that."

Somehow, this last statement en-

raged Mominou more than anything else Raoul had said. With a sound that was a kind of mixture of growl and air-raid siren, Mominou leapt from the shelter of her father's arms and flung herself on Raoul, hurling him out into the middle of the street, whacking him ferociously with the huge leather bag, hoisting it by the handle, swinging it again and again like an Olympic hammer thrower. From the noise it made as it smashed

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## SLEEP FACT #1:



**WELDON**

chard lives on the third to the right. It's a wonder I still have the courage to go to Mass at Easter.

"The one I feel sorry for is the old man," said the first concierge. "The father."

"Don't waste your pity," said Madame Harris. "It's probably all his fault. He's obviously lacking in authority. And if a man hasn't authority, he has to expect the worst from his children. Besides, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he didn't have a little thing on the side himself: a little poupette in the Sixteenth like that disgusting lawyer in Geneva. I got a good look at him. I know the type."

"Ah, the dirty old man!" the first voice said.  
Now Tibbalt heard footsteps approaching from the corner and he turned to see the dirty old man approaching. The shutters clicked tight again and the old ladies subsided after their chaotic interruption, leaving the street to the weary sound of the old man's shoes on the uneven pavement and the asthmatic sighs he emitted with every other step. He stopped below Tibbalt's window, looking sorrowfully at the Vespa, shaking his head, then sat down uncomfortably on the curb, his feet in the gutter, his hands dangling loose and helpless between his knees. Tibbalt would have liked to go down and comfort him, but was uncertain whether M. Banary Comtal was in any connection that night to be consoled by foreigners.

Tibbalt was on the verge of closing his own shutters. Like the two concierges, and leaving the old man to his problems on the street below, when he saw Moumou appear at the corner, sobbing exhaustedly, walking unsteadily on her high heels, the bag with which she had so vigorously attacked Raoul now hanging like a dead weight from her hand. The father saw her too and stood up with a dramatic effort to greet her. When she saw the old man, Moumou sobbed more loudly. The old man opened his arms and she plunged onto his shoulder, weeping and clutching him, while he patted her back clumsily.

"He got away," Moumou wept. "I'll never see him again."

"Perhaps it is for the best," the old man said. "He is far from dependable—that fellow."

"I love him, I love him," the girl said weily. "I'm going to kill him."

"Now, now, Moumou..." The father looked around him nervously, conscious of witnesses behind the shattered windows.

"He show him," the girl said wildly. "She broke away from her father and stood accusingly in front of the parked Vespa, glaring at it. "He took me out on the Marne on this the first time we went out together," she said in a throbbing voice meant to carry the memory of ancient tenderness, betrayed promises, to unseen and guilty ears. "He show him." With a swift movement, before her father could do anything to stop her, she took off her right shoe. Valeriously holding the shoe by the pointed toe, she dashed the sharp heel into the headlight of the scooter. There was the crash of breaking glass and a ruckus on the pavement, closely followed by a shriek of pain from Moumou.

"What is it? What is it?" The old man asked anxiously.

"I cut myself. I opened a vein," Moumou held out her hand, like Lady Macbeth. Tibbalt could see blood spouting from several cuts on her hand and wrist.

"Oh, my poor child," the old man said distractedly. "Hold your hand still. Let me see."

But Moumou pulled her hand away and danced nimbly on her one shoe around the Vespa, waving her arm over the machine, splattering the wheels, the handlebars, the saddle, the back pillow with the blood that sprouted from her wounds. "There!" she shouted. "You wanted my blood, take it. I hope it brings you good luck."

"Moumou, don't be so impetuous," the old man implored her. "You will do yourself a permanent harm." Finally he managed to grab his daughter's arm and inspect the cuts. "Oh, oh," he said. "This is dangerous. Stand still." He took out a handkerchief and bound her wrist again. "Now," he said, "I will take you home and you will get a good night's sleep and you will forget about that serpent."

"No," Moumou said. She backed against the wall of the building on the opposite side of the street and stood there stubbornly. "He will come back for his Vespa. Then I will kill him. And after that I will kill myself."

Moumou... the old man waited.

"Go home, papa."

"How can I go home and leave you like this?"

"I will wait for him. I have to stand here on this place all night," Moumou said her words awash with tears. She gripped the wall behind her with her hands, as if to keep her father from taking her away by force. He has to come here sometime before the church



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He won't get married without his scooter. You go home. I will handle him myself."

"I can't leave you here alone in this condition," the old man said, sighing. Beaten, he sat down again on the curb to rest.

"I want to die," Mourmou said.

The street was quiet again, but not for long. The door behind which the two lovers had taken refuge opened and the man in the sports jacket came

out, his arm around his girl. They passed slowly beneath Tibbell's window, ostentatiously ignoring Mourmou and her father. The old man looked balefully up at the linked couple. "Young lady," he said, remembering his warning. "Profit by the events you have witnessed tonight. If it is not too late already. Re-enter into your home. I speak as a friend."

"See here, old man," the man in the sports jacket pulled away from

his companion and stood threateningly in front of Mourmou's father. "It's enough out of you. I do not permit anybody to speak like that in front of me."

"Come on, Edouard," the girl said, pulling the man in the sports jacket away. "It is too late at night to become engaged."

"Ignore you, Monsieur, Edouard said, then let the girl leave him away. "Permit, permit..." M. Banary

Cointal said loudly, getting in the last word, as the couple rounded the corner and disappeared.

Tibbell watched the old man and his daughter for another moment, wishing that the two of them would be away from their stations of affliction on his doorstep. It would be difficult to sleep, Tibbell felt, knowing that those two grieving, dissatisfied, vengeful figures were still outside his window, waiting for some horrid, violent last act of their drama.

He was just about to turn away when he heard a car door slam far down the street. He looked and saw a woman in a green dress striding swiftly toward him, away from the car that he had earlier noticed being parked near the far corner. Now the car lights switched on, very bright, and the car followed the woman as she had walked—half ran, in the direction of Mourmou and her father. She was obviously in flight. Her dress shone a violent electric lime color in the headlights of the pursuing car. The car, which was a bright red, new Alfa Romeo Granitta, stopped abruptly just before it reached the old man, who was still sitting on the curb, but with his head turned suspiciously in the direction of the woman bearing swiftly down on him, as though he feared that she was bringing with her, stranger though she was, a new burden of trouble to load on to his bowed and tortured shoulders. The woman darted toward a doorway, but before she could press the button for entry, a man in a black suit leaped out of the car and seized her wrist.

Tibbell watched without surprise. By now he felt that the street below him was a preordained scene of conflict, like Agincourt or the pass of Thermopylae, and that clash would follow clash there continually, like the performances to a twenty-four-hour-a-day movie house.

"No, you can't!" the man in the black suit was saying, pulling the woman away from the door. "You don't get away that easily."

"Let me go," the woman said, trying to escape. She was breathless and sore, mouthed frightened and Tibbell wondered if now, finally, was the time for her to run down the stairs and enter into the night life of the street in front of his window, a terse Spartan, a bearded recruit for Henry's army.

"Let me go when you give me my three hundred francs," the man in the black suit said loudly. He was young and slender and Tibbell, to see, by the light of the automobile headlights, that he had a small, mustache and long, carefully brushed hair that fell over the back of his

head, white collar. He reminded Tibbell of certain young men he had seen lounging in various bars in the neighborhood of Pigalle, and he had the kind of face which looks hitting in newspaper photographs that accompany the stories of the arrest of suspects after particularly well-planned jewel robberies and pay-roll thefts.

"I don't owe you any three hundred francs," the woman said. Now Tibbell heard that she had an accent in French, probably Spanish. She looked Spanish, too, with luxuriant black hair swooping down over her exposed shoulders and a wide, shiny black leather belt around a very narrow waist. Her skirt was short and showed her knees every time she moved.

"Don't lie to me," the man in the dark suit said, still holding the woman's wrist and shaking her arm angrily. "It was never my intention to buy them."

"And it was never my intention to let you follow me to my home," the woman snapped back at him, trying to pull away. "Let me go, you've annoyed me enough tonight."

"Not until I get my three hundred francs," the man said, gripping her more firmly.

"Unless you let me go," the woman said, "I'll call for the police."

The man glared at her and dropped her wrist. Then he slapped her hard across the face.

"Here, here," said Mourmou's father, who had been watching the affair with mournful interest. He stood up. Mourmou, lost in the cognition of her own unhappiness, took no notice of what was happening.

The man in the dark suit and the Spanish woman stood close to each other, breathing heavily, looking curiously undecided as though the slap had brought some new and unexpected problem into their relationship which for the moment confused them and made them uncertain about further action. Then the young man, his white teeth gleaming under his mustache, slowly raised his hand again.

"Once is enough," the woman said and ran over to Mourmou's father for protection. "Monsieur," she said, "you have seen him strike me."

"The light is bad," the old man said, even in his sorrow instinctively extricating himself from possible formal involvement with the police. "And at the moment, I happened to be looking the other way. Still," he said to the young man, who was advancing menacingly on the Spanish woman, "let me remind you that striking a woman is considered in certain quarters to be a most serious offense."

"I throw myself on your protection, Monsieur," the woman said, stepping behind M. Banary Cointal.

"Don't worry," the man with the mustache said contemptuously. "I won't hit her again. She is not worth the emotion. All I want is my three hundred francs."

"What do you think of a man," the woman said, from the shelter of the old man's bulk, "who buys a lady flowers and then demands to be reimbursed?"

"To keep the record clear," the man with the mustache said, "let me say once and for all that I never bought her any flowers. When I went to the toilet she took the violets from the basket and when I came back the woman asked me for three hundred francs and rather

than make a scene I..."

"Please," the old man said, interested now despite himself, "this is all very confusing. If you would be good enough to start from the beginning, perhaps I can be of service."

Tibbell was grateful to the old man for this request for clarification, since without it he was sure he would be kept awake most of the night trying to figure out just what the sequence of events had been which had resulted in this midnight chase and punishment. Tibbell had never hit a woman in his life and could not imagine ever doing so, and certainly never for three hundred francs, which was, after all, worth just about sixty cents.

"Let me reconstruct," the man in the dark suit said immediately, presenting

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his side quickly, before the Spanish woman could roil the crystal waters of truth. "I saw her sitting at a bar, waiting to be picked up."

"I was not waiting to be picked up," the woman said hotly. "I was on my way home from the cinema and I stopped in to have a glass of beer, before going to bed."

"Lift up," the man in the dark suit said impatiently. "You allowed yourself to be picked up. If we are going to quibble about terms, we will be here all night."

"I allowed you to pay for one glass of beer," the woman said. "I am not responsible for any sordid interpretation you choose to put on it."

"You also allowed me to pay for three hundred francs worth of violets," the man in the dark suit said.

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"I allowed it as a small gesture of gallantry," the woman said haughtily. "In Spain one is used to gentlemen."

"You also allowed yourself to get into my car," the man in the dark suit said. "are you furthermore allowed yourself to inflame the emotions by kissing on the lips?"

"That, now," the woman said dramatically to Moumou's father, "is a superb lie."

"If it's a lie," said the man in the dark suit. "what about this?" Violently, he seized the point of his white collar and pulled it away from his neck to show M. Banary-Cointal.

The old man peered at it nearsightedly, bending close to the man in the dark suit. "What is it?" the old man asked. "It's awfully dark here. I can't see anything."

"Lipstick," said the man in the dark suit. "Look." He took the old man's arm and pulled him over in front of the headlights. Both men leaned over low so that the old man could inspect the collar. M. Banary-Cointal stood up. "There's no doubt about it," he said. "lipstick."

Aha, said the man in the dark suit, casting a look of angry triumph at the Spanish woman.

"It is not mine," she said coolly. "Who knows where this gentleman has been spending his time and who knows how many times a week he changes his shirt?"

"I warn you," said the man in the dark suit, his voice thick with rage, "I regard that as insulting."

"What difference does it make whose lipstick it is?" the woman said. "You do not please me. All I want is to be allowed to go home alone."

"Ah," said Moumou, her attention finally caught, "if that were only possible—to go home alone."

Everybody, including Moumou's father, looked puzzled for a moment at the somber figure against the wall, as though it had been a statue that had given cryptic utterance.

"My dear man," said M. Banary-Cointal reasonably, addressing the man in the dark suit, "certainly this lady has made herself very clear. He made a slight bow in the direction of the Spanish woman, who nodded politely in answer. "She doesn't demand very much. Just to go to her own home in peace. Surely, this is not too much to

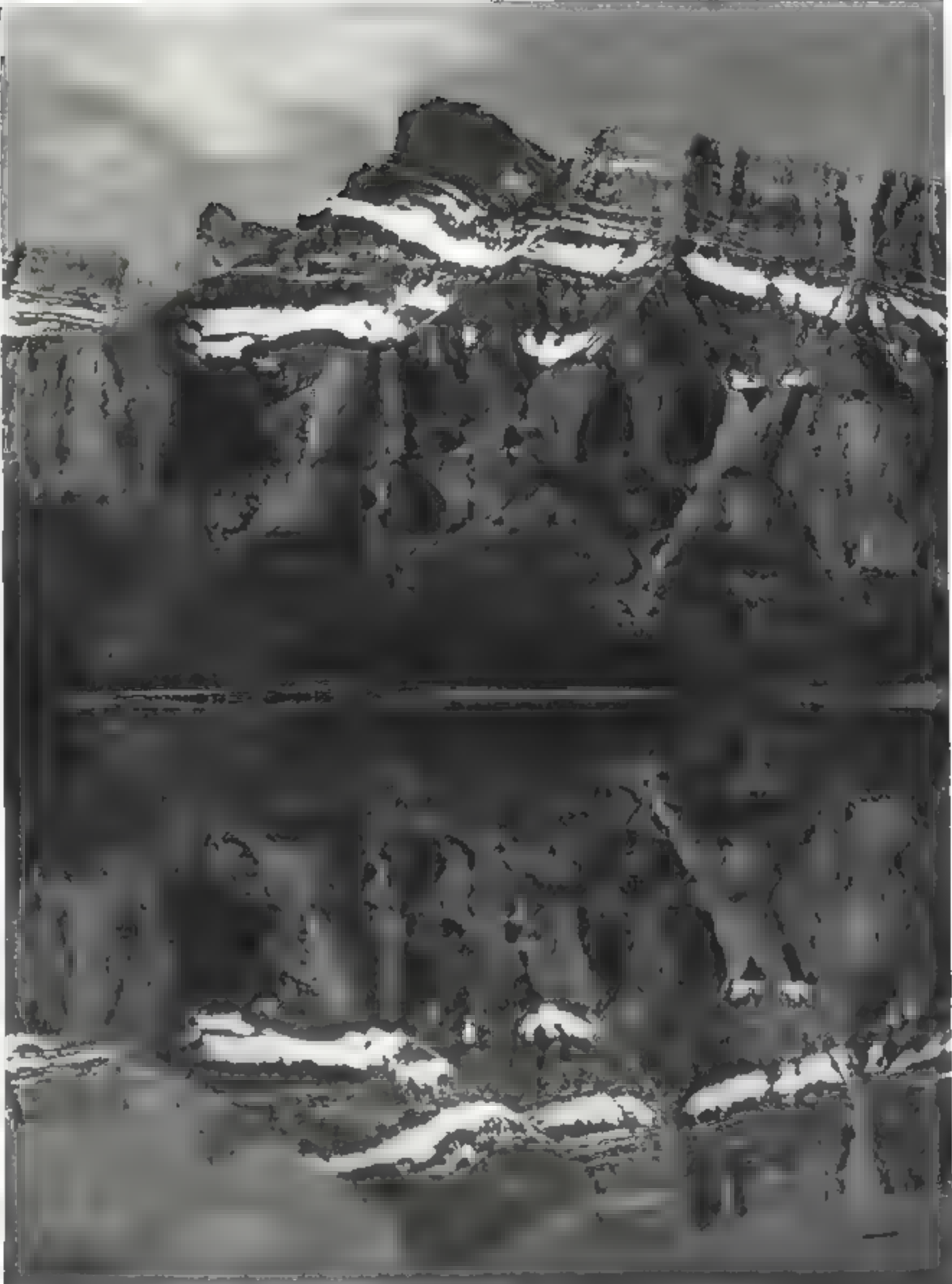
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ask." She can go wherever she damn pleases," said the man in the dark suit, as soon as she gives me my three hundred francs."

A look of consternation crossed the old man's face. "Monsieur," he said, with some asperity, "I am a little surprised that a man like you, the possessor of an automobile of this quality and price," he touched the gleaming hood of the little Italian car

"...I could really need three hundred francs enough to make such a mistake."

"It is not a question of three hundred francs," said the man in the dark suit, his voice beginning to be edged, too, at this imputation of miserliness. "It would not even be a question if the sum were 50,000 francs. It is a question of principle. I have been led on. I have been flattered, as I mentioned before. I have been induced to spend my money -

the amount has nothing to do with the matter, I assure you, Monsieur, and corruptly and under false pretenses. I am a generous and reasonable man but I do not like to be cynically made a fool of by a putain!"

"Here, now," the old man said sternly.

"What's more, look at her hand!" The man in the dark suit seized the woman's hand and held it in front of M. Banary-Cointal's eyes. "Do you

see that? The wedding ring? By a putain, who, on top of everything else, is married!"

Tibbe listening, fascinated, could not discover why the girl's marital condition added so powerfully to the rage of the man in the dark suit, and concluded that perhaps it was something in the man's past, some painful disappointment with some other married woman that had left him tender on the subject and which now served to pour fuel on the fire of his wrath.

"There is nothing more disgraceful than a Spanish whore with a wedding band," the man in the dark suit shouted.

"Here, that's enough of that!" M. Banary-Cointal said with authority, as the woman unexpectedly began to sob. The old man had had enough of women's tears for the night, and this new flood made him testy. "I will not allow you to talk in such terms in front of ladies, one of whom happens to be my daughter," he said to the man in the dark suit. "I suggest you leave immediately."

"I will leave when I get my three hundred francs," the man said stubbornly, crossing his arms.

Here M. Banary-Cointal dug angrily in his pocket and pulled out some coins.

"Here are your three hundred francs," he threw them at the man in the dark suit. They bounced off his chest and onto the pavement. With great agility, the man in the dark suit bent and scooped up the coins and threw them back into M. Banary-Cointal's face. "If you're not careful, Monsieur," the old man said with dignity, "you are going to get a punka in the nose."

The man in the dark suit raised his fists and stood there, in the pose of a bare-knuckle English fighter of the early part of the eighteenth century. "I await your attack, Monsieur," he said formally.

Both women now wept more loudly.

"I warn you, Monsieur," M. Banary-Cointal said, taking a step backwards, "that I am sixty-three years of age, with a faulty heart and besides, I wear glasses, as you can see. The police will be inclined to ask you some very searching questions in the event of an accident."

"The police?" said the man in the dark suit. "Good. It is the first sensible suggestion of the evening. I wish you all to get into my car and accompany me to the commissariat."

"I am not getting into that car again," said the Spanish woman.

"I am not budging from here," Moumou said, "and Raoul gets back."

There was a ringing behind Tibbe's ears, and he suddenly became conscious that it had



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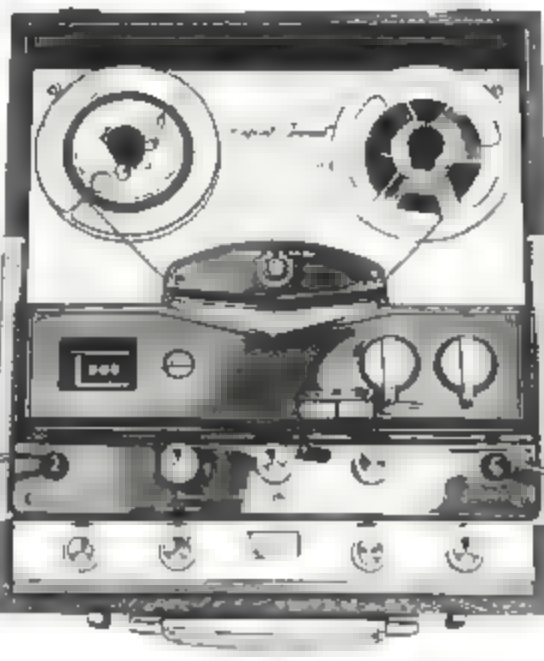
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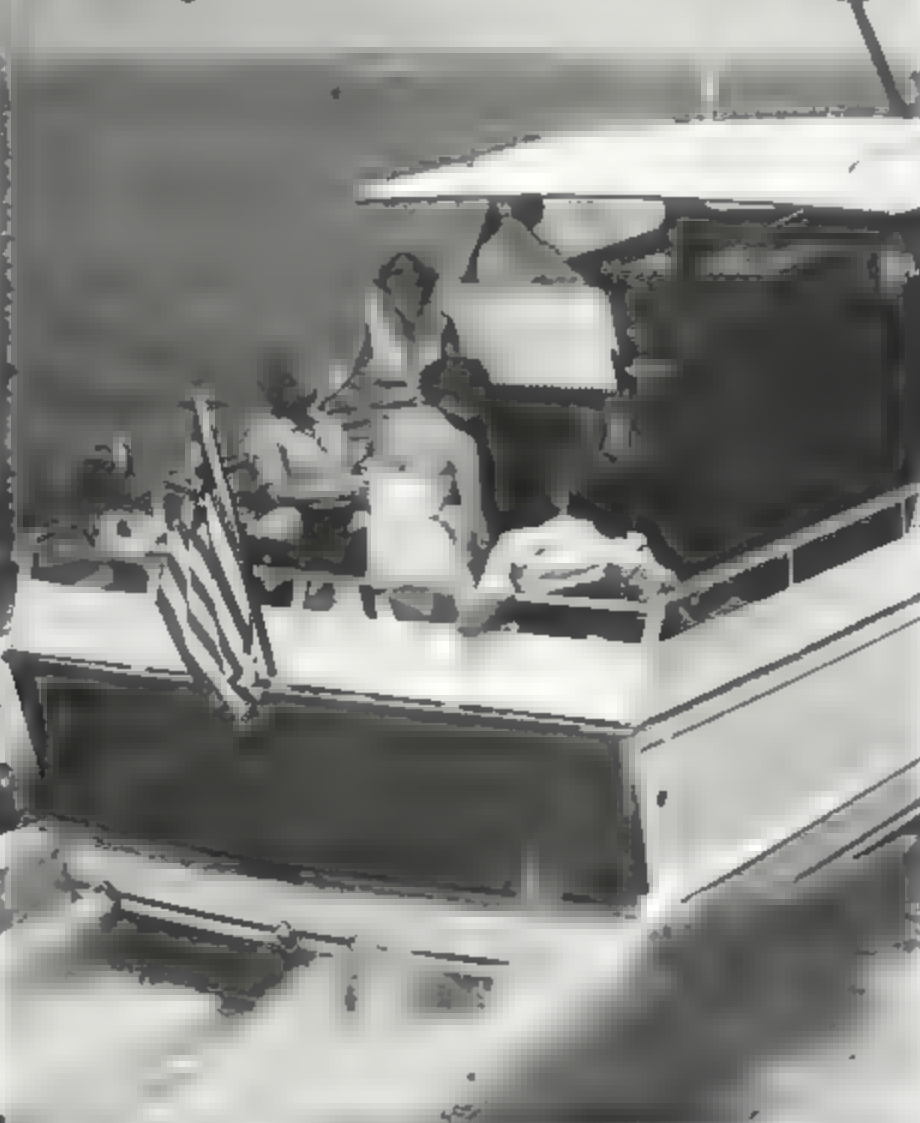
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Aftermath: HOW TO PAY FOR WRITING

A few thousand words on behalf of the vanity houses

I enjoyed reading Eleanor Morehead's article in your February issue deploring the exploitation of the writer by the vanity presses. Unfortunately, it seems to me that you are missing the point. Funny how everyone does. I have been associated with vanity publishing houses for several years, in various capacities (chiefly as a rewriter) and the vast reservoir of ignorance concerning the business itself has always confounded me utterly.

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The point at issue is not whether it is wise for an author to finance the publication of his own book—of course it isn't if we're talking about money. (I persist in referring to them as "authors", in the vanity publishing business anyone who has written a book—the caliber of the book doesn't enter into it at all—automatically becomes an "author" just as, in Webster, a writer is "one who writes" and our people certainly do that. It isn't wise for a man to drink whiskey either, but we do not condemn the distilleries on that account. Let's face it. The world would be better off if there were no liquor; yet liquor, like vanity publishing, serves a need—a human need. And though the hue and cry which would go up if vanity publishing were outlawed (and I confess I don't see how that could be managed barring an Act of Congress or a Constitutional Amendment) would come nowhere near to approaching that which would be raised if the madness of 1920 should be repeated, it would not, nevertheless, be the sort of thing a man would care to have in the next room when he was trying to sleep. The need is there and those who feel it most acutely—the old, the untalented and the untalented—would strongly resent being cut off from their source of supply.

The vanity houses, which have come under fire from various quarters in recent years, serve that need, and because they do they have become the fashionable thing to hate. They're used to criticism. It has become so commonplace that few of them, these days, bother to speak out in their own defense.

I should like, if I may, to say a few words on their behalf. For the unfortunate thing about the contempt in which the vanity publishers are held by the intellectual world (if there is such a thing) is that it has succeeded in obscuring—utterly—the good which they do do.

And what is that, do you ask? I'm going to tell you. In the first place, few vanity books appear as they were written. They are rewritten by writers of talent and experience, many of whom have published their own work with publications not remotely associated with the vanity business (as I have). For this service I and others like me are paid a reasonable fee, but it does not come within shouting distance of the figure which an author would pay to a professional rewriter or literary consultant for the same service (I know, I'm one of those too, and I charge my clients three times what I charge the publishing houses.) Which means that the author gets a rewrite job he didn't pay for (and sometimes doesn't want) thrown in for good measure.

Does he have that coming to him? Well, let's look at the average vanity author. (With all the abuse which has been heaped upon the heads of the vanity publishers, the vanity author has somehow assumed the role of a martyr.) Let me state frankly that I don't think the average vanity author is deserving of pay. Let me go farther and state that I don't think the average vanity author is deserving of anything—except the maximum of contempt which one may hold for him. And, in extreme cases, a knee in the groin or a boot in the solar plexus. I hate vanity authors—and it may clear the air somewhat if I admit that before we proceed further.

They are incredibly ignorant, unutterably vain, totally unprincipled, maddeningly naïve, unbearably lazy, utterly lacking in talent (and most of them are rich in the bargain).

They lie, they steal, they plagiarize; they would never dream of checking on the accuracy of their spelling or the authenticity of their statements; they submit manuscripts which an eighth grader should, by all rights, be ashamed of. But, typed (assuming that they are typed at all, very often they aren't), with laughably poor spelling and punctuation, often they don't even bother to assemble their pages in proper order, and if they should happen to be unnumbered (and I do it know which is worse—to be given a manuscript with unnumbered and improperly arranged pages or one which is numbered but improperly so, where 101 follows 283—I think I'm kidding, don't you?) an editor can spend hours simply putting the thing in order so that it can be read. They forget what they have named their characters, and the man who has been Joe up until page 40 suddenly—and without a word of warning, becomes Sam. I once edited (rewrote, a novel with three principal characters: Ted, George and Harry—and they all became Sam on page 59. So I up me, Ernest Hemingway—that's what they became—Sam—all three of them, mind you. We had Sam talking to Sam and Sam looking at the back of Sam's head (clever fellow, that Sam), until I thought I would go mad trying to unscramble it. A back-country character

who can neither read nor write—capable of little more than uttering a few "you-alls" from time to time—suddenly (without so much as a sentence to the effect that he has logged a few hours of night school when no one was looking) starts using words like "prestidigitator" and "onomatopoeia," talking for all the world like a Harvard professor. Of course a royalty publisher would send such a thing back without reading further—but we can't do that. Somehow, in some way, we've got to make a book of it. Not a good book—we're not miracle workers, after all—but a literate book which can be read. Let me tell you, it isn't easy.

They do these things, of course, out of ignorance rather than malice, but there is a lackadaisicalness to their method which comes close to being inexcusable. They can afford to pay thousands of dollars to publish their books, but they can't afford to spend fifty dollars to have their manuscripts typed by a professional typist or six dollars for a dictionary, or three dollars for a ream of bond paper. Do you ever try to edit a manuscript typed on onion-skin paper, single-spaced, both sides of the page, with less than a pea margin on a 14 four sides?

They are completely unscrupulous. The lady who brought in *The Rubens of Omaha* (I don't put down a right) I looked at galley 10 and found the paragraph to which she had referred. No quotation marks enclosed it. There was nothing to indicate that it was not her own work. I therefore wrote to her, asking, "Did you quote anywhere else in your book without indicating that it was a quote?" She answered my letter—I had asked several other questions—but ignored that part of it. This confirmed my suspicions, and I immediately got on the phone and called her long distance. "Mrs. Blank, I said, 'this should have been her name, even though it wasn't. 'Did you quote anywhere else in your book without so indicating, requesting permis-

sion, or giving credit to the author?" Backed to the wall, she admitted as how she had—in one or two cases. I won't weary you with the details of this negotiation, which ran on for several months—and delayed the publication of her book for a full half year—but when I sat down with her, I discovered that every line in that book had been lifted from various sporting publications and that she herself had contributed a few commas here and there. (She may have authored a semicolon or two. I don't remember.) I had to rewrite the entire book, inserting "As so-and-so put it in his article, 'such-and-such'" where we could get permission, paraphrasing where we could not. She herself was astonished, and not a little reproached, that this should be necessary. Her annoyance with me increased as operations proceeded. "He's a hard taskmaster," she said of me to a mutual acquaintance. "Why, that man made me sit down with him and go over every line in the book!" It did not seem to occur to her—or rather, it did not seem to penetrate, for I reiterated it to her time and time again—that the book would be copyrighted in her name and that my sole interest, beyond my natural reluctance to be a party to such brazen wholesale literary thievery, was to protect her from lawsuit. Which is another thing about vanity authors: I very thing which has ever been written is theirs, so far as they are concerned to use and appropriate as they wish. Yet let anyone try to swipe anything of theirs—even if, as is usually the case, they didn't write it. And this lady was a respected member of society, college-educated, the wife of a wealthy industrialist.

The author who spe is *Hale Selassie* so that it comes out *Hatties* and was places Stonewall Jackson at the Battle of Bunker Hill forty-nine years before he was born) is the rule rather than the exception. The Ph.D. who inserts nineteen reference numbers in a chapter which has only two footnotes is no stranger to us. What were on the subject, I may say that a surprisingly high percentage of vanity authors are teachers, people who have been at least exposed to education (and who purport to hide it out to others—and not a few of them are Ph.D.s. Their books are the worst to work on. The connected writer knows, sometimes, that he doesn't know anything, and he is more likely to consult Webster, even an encyclopeda, than in his purportedly hattered conscience. (I can recall one case—one out of several thousand—where the author, a grade school man with wish-

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room or pages at P.S. 6—had gone so far as to civilize the information contained in *The World Almanac*. The Ph.D. thinks that *he* knows, and he doesn't bother to consult anything. He can't, in most cases, spell out and his books are a disgrace to the American educational system which he represents. When I am offered a book by an educator—especially a Ph.D.—I invariably say: "Have you got anything else?" And if there's little thing by a Russian immigrant who blundered out of night school hanging around, I take that instead. I don't know what they teach Ph.D.s in this country, not spelling, that's certain. Nor is it comes down to that intellectual honesty, for these are the people most likely to borrow from the works of others—and to do so without troubling to recognize or credit the source.



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And that's another thing. An amazingly high percentage of vanity authors are foreign-born. They were born in Russia, Japan, Italy, and in most cases so were educated there. They have not mastered the English language. Perhaps (and what is probable) for the matter of that, they have not mastered their own, and perhaps their books would be equally bad had they been written in the language in which they were educated. Judging from the way American educated Ph.D.s handle the English language, this seems almost a foregone conclusion. But this is not a matter which is easily entertained. Their books, when they reach my desk, are literally "little horrors"—a name we have in the vanity publishing business for those books which appear at first reading to make no sense, to be masterpieces of misspelling and mutilated syntax. "Can I give you a little horror this week?" the editorial director may say to me. And somehow we take looks of them. We give them not for something which we cannot be proud of, but at least a need not be ashamed. And most of us agree that is a hell of a lot more than he deserves.

And that brings us to what is probably the most salient point with regard to vanity authors—the one thing which makes it possible for one to hear them at all. The vanity author is first, and foremost, old. I don't think anyone has ever conducted a survey to establish the average age of the average vanity author. It might be a worthwhile project for some bright young lady fresh out of Vassar. But I would place the figure at a conservative estimate, at seventy-two. He is going to die in the average V.V., and before very long, and he knows it. I remember one case where a book was produced from a handwritten manuscript to become a new volume in six weeks, so that the author, who lay dying in a hospital, could hold it in his hands before he went. Either he was kidding us, or the book was better medicine than any other, and a reasonable expectation to expect to two weeks later he got off his hospital bed. He was eighty-seven, and went right on living for three additional years, happy as a lark attending anaphany parties and having a blast for himself. And knowing that he is going to die, that is the average V.V. were talking about, he wants to publish his book before he goes, wants to leave a record behind him for his heirs. The fact that the book will live only for his heirs is entirely beside the point and has no bearing on

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the situation. The fact remains that he does want to leave it. How does he do this? He can't write and so he has to, though not often enough, he knows this. He has not time to learn even assuming that he were capable of learning, which he isn't. The vanity houses want to know why should they? He goes about seeking a publisher who will take an interest and eventually he knocks on the door of a vanity press.

That's not a grade vanity author, old, stupid, unprincipled, vain, and as easy a victim to take as I have ever run across. I shouldn't hate him—I make my living off him after all—but the alterable fact is that I do. Why? Because such people have no right to affect their writings on anyone. They deserve in any logical view of the matter to be ignored entirely, from a literary standpoint. The fact that they refuse to be ignored is the very fact to which the vanity houses owe their existence. The vanity houses did not create them; it was the other way around. I wish people would bear that in mind. They deserve nothing.

And that's not when they get. They get rewritten, worst ghost written, in some cases volumes of waste, if not literary writing which they themselves could not hope to approach, were printed and handsomely bound, with the pictures on the jackets. That's what they saw in their minds eye when they signed the contract. That's what they paid for. Who can say they didn't get it?

And I hope you something else they get. They get prestige, undeserved though it is. Because the main truth is, a spite of your article and the spate of articles in a like vein which have appeared during recent years, that the general public remains in almost total ignorance even of the existence of vanity publishing. When a book is published for general public, it has Order of Knighthood, as it were, of publication. People just don't know anything about vanity publishing. And the more articles which are printed on the subject the less they seem to know.

No gentleman. The vanity houses serve a need. A definite need. And they fulfil their function with a dignity which, while it is often difficult to maintain in the face of the stupidity—the moral, mental stupidity—with which they are daily confronted, does them credit. J. F. C. GROVE

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gest problem before the nation during the third (next) five-year plan will be additional food production. How to reach a target of 110,000,000 tons that may barely suffice to maintain a population of 480,000,000 in 1965-66 on a little more than subsistence level consumption?

I take this opportunity to suggest that American college students should, if possible, go through a sensible British weekly, *The Economist* which has devoted a major part of the issue of March 26, 1960, to a discussion of the problems facing and the possible outcome awaiting India in a so-called race with China. It comments on the proposal to aid India during the \$20,000,000,000 third five-year plan with \$5,000,000,000 from the developed democratic nations to meet the foreign-exchange component of the plan. It is said that Eisenhower and Macmillan were in favor of such an idea.

The Swades plan will try to

achieve the same objective from another angle—the person-to-person level instead of government-to-government.

There are, fortunately, dimmable opportunities for achieving this objective. It will suffice to cite one instance. Most of you must have read the *Time* cover portrait story of Farmer Warren North and farm automation. I, for myself, can never forget that picture of the contented hog, on the cover, which is supposed to be given a shower bath in America, the Rock Cornish game hen absolutely makes my mouth water. How wonderful it would be if experienced American farm graduates try to help our farmers achieve some of these astounding things here. It would be a blessing if the scrawny chicken could be replaced, at lower prices, by big Leghorn eggs and Rock Cornish game hen. This will not only improve the diet of the masses at negligible cost, but will also provide the farmers with

a paying occupation besides their seasonal employment of farming. In Lebanon, for example, an American, Robert Stevenson and a Lebanese, Khali Ghattas, have successfully pooled their resources on such a project, to the benefit of everyone concerned.

For an Indian alone to start such a venture would be foolhardy. The banks are extremely reluctant to grant loans for such projects. Besides, there are the hurdles of foreign exchange and import controls to cross, in order to get the equipment and breeding stock from abroad. But if an experienced American and an Indian could collaborate, either one's government might help. Our banks might become more willing to lend and the other difficulties might be quickly solved. The project might become a pioneer example and ultimately supply other farmers with breeding stock, etc., to start on their own.

—ARVIND KOBRA  
Bombay, India

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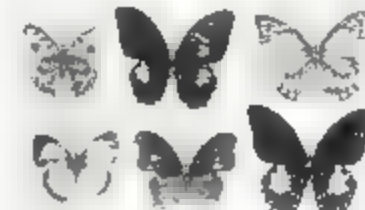
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the other  
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